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STORY, ESSAY, AND VERSE



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STORY, ESSAY, AND VERSE

Modern Prose and Poetry Selected
from the Atlantic Monthly

EDITED WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

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INTRODUCTION

FEW repositories of literature contain richer stores than do the files of the "Atlantic Monthly." For more than sixty years, under the successive editorships of James Russell Lowell, James T. Fields, William Dean Howells, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Horace E. Scudder, Walter H. Page, Bliss Perry, and Ellery Sedgwick, the magazine has consistently published some of the very best prose and poetry that English and American writers have produced.

As we review the list of the great writers who have been famous since the "Atlantic" was founded in 1857, we find, almost without exception, that their names are among the contributors to the "Atlantic Monthly." What other periodical can assemble such a group! — Lowell, Longfellow, Holmes, Whittier, Emerson, Bryant, Hawthorne, Howells, Aldrich, Agassiz, Burroughs, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Mark Twain, Bret Harte, Hardy, Browning, Tennyson, Kipling, Edward Everett Hale, Sarah Orne Jewett, F. Hopkinson Smith, Joel Chandler Harris, Charles Eliot Norton, Charles W. Eliot, Woodrow Wilson, Masefield, Noyes, Wells, Galsworthy, Lord Dunsany.

For a book such as "Story, Essay, and Verse," drawing all its selections from the pages of the "Atlantic," it has seemed desirable to use liberally the material that voices the more modern note, and thus reveal in a brief but comprehensive way, the method and mood current among the best of contemporary writing. The virile appeal of the selections at once emphasizes the fact that the "Atlantic" articles carry their messages directly to young readers and wholesomely stimulate their best thoughts and their highest and deepest emotions.

The editors of this "Atlantic" anthology have endeavored

to make their list of selections sufficiently varied to insure an appeal to all the different individualities that are likely to be assembled in a representative English class in our better schools or colleges. Those students whose reading tastes are definitely established will probably first turn their undirected attention to the one of the three literary types in which they are particularly interested, to the story, to the essay, or to the poetry. And within each of these groups they will hear voiced the interests and the moods of writers with very different messages and styles of expression.

Among the stories here reprinted, we find, for example, that John D. Long's "The Skeleton in My Closet," re-echoes the tone of horror and mystery which we commonly associate with the writings of Edgar Allan Poe. Dorothy Canfield powerfully reveals the pathos of a man forced by circumstances to live his life of dull routine within a pitifully small sphere, while his spirit longs for the freedom of the great world that lies beyond the encompassing hills. In "A Parable for Fathers" Julia Wood dramatically shows the power and personality of a father whose son and daughter had previously regarded him with a certain amount of careless indifference and condescension. Lord Dunsany's Celtic romanticism, Galsworthy's keenness of psychological analysis, Mark Twain's sense of humor as displayed in extravaganza, Joseph Husband's vision for the romantic in the workaday world, Arthur Russell Taylor's perception of real character values — these and scores of other qualities which the reader will at once perceive are skilfully outlined in this significant group of republished stories.

The same variety of tone and an equal art of expression are apparent in the essays and the poems. How these are revealed the student will find it interesting to analyze, helped as he is by the appended notes and interpretative comments.

The collection should prove helpful in college classes where a wide variety of material is desired, either in the study of literature or of composition. Teachers of high-school English who have the responsibility of preparing students for the College Entrance Examinations will here find in convenient form selections adequate for the suggested study of the short-story and the essay. The book, wherever used, may be appropriately supplemented by readings in "Atlantic Narratives," First and Second Series, in "Essays and Essay-Writing," and in current issues of the "Atlantic Monthly."

CHARLES SWAIN THOMAS.
HARRY GILBERT PAUL.

STORY, ESSAY, AND VERSE

A BIRD OUT OF THE SNARE

DOROTHY CANFIELD

AFTER the bargain was completed and the timber merchant had gone away, Jehiel Hawthorn walked stiffly to the pine tree and put his horny old fist against it, looking up to its spreading top with an expression of hostile exultation in his face. The neighbor who had been called to witness the transfer of Jehiel's woodland looked at him curiously.

"That was quite a sight of money to come in without your expectin', wa'n't it?" he said, fumbling awkwardly for an opening to the question he burned to ask.

Jehiel did not answer. The two old men stood silent, looking down the valley, lying like a crevasse in a glacier between the towering white mountains. The sinuous course of the frozen river was almost black under the slaty sky of March.

"Seems kind o' providential, havin' so much money come to you just now, when your sister-in-law's jest died, and left you the first time in your life without anybody you got to stay and see to, don't it?" commented the neighbor persistently.

Jehiel made a vague sign with his head.

"I s'pose likely you'll be startin' aout to travel and see foreign parts, same's you've always planned, won't you — or maybe you cal'late you be too old now?"

Jehiel gave no indication that he had heard. His faded old blue eyes were fixed steadily on the single crack in the rampart of mountains, through which the afternoon train was just now leaving the valley. Its whistle echoed back hollowly, as it fled away from the prison walls into the great world.

The neighbor stiffened in offended pride. "I bid you good-night, Mr. Hawthorn," he said severely, and stumped down the steep, narrow road leading to the highway in the valley.

After he had disappeared, Jehiel turned to the tree and leaned his forehead against it. He was so still he seemed a part of the great pine. He stood so till the piercing cold of evening chilled him through, and when he looked again about him it was after he had lived his life all through in a brief and bitter review.

It began with the tree and it ended with the tree, and in spite of the fever of unrest in his heart it was as stationary as any rooted creature of the woods. When he was eleven and his father went away to the Civil War, he had watched him out of sight with no sorrow, only a burning envy of the wanderings that lay before the soldier. A little later, when it was decided that he should go to stay with his married sister, since she was left alone by her husband's departure to the war, he turned his back on his home with none of a child's usual reluctance, but with an eager delight in the day-long drive to the other end of the valley. That was the longest journey he had ever taken, the man of almost three-score thought, with an aching resentment against Fate.

Still, those years with his sister, filled with labor beyond his age as they were, had been the happiest of his life. In an almost complete isolation the two had toiled together five years, the most impressionable of his life; and all his affection centred on the silent, loving, always comprehending sister. His own father and mother grew to seem far away and alien, and his sister came to be like a part of himself. To her alone of all living souls had he spoken freely of his passion for adventuring far from home, of the lust for wandering which devoured his boy-soul. He was sixteen when her husband finally came back from the war, and he had no secrets from the young matron of twenty-six, who listened

with such wide, tender eyes of sympathy to his half-frantic outpourings of longing to escape from the narrow valley where his fathers had lived their dark, narrow lives.

The day before he went back to his own home, now so strange to him, he was out with her, searching for some lost turkey-chicks, and found one with its foot caught in a tangle of rusty wire. The little creature had beaten itself almost to death in its struggle to get away. Kneeling in the grass, and feeling the wild palpitations of its heart under his rescuing hand, he had called to his sister, "Oh, look! Poor thing! It's 'most dead, and yet it ain't really hurt a mite, only desperate over bein' held fast." His voice broke in a sudden wave of sympathy: "Oh, ain't it *terrible* to feel so!"

For a moment the young mother put her little son aside and looked at her brother with brooding eyes. A little later she said with apparent irrelevance, "Jehiel, as soon as you're a man grown, I'll help you to get off. You shall be a sailor, if you like, and go around the world, and bring back coral to baby and me."

A chilling premonition fell on the lad. "I don't believe it!" he said, with tears in his eyes. "I just believe I've got to stay here in this hole all my life."

His sister looked off at the tops of the trees. Finally, "'Surely He shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler,'" she quoted dreamily.

When she came to see him and their parents a few months later, she brought him a little square of crimson silk, on which she had worked in tiny stitches, "Surely He shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler." She explained to her father and mother that it was a "text-ornament" for Jehiel to hang up over his desk; but she drew the boy aside and showed him that the silk was only lightly caught down to the foundation.

"Underneath is another text," she said, "and when your

day of freedom comes I want you should promise me to cut the stitches, turn back the silk, and take the second text for your motto, so you'll remember to be properly grateful. This is the second text." She put her hands on his shoulders and said in a loud, exultant voice, "'My soul is escaped as a bird out of the snare of the fowler. The snare is broken and I am escaped.'"

For answer the boy pulled her eagerly to the window and pointed to a young pine tree that stood near the house.

"Sister, that tree's just as old as I be. I've prayed to God, and I've promised myself that before it's as tall as the ridgepole of the house, I'll be on my way."

As this scene came before his eyes, the white-haired man, leaning against the great pine, looked up at the lofty crown of green wreathing the giant's head and shook his fist at it. He hated every inch of its height, for every inch meant an enforced renunciation that had brought him bitterness and a sense of failure.

His sister had died the year after she had given him the double text, and his father the year after that. He was left thus, the sole support of his ailing mother, who transferred to the silent, sullen boy the irresistible rule of complaining weakness with which she had governed his father. It was thought she could not live long, and the boy stood in terror of a sudden death brought on by displeasure at some act of his. In the end, however, she died quietly in her bed, an old woman of seventy-three, nursed by her daughter-in-law, the widow of Jehiel's only brother. Her place in the house was taken by Jehiel's sister-in-law, a sickly, helpless woman, alone in the world except for Jehiel, and all the neighbors congratulated him on having a housekeeper ready to his hand. He said nothing.

By that time, indeed, he had sunk into a harsh and repellent silence on all topics. He went through the exhausting routine of farming with an iron-like endurance, watched

with set lips the morning and afternoon trains leave the valley, and noted the growth of the pine tree with a burning heart. His only recreation was collecting time-tables, prospectuses of steamship companies, and what few books of travel he could afford. The only society he did not shun was that of itinerant peddlers or tramps, and occasionally a returned missionary on a lecture tour.

And always the pine tree had grown, insolent in the pride of a creature set in the right surroundings. The imprisoned man had felt himself dwarfed by its height. But now, he looked up at it again, and laughed aloud. It had come late, but it had come. He was fifty-seven years old, almost three-score, but all his life was still to be lived. He said to himself that some folks lived their lives while they did their work, but he had done all his tasks first, and now he could live. The unexpected arrival of the timber merchant and the sale of that piece of land he'd never thought would bring him a cent — was not that an evident sign that Providence was with him? He was too old and broken now to work his way about as he had planned at first, but here had come this six hundred dollars like rain from the sky. He would start as soon as he could sell his stock.

The thought reminded him of his evening chores, and he set off for the barn with a harsh jubilation that it was almost the last time he would need to milk. How far, he wondered, could he go on that money? He hurried through his work and into the house to his old desk. The faded text-ornament stood on the top shelf, but he did not see it as he hastily tumbled out all the time-tables and sailing-lists. The habit of looking at them with the yearning bitterness of unreconciled deprivation was still so strong on him that even as he handled them eagerly, he hated them for the associations of years of misery they brought back to him.

Where should he go? He was dazed by the unlimited possibilities before him. To Boston first, as the nearest sea-

port. He had taken the trip in his mind so many times that he knew the exact minute when the train would cross the state line and he would be really escaped from the net which had bound him all his life. From Boston to Jamaica as the nearest place that was quite, quite different from Vermont. He had no desire to see Europe or England. Life there was too much like what he had known. He wanted to be in a country where nothing should remind him of his past. From Jamaica where? His stiff old fingers painfully traced out a steamship line to the Isthmus and thence to Colombia. He knew nothing about that country. All the better. It would be the more foreign. Only this he knew, that nobody in that tropical country "farmed it," and that was where he wanted to go. From Colombia around the Cape to Argentina. He was aghast at the cost, but instantly decided that he would go steerage. There would be more real foreigners to be seen that way, and his money would go twice as far.

To Buenos Ayres, then. He did not even attempt to pronounce this name, though its strange, inexplicable look on the page was a joy to him. From there by mule-back and afoot over the Andes to Chile. He knew something about that trip. A woman who had taught in the Methodist missionary school in Santiago de Chile had taken that journey, and he had heard her give a lecture on it. He was the sexton of the church and heard all the lectures free. At Santiago de Chile (he pronounced it with a strange distortion of the schoolteacher's bad accent) he would stay for a while and just live and decide what to do next. His head swam with dreams and visions, and his heart thumped heavily against his old ribs. The clock striking ten brought him back to reality. He stood up with a gesture of exultation almost fierce. "That's just the time when the train crosses the state line!" he said.

He slept hardly at all that night, waking with great starts,

and imagining himself in strange foreign places, and then recognizing with a scornful familiarity the worn old pieces of furniture in his room. He noticed at these times that it was very cold, and lifelong habit made him reflect that he would better go early to the church because it would be hard to get up steam enough to warm the building before time for service. After he had finished his morning chores and was about to start he noticed that the thermometer stood at four above zero.

That was certainly winter temperature; the snow lay like a heavy shroud on all the dead valley, but the strange, blind instinct of a man who has lived close to the earth stirred within him. He looked at the sky and the mountains and put out his bare palm. "I should n't be surprised if the spring break-up was near," he said. "I guess this is about the last winter day we'll get."

The church was icy cold, and he toiled in the cellar, stuffing wood into the flaming maw of the steam-heater, till it was time to ring the bell. As he gave the last stroke, Deacon Bradley approached him. "Jehiel, I've got a little job of repairing I want you should do at my store," he said in the loud, slow speech of a man important in the community. "Come to the store to-morrow morning and see about it." He passed on into his pew, which was at the back of the church near a steam radiator, so that he was warm, no matter what the weather was.

Jehiel Hawthorn went out and stood on the front steps in the winter sunshine and his heart swelled exultingly as he looked across at the deacon's store. "I wish I'd had time to tell him I'd do no repairs for him to-morrow, nor any time — that I'm going to travel and see the world."

The last comers disappeared in the church and the sound of singing came faintly to Jehiel's ears. Although he was the sexton he rarely was in church for the service, using his duties as an excuse for absence. He felt that it was not for

him to take part in prayer and thanksgiving. As a boy he had prayed for the one thing he wanted, and what had it come to?

A penetrating cold wind swept around the corner and he turned to go inside to see about the steam-pipes. In the outer hall he noticed that the service had progressed to the responsive readings. As he opened the door of the church the minister read rapidly. "Praised be the Lord who hath not given us over for a prey unto their teeth."

The congregation responded in a timid, inarticulate gabble, above which rose Deacon Bradley's loud voice — "Our soul is escaped even as a bird out of the snare of the fowler. The snare is broken and we are escaped." He read the responses in a slow, booming roar, at least half a sentence behind the rest, but the minister always waited for him. As he finished, he saw the sexton standing in the open door. "A little more steam, Jehiel," he added commandingly, running the words on to the end of the text.

Jehiel turned away silently, but as he stumbled through the dark, unfinished part of the cellar he thought to himself, "Well, that's the last time he'll give me an order for *one* while!"

Then the words of the text he had heard came back to his mind with a half-superstitious shock at the coincidence. He had forgotten all about that hidden part of the text-ornament. Why, now that had come true! He ought to have cut the stitches and torn off the old text last night. He would, as soon as he went home. He wished his sister were alive to know, and suddenly, there in the dark, he wondered if perhaps she did know.

As he passed the door to the rooms of the Ladies' Auxiliary Society he noticed that it was ajar, and saw through the crack that there was a sleeping figure on the floor near the stove — a boy about sixteen. When Jehiel stepped softly in and looked at him, the likeness to his own sister struck

him even before he recognized the lad as his great-nephew, the son of the child he had helped his sister to care for all those years ago.

"Why, what's Nathaniel doin' here?" he asked himself in surprise. He had not known that the boy was even in town, for he had been on the point of leaving to enlist in the navy. Family matters could not have detained him, for he was quite alone in the world, since both his father and his mother were dead and his step-mother had married again. Under his great-uncle's gaze the lad opened his eyes with a start and sat up confused. "What's the matter with you, Nat?" asked the older man not ungently. He was thinking that probably he had looked like that at sixteen. The boy stared at him a moment, and then, leaning his head on a chair, he began to cry. Sitting thus, crouched together, he looked like a child.

"Why, Natty, what's the trouble?" asked his uncle, alarmed.

"I came off here because I could n't hold in at home any longer," answered the other between sobs. "You see I can't go away. Her husband treats her so bad she can't stay with him. I don't blame her, she says she just *can't*! So she's come back and she ain't well, and I've got to stay and support her. Mr. Bradley's offered me a place in his store and I've got to give up goin' to the navy." He suddenly realized the unmanliness of his attitude, rose to his feet, closing his lips tightly, and faced the older man with a resolute expression of despair in his young eyes.

"Uncle Jehiel, it does seem to me I can't *have* it so! All my life I've looked forward to bein' a sailor and goin' around the world, and all. I just hate the valley and the mountains! But I guess I got to stay. She's only my step-mother, I know, but she was always awful good to me, and she has n't got anybody else to look after her." His voice broke, and he put his arm up in a crook over his face. "But it's

awful hard! I feel like a bird that's got caught in a snare."

His uncle had grown very pale during this speech, and at the last words he recoiled with an exclamation of horror. There was a silence in which he looked at his nephew with the wide eyes of a man who sees a spectre. Then he turned away into the furnace-room, and picking up his lunch-box brought it back. "Here, you," he said, roughly, "part of what's troublin' you is that you ain't had any breakfast. You eat this and you'll feel better. I'll be back in a minute."

He went away blindly into the darkest part of the cellar. It was very black there, but his eyes stared wide before him. It was very cold, but drops of sweat stood on his forehead as if he were in the hayfield. He was alone, but his lips moved from time to time, and once he called out in some loud, stifled exclamation which resounded hollowly in the vault-like place. He was there a long time.

When he went back into the furnace cellar, he found Nathaniel sitting before the fire. The food and warmth had brought a little color into his pale face, but it was still set in a mask of tragic desolation.

As his uncle came in, he exclaimed, "Why, Uncle Jehiel, you look awful bad. Are you sick?"

"Yes, I be," said the other harshly, "but 't ain't nothin'. It'll pass after a while. Nathaniel, I've thought of a way you can manage. You know your uncle's wife died this last week, and that leaves me without any housekeeper. What if your stepmother sh'd come and take care of me and I'll take care of her? I've just sold a piece of timber land I never thought to get a cent out of, and that'll ease things up so we can hire help if she ain't strong enough to do the work."

Nathaniel's face flushed in a relief which died quickly down to a sombre hopelessness. He faced his uncle doggedly. "Not *much*, Uncle Jehiel!" he said heavily. "I

ain't agoin' to hear to such a thing. I know all about your wantin' to get away from the valley — you take that money and go yourself and I'll —"

Hopelessness and resolution were alike struck out of his face by the fury of benevolence with which the old man cut him short. "Don't you dare to speak a word against it, boy!" cried Jehiel in a labored anguish. "Good Lord! I'm only doin' it for you because I *have* to! I've been through what you're layin' out for yourself an' stood it, somehow, an' now I'm 'most done with it all. But 't would be like beginnin' it all again to see you startin' in."

The boy tried to speak, but he raised his voice. "No, I could n't stand it all over again. 'T would cut in to the places where I've got calloused." Seeing through the other's stupor the beginnings of an irresolute opposition, he flung himself upon him in a strange and incredible appeal, crying out, "Oh, you must! You *got* to go!" commanding and imploring in the same incoherent sentence, struggling for speech, and then hanging on Nathaniel's answer in a sudden wild silence. It was as though his next breath depended on the boy's decision.

It was very still in the twilight where they stood. The faint murmur of a prayer came down from above, and while it lasted both were as though held motionless by its mesmeric monotony. Then at the boom of the organ, the lad's last shred of self-control vanished. He burst again into muffled, weary sobs, the light from the furnace glistening redly on his streaming cheeks. "It ain't right, Uncle Jehiel. I feel as though I was murderin' somethin'! But I can't help it. I'll go, I'll do as you say, but —"

His uncle's agitation went out like a wind-blown flame. He, too, drooped in an utter fatigue. "Never mind, Natty," he said tremulously; "it'll all come out right somehow. Just you do as Uncle Jehiel says."

A trampling upstairs told him that the service was over.

"You run home now and tell her I'll be over this afternoon to fix things up."

He hurried up the stairs to open the front doors, but Deacon Bradley was before him. "You 're late, Jehiel," he said severely, "and the church was cold."

"I know, Deacon," said the sexton humbly, "but it won't happen again. And I'll be around the first thing in the morning to do that job for you." His voice sounded dull and lifeless.

"What's the matter?" asked the deacon. "Be you sick?"

"Yes, I be, but 't ain't nothin'. 'T will pass after a while."

That evening, as he walked home after service, he told himself that he had never known so long a day. It seemed longer than all the rest of his life. Indeed, he felt that some strange and racking change had come upon him since the morning, as though he were not the same person, as though he had been away on a long journey, and saw all things with changed eyes. "I feel as though I'd died," he thought with surprise, "and was dead and buried."

This brought back to his mind the only bitter word he had spoken throughout the endless day. Nathaniel had said as an excuse for his haste (Jehiel insisted on his leaving that night), "You see, mother, it's really a service to Uncle Jehiel, since he's got nobody to keep house for him." He had added in the transparent self-justification of selfish youth, "And I'll pay it back to him every cent." At this Jehiel had said shortly, "By the time you can pay it back what I'll need most will be a tombstone. Git a big one so's to keep me down there quiet."

But now, walking home under the frosty stars, he felt very quiet already, as though he needed no weight to lie heavy on his restless heart. It did not seem restless now, but very still, as though it too were dead. He noticed that the air was milder, and as he crossed the bridge below his

house he stopped and listened. Yes, the fine ear of his experience caught a faint grinding sound. By to-morrow the river would begin to break up. It was the end of winter. He surprised himself by his pleasure in thinking of the spring.

Before he went into the house after his evening chores were done, he stopped for a moment and looked back at the cleft in the mountain wall through which the railroad left the valley. He had been looking longingly toward that door of escape all his life, and now he said good-bye to it. "Ah, well, 't wa'n't to be," he said, with an accent of weary finality; but then, suddenly, out of the chill which oppressed his heart there sprang a last searing blast of astonished anguish. It was as if he realized for the first time all that had befallen him since the morning. He was racked by a horrified desolation that made his sturdy old body stagger as if under an unexpected blow. As he reeled he flung his arm about the pine tree and so stood for a time, shaking in a paroxysm which left him breathless when it passed.

For it passed as suddenly as it came. He lifted his head and looked again at the great cleft in the mountains, with new eyes. Somehow, insensibly, his heart had been emptied of its fiery draught by more than mere exhaustion. The old bitter pain was gone, but there was no mere void in its place. He felt the sweet, weak light-headedness of a man in his first lucid period after a fever, tears stinging his eyelids in confused thanksgiving for an unrecognized respite from pain.

He looked up at the lofty crown of the pine tree, through which shone one or two of the brightest stars, and felt a new comradeship with it. It was a great tree, he thought, and they had grown up together. He laid his hardened palm on it, and fancied that he caught a throb of the silent vitality under the bark. How many kinds of life there were! Under its white shroud, how all the valley lived! The tree

stretching up its head to the stars, the river preparing to throw off the icy armor which compressed its heart — they were all awakening in their own way. The river had been restless, like himself, the tree had been tranquil, but they passed together through the resurrection into quiet life.

When he went into the house, he found that he was almost fainting with fatigue. He sat down by the desk, and his head fell forward on the pile of pamphlets he had left there. For the first time in his life he thought of them without a sore heart. "I suppose Natty'll go to every one of them places," he murmured as he dropped to sleep.

He dreamed strange, troubled dreams that melted away before he could seize on them, and finally he thought his sister stood before him and called. The impression was so vivid that he started up, staring at the empty room. For an instant he still thought he heard a voice, and then he knew it was the old clock striking the hour. It was ten o'clock.

"Natty's just a-crossin' the state line," he said aloud.

The text-ornament caught his eye. Still half asleep, with his sister's long-forgotten voice ringing in his ears, he remembered vaguely that he had meant to bring the second text to light. For a moment he hesitated, and then, "Well, it's come true for Natty, anyhow," he thought.

And clumsily using his heavy jack-knife, he began to cut the tiny stitches which had so long hidden from his eyes the joyous exultation of the escaped prisoner.

THE TWO LOOKS

JOHN GALSWORTHY

THE old Director of the Yew Trees Cemetery walked slowly across from his house, to see that all was ready.

He had seen pass into the square of earth committed to his charge so many to whom he had been in the habit of nodding, so many whose faces even he had not known. To him it was the everyday event; yet this funeral, one more in the countless tale, disturbed him — a sharp reminder of the passage of time.

For twenty years had gone by since the death of Septimus Godwin, the cynical, romantic doctor who had been his greatest friend; by whose cleverness all had sworn, of whose powers of fascination all had gossiped! And now they were burying his son!

He had not seen the widow since, for she had left the town at once; but he recollected her distinctly, a tall, dark woman with bright brown eyes, much younger than her husband, and only married to him eighteen months before he died. He remembered her slim figure standing by the grave, at that long-past funeral, and the look on her face which had puzzled him so terribly — a look of — a most peculiar look!

He thought of it even now, walking along the narrow path toward his old friend's grave — the handsomest in the cemetery, commanding from the topmost point the whitened slope and river that lay beyond. He came to its little private garden. Spring flowers were blossoming; the railings had been freshly painted; and by the door of the grave wreaths awaited the new arrival. All was in order.

The old Director opened the mausoleum with his key. Below, seen through a thick glass floor, lay the shining

coffin of the father; beneath, on the lower tier, would rest the coffin of the son.

A gentle voice, close behind him, said, —

“Can you tell me, sir, what they are doing to my old doctor’s grave?”

The old Director turned, and saw before him a lady well past middle age. He did not know her face, but it was pleasant, with faded rose-leaf cheeks, and silvered hair under a shady hat.

“Madam, there is a funeral here this afternoon.”

“Ah! Can it be his wife?”

“Madam, his son; a young man of only twenty.”

“His son! At what time did you say?”

“At two o’clock.”

“Thank you; you are very kind.”

With uplifted hat, he watched her walk away. It worried him to see a face he did not know.

All went off beautifully; but, dining that same evening with his friend, a certain doctor, the old Director asked, —

“Did you see a lady with gray hair hovering about this afternoon?”

The doctor, a tall man, with a beard still yellow, drew his guest’s chair nearer to the fire.

“I did,” he answered.

“Did you remark her face? A very odd expression — a sort of — what shall I call it? — Very odd indeed! Who is she? I saw her at the grave this morning.”

The doctor shook his head.

“Not so very odd, I think.”

“Come! What do you mean by that?”

The doctor hesitated. Then, taking the decanter, he filled his old friend’s glass, and answered, —

“Well, sir, you were Godwin’s greatest chum — I will tell you, if you like, the story of his death. You were away at the time, if you remember.”

"It is safe with me," said the old Director.

"Septimus Godwin," began the doctor slowly, "died on a Thursday about three o'clock, and I was only called in to see him at two. I found him far gone, but conscious now and then. It was a case of — but you know the details, so I need n't go into that. His wife was in the room, and on the bed at his feet lay his pet dog — a terrier; you may recollect, perhaps, he had a special breed. I had n't been there ten minutes, when a maid came in, and whispered something to her mistress. Mrs. Godwin answered angrily, 'See him? Go down and say she ought to know better than to come here at such a time!' The maid went, but soon came back. Could the lady see Mrs. Godwin for just a moment? Mrs. Godwin answered that she could not leave her husband. The maid looked frightened, and went away again. She came back for the third time. The lady had said she must see Dr. Godwin; it was a matter of life and death! 'Death — indeed!' exclaimed Mrs. Godwin. 'Shameful! Go down and tell her, if she does n't go immediately, I will send for the police!'

"The poor maid looked at me. I offered to go down and see the visitor myself. I found her in the dining-room, and knew her at once. Never mind her name, but she belongs to a county family not a hundred miles from here. A beautiful woman she was then; but her face that day was quite distorted.

"'For God's sake, Doctor,' she said, 'is there any hope?'

"I was obliged to tell her there was none.

"'Then I must see him,' she said.

"I begged her to consider what she was asking. But she held me out a signet ring. Just like Godwin — was n't it — that sort of Byronism, eh?

"'He sent me this,' she said, 'an hour ago. It was agreed between us that if ever he sent that, I must come. If it were only myself I could bear it — a woman can bear any-

thing; but he'll die thinking I could n't come, thinking I did n't care—and I would give my life for him this minute!’

“Now, a dying man's request is sacred. I told her she should see him. I made her follow me upstairs and wait outside his room. I promised to let her know if he recovered consciousness. I have never been thanked like that, before or since.

“I went back into the bedroom. He was still unconscious and the terrier whining. In the next room a child was crying—the very same young man we buried to-day. Mrs. Godwin was still standing by the bed.

“‘Have you sent her away?’”

“I had to say that Godwin really wished to see her. At that she broke out:—

“‘I won't have her here—the wretch!’

“I begged her to control herself, and remember that her husband was a dying man.

“‘But I'm his wife,’ she said, and flew out of the room.”

The doctor paused, staring at the fire. He shrugged his shoulders, and went on: “I'd have stopped her fury, if I could! A dying man is not the same as the live animal, that he must needs be wrangled over! And suffering's sacred, even to us doctors. I could hear their voices outside. Heaven knows what they said to each other. And there lay Godwin with his white face and his black hair—deathly still—fine-looking fellow he always was! Then I saw that he was coming to! The women had begun again outside—first, the wife, sharp and scornful; then the other, hushed and slow. I saw Godwin lift his finger and point it at the door. I went out, and said to the women, ‘Dr. Godwin wishes to see you; please control yourself!’

“We went back into the room. The wife followed. But Godwin had lost consciousness again. They sat down, those two, and hid their faces. I can see them now, one on each side of the bed, their eyes covered with their hands,

each with her claim on him, all murdered by the other's presence; each with her torn love. H'm! What they must have suffered, then! And all the time, the child crying — the child of one of them, that might have been the other's!"

The doctor was silent, and the old Director turned toward him his white-bearded, ruddy face, with a look as if he were groping in the dark.

"Just then, I remember," the doctor went on suddenly, "the bells of St. Jude's close by began to peal out for the finish of a wedding. That brought Godwin back to life. He just looked from one woman to the other with a queer, miserable sort of smile, enough to make your heart break. And they both looked at him. The face of the wife — poor thing — was as bitter hard as a cut stone, but she sat there, without ever stirring a finger. As for the other woman — I could n't look at her. He beckoned to me; but I could n't catch his words, the bells drowned them. A minute later he was dead.

"Life's a funny thing! You wake in the morning with your foot firm on the ladder — One touch, and down you go! You snuff out like a candle. And it's lucky when your flame goes out, if only one woman's flame goes out too.

"Neither of those women cried. The wife stayed there by the bed. I got the other one away to her carriage, down the street. — And so she was there to-day! That explains, I think, the look you saw."

The doctor ceased; and in the silence the old Director nodded. Yes! That explained the look he had seen on the face of that unknown woman, the deep, unseizable, weird look. That explained the look he had seen on the wife's face at the funeral twenty years ago!

And peering wistfully, he said: —

"She looked — she looked — almost triumphant!"

Then, slowly, he rubbed his hands over his knees, with the secret craving of the old for warmth.

THREE COMMANDMENTS IN THE VULGAR TONGUE

SIR GILBERT PARKER

"READ on, Pierre," the sick man said, doubling a corner of the wolfskin pillow so that it shaded his face from the candle.

Pierre smiled to himself, thinking of the unusual nature of his occupation, raised an eyebrow as if to someone sitting at the other side of the fire, — though the room was empty save for the two, — and went on reading: —

"Woe to the multitude of many people, which make a noise like the noise of the seas; and to the rushing of nations, that make a rushing like the rushing of mighty waters!"

"The nations shall rush like the rushing of many waters: but God shall rebuke them, and they shall flee far off, and shall be chased as the chaff of the mountains before the wind, and like a rolling thing before the whirlwind."

"And behold at eveningtide trouble; and before the morning he is not. This is the portion of them that spoil us, and the lot of them that rob us."

The sick man put up his hand, motioning for silence, and Pierre, leaving the Bible open, laid it at his side. Then he fell to studying the figure on the couch. The body, though reduced by a sudden illness, had an appearance of late youth, a firmness of mature manhood; but the hair was gray, the beard was grizzled, and the face was furrowed and seamed as though the man had lived a long, hard life. The body seemed thirty years old, the head sixty; the man's exact age was forty-five. His most singular characteristic was a fine, almost spiritual intelligence, which showed in the dewy brightness of the eye, in the lighted face, in the cadenced definiteness of his speech. One would have said,

knowing nothing of him, that he was a hermit, but again, catching the rich, graceful outlines of his body, that he was a soldier; and thereupon would have come confusion, for the two things appeared so at variance. Within the past twenty-four hours he had had a fight for life with one of the terrible "colds" which, like an unstayed plague, close up the courses of the body, and carry a man out of the hurly-burly, without pause to say how much or how little he cares to go.

Pierre, whose rude skill in medicine was got of hard experiences here and there, had helped him back into the world again, and was himself now a little astonished at acting as Scripture reader to a Protestant invalid. But the Bible was the Bible, after all, though it had not been a close companion of his for very many years. Still, it was like his childhood itself, always in his bones, and Old Testament history was like wine to his blood; it had primitive man, adventure, mysterious and exalted romance. These lofty tales sang in his veins, and so, with a rich interest, he had read for nearly an hour to Fawdor, who held this post of the Hudson's Bay Company in the outer wilderness. He had arrived at the post three days before, to find a half-breed trapper and an Indian helpless before the sickness which was hurrying to close on John Fawdor's heart and clamp it in the vise of death. He had come just in time. He was now ready to learn, by what ways the future should show, why this man, of such unusual force and power, should have lived at a post in Labrador for twenty-five years.

"*This is the portion of them that spoil us, and the lot of them that rob us.*" Fawdor repeated the words slowly, and then said, "It is good to be out of the world. Do you know the secret of life, Pierre?"

Pierre's fingers unconsciously dropped on the Bible at his side, drumming the leaves. His eyes wandered over

Fawdor's face, and presently he answered, "To keep your own commandments."

"The ten?" asked the sick man, pointing to the Bible.

Pierre's fingers closed the book. "Not the ten, for they do not fit all; but one by one to make your own, and never to break — *comme ça!*"

"The answer is good," returned Fawdor; "but what is the greatest commandment that a man can make for himself?"

"Who can tell? What is the good of saying, 'Thou shalt keep holy the Sabbath day,' when a man lives where he does not know the days? What is the good of saying, 'Thou shalt not steal,' when a man has no heart to rob, and there is nothing to steal? But a man should have a heart, an eye for justice. It is good for him to make his commandments against that wherein he is a fool or has a devil. Justice — that is the thing."

"'Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor'?" asked Fawdor softly.

"Yes, like that. But a man must put it in his own words, and keep the law which he makes. Then life does not give a bad taste in the mouth."

"What commandments have you made for yourself, Pierre?"

The slumbering fire in Pierre's face leaped up. He felt for an instant as his father, a chevalier of France, might have felt if a peasant had fingered the orders upon his breast. It touched his native pride, so little shown in anything else. But he knew how the question was meant, and the meaning justified the man.

"*Thou shalt think with the minds of twelve men, and the heart of one woman.*" He paused.

"Justice and mercy," said the voice from the bed.

"*Thou shalt keep the faith of food and blanket.*" Again Pierre paused.

"And a man shall not need to fear his friend," said the voice again.

The pause was longer this time, and Pierre's cold, handsome face took on a kind of softness before he said, "*Remember thine own wife and her sorrow.*"

"It is a good commandment," said the voice, "to make all women safe, whether they be true — or foolish."

"The strong should be ashamed to prey upon the weak. Pshaw! such a sport ends in nothing. Man only is man's game."

Suddenly Pierre added, "When you thought you were going to die, you gave me some papers and letters to take to Quebec. You will get well. Shall I give them back? Will you take them yourself?"

Fawdor understood. Pierre wished to know his story. He reached out a hand, saying, "I will take them myself. You have not read them?"

"No. I was not to read them till you died — *bien?*" He handed the packet over.

"I will tell you the story," Fawdor said, turning over on his side, so that his face was full on Pierre.

He did not begin at once. An Esquimau dog, of the finest and yet wildest breed, stretched itself at the fire, opened its red eyes at the two men, and then, slowly rising, went to the door and sniffed at the cracks. Then it turned, and began pacing around the room like a lion in its cage. Every little while it would stop, sniff the air, and go on again. Once or twice, also, as it passed the couch of the sick man, it paused, and at last it suddenly rose, rested two feet on the rude headboard of the couch, and pushed its nose against the invalid's head. There was something rarely savage and yet beautifully soft in the dog's face, scarred as it was by the whips of earlier owners. The man's hand went up and caressed the wolfish head. "Good dog, good Akim!" Fawdor said softly in French. "Thou dost know when a storm

is on the way; thou dost know, too, when there is a storm in my heart."

Even as he spoke a wind came crying round the house, and the parchment windows gave forth a soft booming sound. Outside, nature, as it seemed, was trembling lightly in all its nerves, so that belated herons were disturbed from the freshly frozen pool, and on tardy wings swept away into the night and to the south; and a herd of wolves, trooping by the hut, passed from a short, easy trot to a low, long gallop, devouring, yet fearful too. It appeared as if the earth were trying to speak, and the speaking gave it pain, from which came awe and terror to living things.

So, inside the house, also, Pierre almost shrank from the unknown sorrow of this man beside him, who was now, he knew, about to speak out of the mystery of life. The solitary places do not make men glib of tongue; rather, spare of words. They whose tragedy lies in the capacity to suffer greatly, being given the woe of imagination, bring forth inner history as a mother gasps life into this world.

"I was only a boy of twenty-one," Fawdor said from the pillow, as he watched the dog noiselessly pacing from corner to corner, "and I had been with the Company three years. They had said that I could rise fast; I had done so. I was ambitious; yet I take comfort in thinking that I saw only one way to it — by patience, industry, and much thinking. I read a great deal, and cared for what I read; but I observed, also, that in dealing with men I might serve myself and the Company wisely.

"One day the governor of the Company came from England, and with him his young niece — a sweet lady — and her brother. They arranged for a tour to the Great Lakes, and I was chosen to go with them in command of the boatmen. It appeared as if a great chance had come to me, and so said the factor at Lachine on the morning we

set forth. The girl was as winsome as you can think; not of such wonderful beauty, but with a face that would be finer old than young; and a dainty trick of humor had she as well. The governor was a testy man; he could not bear to be crossed in a matter; yet, in spite of all, I did not think he had a willful hardness. It was a long journey, and we were set to our wits to make it always interesting; but we did it, somehow, for there were fishing and shooting, and adventure of one sort and another, and the lighter things, such as singing and the telling of tales as the boatmen rowed on the river. We talked of many things as we traveled, and I was glad to listen to the governor, for he had seen and read much. It was clear that he liked to have us hang upon his tales and his grand speeches, which seemed a little large in the mouth; and his nephew, who had a mind for raillery, was now and again guilty of some witty impertinence; but this was hard to bring home to him, for he had a fine child-like look when he pleased. Toward the last he grew bolder, and said many a biting thing both to the governor and myself, which more than once turned his sister's face pale with apprehension, for she had a nice sense of politeness. Whenever the talk was at all general, it was his delight to turn one against the other. Though I was wary and the girl understood, at last he had his way.

“I knew Shakespeare and the Bible very well, and, like most bookish young men, phrase and motto were much on my tongue, though not always given forth. One evening, as we drew to the camp fire, a deer broke from the woods and ran straight through the little circle we were making, and disappeared in the bushes by the riverside. Someone ran for a rifle; but the governor forbade, adding with an air something with philosophical point. I, proud of the chance to show I was not a mere backwoodsman at such a game, capped the aphorism with a line from Shakespeare's ‘Cymbeline.’

“‘Tut, tut!’ said the governor smartly. ‘You have n’t it well, Mr. Fawdor; it goes this way,’ and he went on to set me right. His nephew at that stepped in, with a little disdainful laugh at me, and said something galling. I might have known better than to let it pique me, but I spoke up again that I was not wrong, yet, as I think, with some respect. It appeared to me all at once as if some principle were at stake, and I were the champion of our Shakespeare, so will vanity delude us.

“The governor — I can see it as if it were yesterday — seemed to go like ice, for he mightily loved to be thought wise in all such things as well as in great business affairs, and his nephew was there to give an edge to the affair. He said, curtly, that I would probably come on better in the world if I were more exact and less cock-a-hoop with myself. That stung me, for not only was the young lady looking on, as I thought, with a sort of superior pity, but her brother was saying something to himself with a provoking smile. I saw no reason why I should be treated like a school-boy. As far as my knowledge went it was as good as another man’s, were he young or old, so I came in quickly with my reply. I said that his excellency should find me more cock-a-hoop with Shakespeare than with myself. ‘Well, well,’ he answered, with a hardening look, ‘our Company has need of great men for hard tasks.’ To this I made no reply, for I got a warning look from the young lady — a look which had a sort of reproach, and command too. She knew the twists and turns of his temper, and how he was jealous in little things. The matter dropped for the time; but as the governor was going to his tent for the night, the young lady said to me hurriedly, ‘My uncle is a man of great reading — and power, Mr. Fawdor. I would set it right with him, if I were you.’ For the moment I was ashamed. You cannot guess how fine an eye she had, and how her voice stirred one! She said no more, but stepped

inside her tent; and then I heard the brother say, over my shoulder, 'O why should the spirit of mortal be proud!' Afterwards, with a little laugh and a backward wave of the hand, as one might toss a greeting to a beggar, he was gone, also. I was left alone."

Fawdor paused. The dog had lain down by the fire again, but its red eyes were blinking at the door, and now and again it growled softly, and the long hair at its mouth seemed to shiver with some feeling. Suddenly, there rang through the night a loud, barking cry. The dog's mouth opened in a noiseless snarl, showing its keen, long teeth, and a ridge of hair bristled on its back. But the two men made no sign or motion. The cry of wild-cats was no new thing to them. Then, too, it fitted in with the story, for Pierre felt that there was a misery of some kind on the way.

Presently the other went on: "I sat by the fire and heard beasts howl like that, I listened to the river churning over the rapids below, and I felt all at once a loneliness that turned me sick. There were three people in a tent near me; I could even hear the governor's breathing; but I appeared to have no part in the life of any human being, as if I were a kind of outlaw of God and man. I was poor; I had no friends; I was at the mercy of this great Company; if I died, there was not a human being who, so far as I knew, would shed a tear. Well, you see I was only a boy, and I suppose it was the spirit of youth hungering for the huge, active world, and the society of men who had also the fever of ambition. There is no one so lonely as the young dreamer on the brink of life.

"I was lying by the fire. It was not a cold night, and that was why, when not knowing, I fell asleep at last without covering. I did not wake till morning, and then it was to find the governor's nephew building up the fire again. 'Those who are born great,' he said, 'are bound to rise.' But perhaps he saw that I had had a bad night, and felt

that he had gone far enough, for he presently said, in a tone I liked, 'Take my advice, Mr. Fawdor; make it right with my uncle. It is n't so fast rising in the Company that you can afford to quarrel with its governor. I'd go on the other tack: don't be too honest.' I thanked him, and no more was said; but I liked him better, for I saw that he was one of those who take pleasure in dropping nettles more to see the weakness of human nature than from malice.

"But my good fortune had got a twist, and it was not to be straightened that day; and because it was not straightened then it was not to be at all, for at five o'clock we came to the post at Lachine, and here the governor and the others were to stop. During all the day I had waited for my chance to say a word of apology to his excellency, but it was no use; nothing seemed to help me, for he was busy with his papers and notes, and I also had to finish up my reports. The hours went by, and I saw my chances drift past. I knew that the governor held the thing against me, and not the less because he saw me more than once that day in speech with his niece; for she appeared anxious to cheer me, and indeed I think, I know, that we might have got to be excellent friends, had our ways run together; and she could have been my friend without shame to herself, for I had come of an old family in Scotland, the Sheplaws of Canfire, which she knew, as did the governor too, was a more ancient family than his own. Yet her kindness that day worked me no good, and I went far to make it worse, since, under the spell of her gentleness, I looked at her far from distantly, and at the last, as she was getting from the boat, returned the pressure of her hand with much interest. I suppose something of the pride of that moment leaped up in my eye, for I saw the governor's face harden a little more, and the brother shrugged a shoulder. I was too young to see or know that the chief thing in the girl's mind was regret that I had hurt my chances so; for she knew, as I saw only too

well afterwards, that I might have been rewarded with a leaping promotion in honor of the success of the journey. But though the boatmen got a gift of money and tobacco and spirits, nothing came to me save the formal thanks of the governor, as he bowed me from his presence. Of course he would not offer me money, for I was an officer of the Company, but there were other ways.

"The nephew came to me with his sister, and so there was little said between her and me, and it was a long, long time before she knew the end of that day's business. But the brother said, 'You've let the chance go by, Mr. Fawdor. Better luck next time, eh? And,' he went on, 'I'd give a hundred editions the lie, but I'd read the text according to my chief officer. The words of a king are always wise while his head is on,' declared he further, and he drew from his scarf a pin of pearls and handed it to me. 'Will you wear that for me, Mr. Fawdor?' he asked; and I, who had thought him but a stripling with a saucy pride, grasped his hand and said a God-keep-you. It does me good now to think I said it, for reasons of which I will tell you by and by. I did not see him or his sister again.

"The next day was Sunday. About two o'clock I was sent for by the governor. When I got to the post and was admitted to him, I saw that my misadventure was not over. 'Mr. Fawdor,' said he coldly, spreading out a map on the table before him, 'you will start at once for Fort Ungava, at Ungava Bay, in Labrador.' I felt my heart stand still for a moment, and then surge up and down, like a piston rod under a sudden rush of steam. 'You will proceed now,' he went on, in his hard voice, 'as far as the village of Pont Croix. There you will find three Indians awaiting you. You will go on with them as far as Point St. Saviour and camp for the night, for if the Indians remain in the village they may get drunk. The next morning, at sunrise, you will move on. The Indians know the trail across Labrador

to Fort Ungava. When you reach there, you will take command of the post and remain till further orders. Your clothes are already at the village. I have had them packed, and you will find there also what is necessary for the journey. The factor at Ungava was there ten years; he has gone — to heaven.'

"I cannot tell what it was that held my tongue silent, that made me only bow my head and press my lips together. I knew I was pale, for as I turned to leave the room I caught sight of my face in a little mirror tacked on the door, and I hardly recognized myself.

"'Good-day, Mr. Fawdor,' said the governor, handing me the map. 'There is some brandy in your stores; be careful that none of your Indians get it. If they try to desert, you know what to do. Good-day.' Then he turned, and began to speak with the factor.

"For me, I went from that room like a man condemned to die. Fort Ungava in Labrador — a thousand miles away, over a barren, savage country, and in winter, too; for it would be winter there immediately. It was an exile to Siberia, and far worse than Siberia; for there are many exiles there, and I was likely to be the only white man at Fort Ungava. As I passed from the door of the post, the words of Shakespeare which had brought all this about sang in my ears."

"*Thou shalt judge with the minds of twelve men, and the heart of one woman,*" said Pierre softly.

"The journey to the village of Pont Croix was that of a man walking over graves. Every step sent a pang to my heart — a boy of twenty-one, grown old in a moment. It was not that I was a little lame from a hurt got on the expedition with the governor, but my whole life seemed suddenly lamed, and I did not think of the physical pains before me in my exile. Why did I go? Ah, you do not know how discipline gets into a man's bones — the pride, the

indignant pride of obedience. At that hour I swore that I should myself be the governor of that Company one day — the boast of loud-hearted youth. I had angry visions, I dreamed absurd dreams, but I did not think of disobeying. It was an unheard-of journey at such a time, but I swore that I would do it, that it should go into the records of the Company.

“I reached the village, found the Indians, and at once moved on to the settlement where we were to stay that night. Then my knee began to pain me. I feared inflammation, so in the dead of night I walked back to the village, roused a trader of the Company, got some liniment and other trifles, and arrived again at St. Saviour before dawn. My few clothes and necessities came in the course of the morning, and at noon we started on the path to exile.

“I remember that we came to a lofty point on the St. Lawrence just before we plunged into the woods, to see the great stream no more. I stood and looked back up the river toward the point where Lachine lay. All that went to make the life of a Company’s man possible was there; and there, too, were those with whom I had tented and traveled for three long months — eaten with them, cared for them, used up for them all the woodcraft that I knew. I could not think that it would be a young man’s lifetime before I set eyes on that scene again. Never from that day to this have I seen the broad, sweet river where I spent the three happiest years of my life. I can see now the tall, shining heights of Quebec, the pretty, wooded Island of Orleans, the winding channel, so deep, so strong. The sun was three fourths of its way down in the west, and already the sky was taking on the deep red and purple of autumn. Somehow, the thing that struck me most in the scene was a bunch of pines, solemn and quiet, their tops burnished by the afternoon light. I keep that clear yet, for it seemed so like my life, with the last light of my young day shining on my sick heart. Tears

would have been easy then. But my anger would not let me. Besides, there were my Indians waiting, and the long journey must be begun. Then, perhaps because there was none nearer to make farewell to, or I know not why, I waved my hand toward the village of Lachine, and, with the sweet maid in my mind who had so gently parted from me yesterday, I said, 'Good-bye, and God bless you.'"

He paused. Pierre handed him a wooden cup, from which he drank, and then he continued: —

"The journey went forward. You have seen the country. You know what it is: those bare ice-plains and rocky unfenced fields stretching to all points, the heaving wastes of treeless country, the harsh frozen lakes. God knows what insupportable horror would have settled on me in that pilgrimage had it not been for occasional glimpses of a gentler life, for the deer and caribou which crossed our path. Upon my soul, I was so full of gratitude and love at the sight that I could have thrown my arms round their necks and kissed them. I could not raise a gun at them. My Indians did that, and so inconstant is the human heart that I ate heartily of the meat. My Indians were almost less companionable to me than any animal would have been. Try as I would, I could not bring myself to like them, and I feared only too truly that they did not like me. Indeed, I soon saw that they meant to desert me — kill me, perhaps, if they could, although I trusted in the wholesome fear which the Indian has of the Hudson's Bay Company. I was not sure that they were guiding me right, and I had to threaten death if they tried to mislead me or desert me — went so far, indeed, as to trifle with the trigger of my pistol. My knee at times was painful, and cold, hunger, and incessant watchfulness wore on me vastly. Yet I did not yield to my miseries, for I am of Scotch blood, and there entered into me then not only the spirit of endurance, but something of that sacred pride in suffering which was the merit of my Covenanting forefathers.

“We were four months on that bitter travel, and I do not know how it could have been made at all had it not been for the deer that I had heart to eat, and none to kill. The days got shorter and shorter, and we were sometimes eighteen hours in absolute darkness. Thus you can imagine how slowly we went. Thank God, we could sleep, hid away in our fur bags, more often without a fire than with one — mere mummies stretched out on a vast coverlet of white, with the peering, unfriendly sky above us; though it must be said that through all those many weeks no cloud perched in the zenith. When there was light there was sun, and the courage of it entered into our bones, helping to save us. You may think me made feeble-minded by my sufferings, but I tell you plainly that, in the closing days of our journey, I used to see a tall figure walking beside me, who, whenever I would have spoken to him, laid a finger on his lips; but when I would have fallen, he spoke to me, always in the same words. You have heard of him, the Scarlet Hunter of the Kimash Hills. It was he, the Wanderer, the Sentinel of the North, the Lover of the Lost. So deep did his words go into my heart that they have remained with me to this hour.”

“I saw him once in the White Valley,” Pierre said, in a low voice. “What was it he said to you?”

The other drew a long breath, and a kindly smile rested on his lips. Then, slowly, as though liking to linger over them, he repeated the words of the Scarlet Hunter:—

“O Son of man, behold!
If thou shouldst stumble on the nameless trail,
The trail that no man rides,
Lift up thy heart,
Behold, O Son of man, thou hast a helper near!

“O Son of man, take heed!
If thou shouldst fall upon the vacant plain,
The plain that no man loves,
Reach out thy hand,
Take heed, O Son of man, strength shall be given thee!

“O Son of man, give ear!
If thou shouldst faint, the flesh fail on thy bones,
The bones which God set up,
Be not o’ercome,
Give ear, O Son of man, a Hunter brings thee food!

“O Son of man, rejoice!
If thou art blinded even at the door,
The door of the Safe Tent,
Sing in thy heart,
Rejoice, O Son of man, thy pilot leads thee in!’

“I never seemed to be alone after that — call it what you will, fancy or delirium. My head was so light that it appeared to spin like a star, and my feet were so heavy that I dragged the whole earth after me. My Indians seldom spoke. I never let them drop behind me, for I did not know what the end might be. But in the end, as it would seem, they also had but one thought, and that to reach Fort Ungava; for there was no food left, none at all. We saw no tribes of Indians and no Esquimaux, for we had not passed in their line of travel or settlement.

“At last I used to dream that birds were singing near me — a soft, delicate whirlwind of sound; and then bells all like muffled silver rang through the aching, sweet air. Bits of prayer and poetry I learned when a boy flashed through my mind; equations in algebra; the tingling scream of a great buzz-saw; the breath of a racer as he nears the post under the crying whip; my own voice dropping loud profanity, heard as a lad from a blind ferryman; the *boom! boom!* of a mass of logs as they struck a house on a flooding river and carried it away. . . .

“One day we reached the end. It was near evening, and we came to the top of a wooded knoll. My eyes were dancing with weakness in my head, but I could see below us, on the edge of the great bay, a large hut, and near it Esquimaux lodges and Indian tepees. It was the fort, my Siberia.”

He paused. The dog had been watching him with its

flaming eyes; now it gave a low growl, as though it understood what had been said, and pitied the man. In the interval of silence the storm without broke. The trees began to quake and cry, the light snow to beat upon the parchment windows, and the chimney to splutter and moan. Presently, out on the bay they could hear the young ice break and come scraping up the shore. Fawdor listened awhile, and then went on, waving his hand to the door as he began: "Think! this, and like that, always."

"Ever since?" asked Pierre.

"All the time."

"Why did you not go back?"

"I was to wait for orders, and they never came."

"You were a free man, not a slave."

"The human heart has pride. At first, as when I left the governor at Lachine, I said, 'I will never speak, I will never ask nor bend the knee. He has the power to oppress; I can obey without whining — as fine a man as he.'"

"Did you not hate?"

"At first, as only a banished man can hate. I knew that if all had gone well I should be a man high up in the Company, and here I was, living like a dog in the porch of the world, sometimes without food for months, save frozen fish; and for two years I was in a place where we had no fire — lived in a snow-house, with only blubber to eat. And so year after year — no word!"

"There came the mail once every year from the world?"

"Yes, once a year the door of the world was opened. A ship came into the bay, and by that ship I sent out my reports. But no word came from the governor, and no request from me. Once the captain of that ship took me by the shoulders, and said, 'Fawdor, man, this will drive you mad. Come away to England, — leave your half-breed in charge, — and ask the governor for a big promotion.' He did not understand. Of course, I said I could not go. Then he

turned on me, — he was a good man, — and said, ‘This will either drive you mad or make you a saint, Fawdor.’ He drew a Bible from his pocket. ‘I’ve used it twenty years,’ he said, ‘in evil and out of evil, and I’ve spiked it here and there; it’s a chart for heavy seas, and may you find it so, my lad.’

“I said little then; but when I saw the sails of his ship round a cape and vanish, all my pride and strength were broken up, and I came in a heap to the ground, weeping like a child. But the change did not come all at once. There were two things that kept me hard.”

“The girl?”

“The girl, and another. But of the young lady after. I had a half-breed whose life I had saved. I was kind to him always; gave him as good to eat and drink as I had myself; divided my tobacco with him; loved him as only an exile can love a comrade. He conspired with the Indians to seize the fort and stores, and kill me if I resisted. I found it out.”

“*Thou shalt keep the faith of food and blanket,*” said Pierre. “What did you do with him?”

“The fault was not his so much as of his race, the mongrel thing. I had loved him. I sent him away. He never came back.”

“*Thou shalt judge with the minds of twelve men, and the heart of one woman.*”

“For the girl. There was the thing that clamped my heart. Never a word from her or her brother. Surely they knew, and yet never, I thought, a word from them to the governor. They had forgotten — the faith of food and blanket. And she — she must have seen that I could have worshiped her, had we been in the same way of life. Before the better days came to me I was hard against her, hard and rough at heart.”

“*Remember the sorrow of thine own wife.*” Pierre’s voice was gentle.

"Truly, to think hardly of no woman should be always in a man's heart. But I have known only one woman of my race in twenty-five years!"

"And as time went on?"

"As time went on, and no word came, I ceased to look for it. But I followed that chart spiked with the captain's pencil, as he had done it in season and out of season, and by and by I ceased to look for any word. I even became reconciled to my life. The ambitious and aching cares of the world dropped from me, and I stood above all — alone in my suffering, yet not yielding. Loneliness is a terrible thing. Under it a man" —

"Goes mad or becomes a saint — a saint!" Pierre's voice suggested which he saw before him.

Fawdor shook his head, smiling softly. "Ah, no, no. But I began to understand the world, and I loved the north, the beautiful hard north!"

"But there is more?"

"Yes, the end of it all. Three days before you came I got a packet of letters, not by the usual yearly mail. One announced that the governor was dead. Another —"

"Another?" urged Pierre.

"— was from — her. She said that her brother, on the day she wrote, had by chance come across my name, and found that I had been here a quarter of a century. It was the letter of a good woman. She said she thought the governor had forgotten that he had sent me here — as now I hope he had, for that would be one thing less for him to think of when he set out on the journey where the only weight man carries is the packload of his sins. She also said that she had written to me twice after we parted at Lachine, but had never heard a word, and three years after she had gone to India. The letters were lost, I suppose, on the way to me, somehow — who can tell? Then came another thing, so strange, so like the laughter of the angels at us. These

were her words: 'And, dear Mr. Fawdor, you were *both* wrong in that quotation, as you no doubt discovered long ago.' Then she gave me the sentence as it is in 'Cymbeline.' She was right, quite right. We *were* both wrong. Never till her letter came had I looked to see. How vain, how uncertain and fallible, is man!"

Pierre dropped his cigarette, and stared at Fawdor. "The knowledge of books is foolery," he said slowly. "Man is the only book of life. Go on, go on."

"There was another letter, from the brother, who was now high up in the Company, asking me to come to England, and saying that they wished to promote me far, and that he and his sister, with their families, would be glad to see me."

"She was married, then?"

The rashness of the suggestion made Fawdor wave his hand impatiently. He would not reply to it, but he said, "I was struck down with all the news. I wandered like a child out into a mad storm. Illness came; then you, who have nursed me back to life. . . . And now I have told all."

"Not all, *bien sur*. What will you do?"

"I am out of the world; why tempt it all again? See how those twenty-five years were twisted by a boy's vanity and a man's tyranny!"

"But what will you do?" persisted Pierre. "You should see the faces of women and children again. No man can live without that sight, even as a saint."

Suddenly Fawdor's face was shot over with a storm of feeling. He took Pierre's hand, and after a moment, "I will go," he said. "There is a line in that Book —" He pointed to the Bible.

Pierre's fingers flashed out, and he interrupted. "Not from any book, but from your own life!" he cried.

Fawdor paused; then, raising himself on his elbow, he said, "Not from the Book, then, nor from my life, but from

yours. 'Judge with the minds of twelve men, and the heart of one woman.' So I will go into the world."

Then he turned his face to the wall. Soon the storm ceased, the wild dog huddled on the hearth, and, save for Pierre stirring the fire, Fawdor's peaceful breathing was the only sound.

THE RETURN OF MR. SQUEM

ARTHUR RUSSELL TAYLOR

"A GOOD-LOOKER and a high-hooker!" This was the verdict of Mr. Squem upon Miss Cynthia Browne.

Professor William Emory Browne had been asked down to the country-house of his widower brother, on the ocean, to dine and stay the night, and his niece had written him to bring anyone he liked.

The professor had at once thought of Mr. Squem, traveling representative of the Mercury Rubber-Tire Company, to whom he was indebted for services open-handedly rendered in a pinch — a railway accident.¹ "Just the way to recognize him," thought the professor, and was rather comfortable. Indeed, reflecting upon the opportunity thus opened to Mr. Squem, he almost glowed. Behind was the feeling — a bit zestful — that in this way he would be exhibiting to his brother's household a unique and quite amusing person — providing the party with an experience. A singular blend of motives, which Mr. Squem could not possibly have understood.

Professor Browne's brother had come into the world and lived in the world with just one object — to make a million dollars. This he had done, and there seemed nothing more to say. Yes, one thing more: he had fathered Cynthia, now a girl of twenty-two, with the ghost of a soul-starved mother — who, in common with everything else, had stood aside for the million dollars — looking out of her eyes. The brother, the brother's daughter, and a Mr. Dudley Ledgerwood were the people whom Professor Browne invited Mr. Squem to the country-house to meet — and to amuse.

¹ See *Atlantic Narratives*, First Series, p. 323.

Mr. Squem arrived in state, bearing a large suit-case and a hat-box, the latter's maiden appearance, though it had been a treasured possession for five years. The house and its scale impressed him, and particularly a fountain, — copy of Verrocchio's Boy with the Dolphin, — well placed before the main entrance; but he could not help feeling a certain bareness, not to say meagreness, in the room to which he was conducted by the very correct maid. True, Tony's Seven Chair Sanitary Shaving Parlor was not more immaculate, and if he knew a good bed, there it was; but the room lacked in color-warmth, — Mr. Squem thought of his own green carpet and red walls, — there were but three wall pictures, and they, most unstriking, and the mantel was destitute of such decorative bric-à-brac, picked up at Atlantic City and elsewhere, as the guest loved. Mr. Squem noted these limitations, then adjured himself to "quit knocking," and proceeded to dress for dinner. He was the only one who did, the butler excepted, the three other gentlemen being in light summer clothes.

Miss Cynthia greeted him with frank cordiality; rarely had his "pleased to meet you" received so warming a comeback. She was a thoroughbred — her features, her carriage, her total persuaded Mr. Squem of that. Yes, a thoroughbred — a good-looker and a high-hooker! Her father came out of his million-dollar grave long enough to assure the visitor that he was welcome, and then ceased to exist, and Mr. Dudley Ledgerwood bowed faintly, looking over Mr. Squem's head.

This Mr. Ledgerwood was a life-weary person of thirty-five, with the bored expression of one permanently waiting for a train. He seemed chronically tired, but not so tired as certain who encountered him. He had trained a really capable mind upon things which he was certain were affected by very few. He wrote — always from a quite Olympian standpoint — occasional reviews of books for maga-

zines of limited circulation, and was suspected of having dark designs upon a book of his own. He was bare of any convictions, their place being taken by a passion for being — different. So his life went on dissatisfiedly sniffing things. His thoughts were not intentionally other people's thoughts, or his ways, where he could help it, their ways. A mysterious providence had given him considerable money.

The dinner struck Mr. Squem as an all-right thing and function, although simpler than at some hotels he knew, and he wondered a bit that there was no orchestra. They had scarcely finished the soup before Professor Browne, thinking it time for the entertainment to begin, remarked, —

“Mr. Squem, though an active man of affairs, is no stranger to liberal culture. Perhaps he will tell you about his Universal History.”

“No good,” said Mr. Squem with decision; “no good! You see,” — he frankly took in the company, — “I only got as far as the sixth grade — and you know you feel that when you begin to shuck the day coach for the Pullman and have your clothes built for you and hang out at four-per hotels. You sure do. Something is n't there. I felt it after I got to giving sixty straight for a sack-suit, and after I got my car — some car, believe *me*! Well, I was telling the professor here how maybe I could put it there — the thing that was n't — by chewing up a thirty-five dollar Universal History I bought — something elegant and classy. But it was no go — no go. I want to tell you I lit into that thing for fair — loaded up on the pyramids and the Monroe Doctrine and radium and a lot of other things. But it did n't put over what was n't there, — not one little bit, — and I kept on getting up against people who made me feel it. So I say it was no good, — relish an olive, Miss Browne? — I give it to the Home for the Friendless.”

“Lamentable!” said Mr. Ledgerwood. “Really —”

A diversion came at this point, the punctilious butler for

the first recorded time spilling something. It was mushroom sauce, and a very little trickled down the left and right arms of Mr. Squem and Mr. Ledgerwood, seated side by side. The latter bent upon the man a look which might have penetrated armor-plate. He was extremely irritated and let it be seen. Not so Mr. Squem.

"Whoa, George!" — he beamed reassuringly upon the unhappy butler. "I'm no Lillian Russell. No milk-baths for me!"

Miss Cynthia instantly covered up.

"So sorry," she said, "so very sorry!" And then hurriedly, "Oh, I do so thank you, Mr. Ledgerwood, for the picture — my note was the poorest thing. Will you try to know what a satisfaction it is, and what a prize to own? I'm going to have it brought — my uncle must see it. You'll envy me," she added to Professor Browne.

Then there was borne in, and placed for all to see, such a painting as Mr. Squem had never in all his days, outside a junk-shop, beheld; a copy of the Recanati Annunciation of Lorenzo Lotto: exceedingly old and dingy, and with blisters here and there — a fearful wreck, in a woefully tarnished frame! Why was it there?

"Well enough," said Mr. Ledgerwood with languor, as candles were shifted here and there before the canvas, "and by way of being early — fairly early. Of course, it's been 'comforted' a bit. The vehicle is reasonably clear, with something of the original's subtlequalities of tint." (He had cribbed this phrasing from Mr. Berenson.) "The lights and shadows, too, are treated with — ah, genuine science, as there. Does the cat here at all suggest the lion of the Hamburg St. Jerome, Professor Browne?"

Professor Browne was — as Mr. Ledgerwood devoutly hoped would be the case — unable to say, and further conversation permitted a display of impressive connoisseurship — worth giving a picture for any day. At length the

professor turned to the silent and still astonished Mr. Squem.

“What do you think of the picture?” he asked. “How does it appeal to you?”

What Mr. Squem really thought, and what he had for some moments been affirming to himself, was that the whole thing was enough to make a man swallow his tonsils. What he said, surveying the cat affrighted at the angel, was, —

“Some scared pussy!”

A silence followed, which at length pricked him to a sense of his guest’s duty. “Just been out to Denver,” he said, “over the Q. First time in years. It’s a spry burg, and no shrinking violet, either. Something happened to me there once.”

“Tell us about it,” urged Professor Browne with ring-master’s readiness.

“Well, you see, it was this way — no spinach for me, thanks. I was on my first long trip. Had n’t been west of Pittsburgh before, and I never hope for a ride like that again. Gee! those brushballs rolling over the prairie — hundreds and hundreds of ’em, rolling and rolling! Spooky things. And the wooden-toothpick fence-posts — miles and miles of *them*. Then old Pike’s looming up, not twenty minutes off, you’d bet; near enough to spit on, you’d say, but staying there, just staying there, for hours! A Denver man in the seat ahead says, ‘I *thought* it would make your jaw drop on your wishbone’ — and he was right. It was great!”

“*Hæc olim*,” volunteered Mr. Ledgerwood, with a touch of chill.

“We did n’t stop at that place,” said Mr. Squem. “It was an express. Well, I went into the diner an hour this side of Denver, — anything I can reach you, Mr. Browne? — and when I’d squared for my meal, do you know, I had just sixty-seven cents left? Sixty-seven cents — and I did n’t know a soul in Colorado — not a soul! Figured I’d be

about three days too soon to find a draft from the house, and my only baggage was one of these bird-size grips. Well, I took a hack at the station for White's Palace Hotel, — it hurt me fifty cents, — and I stood up at the green-marble counter and hancocked the register and asked for my mail. Nothing doing, as I supposed. No mail. So there I was, a right smart from home, as they say in Baltimore, with nothing I could put up for my board and nobody in the state I could strike for a dollar. They'd had an awful pest of hotel dead-beats, too, with smooth stories, just before — and *me* there, with seventeen cents!"

"What a situation!" said Miss Browne. "But surely there was the telegraph?"

"Nobody was taking any chances on collect-wires East," said Mr. Squem. "They'd as soon set up mileage to Chicago. *That* would have meant a swift kick. As I said, others had been there before me, and some of them were doing time right then."

"What *did* you do?" Miss Cynthia was keen with the question.

"I went and bought a shave," said Mr. Squem. "I needed it. While the mahogany brother was mowing me, — it was a tonsorial parlor I was in, not a shop, — he says, 'You need a haircut,' and I says, 'I need the *price*,' — and told him all about it. 'Why,' he says, 'you look good to me. Have the hair-cut, and this shave, too, on the place, till you get your letter. Sure, that's all right.'"

Mr. Squem fingered his demi-tasse a moment, then said slowly, —

"That coon was sure an answer to prayer; I *was* up against it. He'll never know what he did for me, but I've never forgot him. I've been giving twenty-five a year to Shiloh Baptist Church ever since. Well, I had the hair-cut and a sea-foam, too, and got out of the chair and let him chalk it up."

Miss Cynthia's eyes snapped.

"Then," continued Mr. Squem, "I walked straight up to the hotel desk, as independent as a hog on ice, — excuse me, Miss Browne, — and says to the lady-cashier, 'Ten dollars, please, and charge to Room 17.'"

"Applomb!" interjected Mr. Ledgerwood.

"No, not a plum," said Mr. Squem, "a peach. She was a peach. She pushed the ten right across. Seemed kind of sorry I had n't made it ten more. I did, two days later, and it came just as easy. She sensed the confidence in me, see? — the ginger that barber put there. I never could have done it without him. In the fourth day my draft came and I was on Easy Street."

Mr. Ledgerwood had not enjoyed this narrative in the least, and the less because Miss Cynthia evidently had. She was not merely amused; she was positively — it seemed to him almost admiringly — interested. Said he, with an access of sourness, —

"Chacun à son goût. Traveling about in that happy-go-lucky way — with insufficient funds — smells of the *canaille*. It has a suggestion of vagrancy."

"You mean I was going too short?" inquired Mr. Squem innocently. "Well, just that morning I'd had a twenty-dollar yellow-back pinned to my undershirt, — excuse me, Miss Browne, — but I met a man on the train, — selling on commission he was, and business had been bum, — who'd been wired to come home to a mighty sick kid, and he had n't the money to get there. His mileage was out and he was going to be put off. So I had to unpin the twenty."

Miss Cynthia leaned forward. "That was *dear* of you!" she said impulsively.

Mr. Squem looked puzzled. "Had to do it, of course," he said. "Anybody would."

As the party rose from the table, he left a silver dollar at his place. He thought it might be helpful to the other man in evening clothes.

There were two hours on the porch in the summer-night quiet, to the accompaniment of some excellent cigars of Mr. Squem's providing. He had brought them along and insisted that they be tried. "Yours are no good," he jocularly informed the host. Professor Browne made some further effort to display his protégé, but Mr. Squem had noticed that the master of the house was treated as a sort of necessary furniture, and, to the astonishment of the other two men, actually succeeded in thawing him out and getting him alive. It was a great surprise, and infinitely warming to Professor Browne's brother; and to Miss Cynthia it seemed a kind of beautiful miracle. She could not remember when she had seen her father's *eyes* light up or heard him laugh, and it made a catch in her throat.

As the evening wore on, she sat down at the piano in the open-doored room and began to play. Mr. Ledgerwood and Professor Browne continued an earnest discussion of some problem connected with Renaissance Art, but Mr. Squem fell silent before the music stealing to the porch from within. It was of a type unfamiliar to him, and he was sure it would not whistle. Under other conditions, it is doubtful if he could have held it music at all; but there was something in it, as things were, which strangely moved him, and there was an effect and a concord within, which, as it was not maimed by any attempted expression, made the spindling spiritual experience of Dudley Ledgerwood show as mockery indeed.

Mr. Squem sat on the edge of his bed in the twelve-dollar silk pajamas which he had bought expressly for this occasion, and, as he preluded sleep with a cigarette, thought about the stage of the evening and the persons of the play.

"Some swell shack," he soliloquized. "That big hall, — and the kid in the front yard squeezing the mackerel, — such things cost real money. But then, no dress-suits; and

that ratty old picture — of all the cold gravy! — That man with the cocoanut whiskers,” — thus he recalled Mr. Ledgerwood, — “he’s some sour brother, but then he’s sick. That’s easy; he’s a sick man. Professor Browne is the best ever. Let me do all the talking and hugged the wall; took a back-seat himself. George, *I* got to do more of that! That brother of his, poor duffer! All he needs is somebody to fuss over him and wake him up. Miss Cynthia!” — he hesitated, unwilling now to apply the complimentary phrase of some hours before. “All to the good,” he sighed, and the music that would n’t whistle was back with him. He surveyed himself at full length in a mirror door. “It is n’t there,” he said, “not there!”

In another part of the house the butler showed a maid the silver dollar, which some way seemed to him more than money — seemed to have properties lacking in money.

“He is n’t a gentleman,” he said; “of course, not at all a gentleman. But he’s all right — all *right!*”

In the drawing-room Miss Cynthia addressed Mr. Ledgerwood. “Oh, I know,” she said, “anyone would say I was impossible if I were put in a story — or else that I’m one of the kind who run away with the chauffeur. But I’ve met a gentleman at last, — I don’t care what you say, — a gentleman at last. You remember in *The Flight of the Duchess*,

“So all that the old Dukes had been without knowing it,
This Duke would fain know that he was, without being it.

I’ve been thinking of that all the evening. Don’t you see — can’t you see, Mr. Ledgerwood — that we’ve had something *real* here to-night — that one of the old Dukes has been here? No one can be a gentleman and feel being so. I’ve known the kind who feel being so. Mr. Squem does n’t — and he’s a gentleman!”

THE SKELETON IN MY CLOSET

JOHN D. LONG

IN the summer of 1861 I was obliged to ask my parishioners to give me an extended leave of absence. My health was impaired; my wife, who had already begun to exhibit signs of lunacy, had been taken, by the positive command of our family physician, to the Asylum in Lenox; and with my three children and my housekeeper I retired to the quiet inland village of Harkshire. Here we remained till the later autumn. We saw the apples grow ripe and fall, the leaves put on their glory of red and orange; and in early October we awoke one morning to see the delicate snowflakes, half timid in their coming, sifting through the air, and weaving their slight traces on the bared limbs and on the tops of the stiffening furrows.

The kind-hearted farmer and his wife, who sacrificed for us the best part of their roomy house, had assigned to me, for a sort of study, the large parlor on the lower floor, which had windows in front, a long French window at the end leading directly upon the piazza, and on the interior side a huge fireplace, in which, as the days grew more chilly, the great rock-maple back-log was set ablaze, — the very soul of cheer, — and round which the whole household gathered at nightfall, to the great delight of the children, and sang and read and talked the evening through. I slept in the room above; in the adjoining chamber were my two boys, and in the little apartment across the hall were the housekeeper and my little girl, then only a year old.

I recall with a curious minuteness the details of one night. At sundown a heavy wind had come, laden with rain, beating violently against the windows and making the house tremble with its gusts. We had retired early, and I had

stayed for a while with my little boys after they had gone to bed, quieting the nervousness which the storm occasioned them by sitting on their bedside and telling them cheery stories. Then, when they had said their prayers, which began eagerly but grew drowsy toward the close, I kissed them at parting, and as I left them heard their sweet childish "Good-night, papa."

I am not a nervous man, but the moment I entered my room I became conscious of a feeling, not so much of fear or of apprehension, as of annoying uneasiness. It was not the storm that howled outside and tore at my window and shrieked at every crevice, but it came from within, from the infusion into the atmosphere of my chamber of something foreign, something weird and unnatural. Ashamed of my weakness, I yet could not help opening the door of the closet, though nothing rewarded my gaze but an innocent linen duster; and I even instinctively looked over my shoulder as if I expected to meet the face or hand of someone stealing cautiously upon me.

It is a usual, though anything but a laudable, habit of mine after getting into bed to read for a time. I put my candle on the table at the head-board and choose some light and easily digestible work. I fancy that in that way I am sooner disposed to sleep; that the quiet concentration of my thoughts and eyes upon the page withdraws my mind from the cares of the day, allays whatever of nervous friction its labors have created, and induces slumber, so that anon, the lids growing heavy, I have just consciousness enough left to blow out my light and go off like a child to unbroken sleep.

On the night in question I retired and began to read as usual. But the feeling of uneasiness did not pass away. It was almost impossible to fix my mind upon the page before me. I became conscious that there were sounds other than those arising from the storm, which came from the parlor

underneath my room and from that part of it where the French windows opened upon the piazza. And yet these sounds were so indistinct, so vague, that my better reason told me they were the freaks of an excited fancy. Again I sought to concentrate my attention on my book. I resolutely fixed my eyes upon the printed page. I exerted my will, my common sense, and every sound faculty of my mind, to throw off the delusions of an imagination distorted, perhaps, by nothing more than a cup of tea a little stronger than usual, and to induce that composure which precedes slumber. My efforts were not entirely in vain. Gradually I found the lines before me losing their steadiness and beginning to waver and grow confused, and then, as my eyes closed, fade out altogether. Taught by long experience, I knew that sleep had come and was already hovering over me with its blessed wings, and I laid down my book and blew out the candle. Then came that half minute which always seems indefinitely long, in which there glide over the senses those exquisite and delicious pictures of lovely landscapes, of beautiful groups, like the sweetest panorama of an opium-eater's dream, and I slept.

I know I slept, for I awoke — awoke, I know, beyond all question — before I had reached the profounder deeps of sleep; and awoke because I felt, as distinctly as I now feel the pen in my fingers, the pressure of a hand upon my forehead. There was no illusion. It was not a freak of the imagination; it is the vivid, accurate, simple fact, which I do not fancy indistinctly, but recall with the nicety of actual observation and perception. I recall, not the vague idea of something touching me, but the very feel and quality of the hand, of the soft, delicate hand of a woman, its fingers small but full, the ring upon one of them distinguishing it from the rest. I recall the very degree of tenderness with which it first was laid on my left temple, and then slowly and soothingly drawn, as a mother soothes her child, across

my forehead. So natural and so pleasant was it that at waking I was not startled, and not till I was fully roused did I rise from my pillow and ask aloud, "Who is it?" Nor was it till I had spoken and no answer came back to me save the blessed breathing of my children in the next room, that I saw that my candle was burning. I had blown it out. There can be no mistake. I had not gone asleep while reading, for there was my book, on the table where I had laid it; and the candlestick, instead of being within arm's length of my pillow where I had read by it, was now removed to a corner of the table so remote that I could not reach it.

I was up in a moment, but I was alone. Hastily dressing myself, I passed into the next apartment, and there lay the two boys fast asleep and undisturbed. As I held the light above them, it fell on their cheeks, and on their heavy lids which trembled under the glare. The warmth of their sleep made their faces rosy, and moistened their curling tangles of hair, and they stirred and murmured in their dreams. Going out and closing the door behind me, I softly tried that of the chamber in which the babe was sleeping with the nurse, but as it yielded to my touch, the sonorous nasal music of the good woman's slumber made it certain that it was not from that direction that my visitation had come.

For the first time a feeling of terror crept over me—that animal instinct of fear which is a part of the brutal side of our nature, and which comes upon the bravest of us when, in darkness or in solitude, some phenomenon occurs, unaccountable, arising from no known cause, as if the supernatural had projected the dark shadow of its eclipse over the ordinary orbit of our lives, and we are at a loss where to look or what to apprehend. We know, but how rarely do we realize, what creatures of habit and routine we are, and that the slightest disturbance of the usual order, the first approach of that for which the common range of circum-

stance does not account, terrifies us like the unreasoning brutes that tremble at the roar of the harmless thunder!

I fluttered so that the light shook in my hand. The sweat stood in cold drops on my forehead. I would have given the world to shout aloud, to awake the inmates of the house, to see the face or hear the voice of a human being; and yet, in the midst of my fear, a sense of shame restrained me. To what could I point? What could I tell but the seeming idle dream of a sleeper?

Thank God, the storm at least was abroad. Had it been utterly silent as I stood in that entry at the head of the stairway, scarce daring to turn my head, I believe I should have fallen or gone insane; but the very rage of the elements gave me courage; and with its wild and boisterous sympathy linked me with the world of life and motion. As I listened, I again heard the same indistinct sounds that had struck me when I first retired.

Waiting no longer, I hastily descended the stairs and opened the study door. It seems to me now that I had by that time nerved myself into a state of forced composure, and that I acted with the coolness that comes from perfect possession of all the faculties. I sincerely believe that such was the fact. Terror, alarm, surprise, operate on the mind only like all other great and sudden emotions. They stun it for a moment, but the reaction, in a well-balanced and disciplined nature, is always to the best capabilities of the soul; and the danger or the occasion is then met with the very concentration of human might, and the man is stirred with the strength of a thousand heroes.

There was probably in my very touch the nervous spring of the intensity that possessed me, for I threw back the door, not merely sufficiently far to enable me to enter, but wide ajar, so that it swung violently on its hinges; but I did not recall till afterwards that, instead of remaining back against the wall, it rebounded from it and swung to again,

till it stood at right angles with the threshold and hid from view, as I passed in, any object that might have been concealed behind it.

When we retired, the front of the great back-log had already crumbled into coals, and these again faded into ashes; little jets of flame had shot up fitfully from its unburned ends to bid us their dying good-night, and the farmer had raked the cinders over it to keep it smouldering till day-break. It was now all ablaze; the flames curled in licking spirals round it and lighted the room with a weird brilliancy, gleaming on the polish of the furniture and on the face of the mirror, and throwing upon the walls and ceiling fantastic shadows that danced and leaped at me as I came in. Of the chairs which had been, according to invariable rule, moved far back from reach of any possible spark, one was drawn forward and stood close to the hearth, suggesting beyond all doubt that its occupant had sought the warmth of the fireplace and rearoused its blaze. How keen and minute is every observation in such a state of the faculties as I have just described! God only knows what I felt or feared at that moment; and yet, as if there had been nothing else in the universe, I remember that I noted a neglected apple lying between the andirons, and measured with my eye just the richness of the shining black into which one side of it had been roasted by the fire.

Of course, I saw no one, but you might as well have told me that I do not live as that I was alone. Alone! Why, the room was full of the consciousness of the presence of a human soul, and I felt its touch upon mine, its approach and communication tingling in every sense, more keenly than if the subtle sympathy had been broken by any means of converse so discordant and gross as the utterance of a voice or the contact of a hand.

I lifted my candle. Its feeble light, overpowered by the glare of the fire, only cast faint shadows of the chairs and

table into the corners of the parlor. Another moment, and, in the surge of the storm, a sudden draft from the French window blew it out, and sent the blaze of the back-log roaring up the chimney. Remembering the sounds I had heard, I approached the window I have named. As I neared it I saw that it was unbolted and that, though closed, it was not entirely so, nor latched. I was reaching toward it with my hand, when again, with redoubled force, came the very demon of the tempest dashing its volley of rain and hail against the panes like grapeshot from the cannon's mouth, and then with one irresistible assault forcing the folded sashes in against my face, staggering me with the blast and drenching me with the storm. At the same moment, whether by force of the draft or from whatever other cause, the parlor door, at which I had entered and to which I had turned my back, closed with a sharp concussion.

In the lull that followed it was the work of only a moment to close the French window and secure the bolt. It was evident that someone had entered the house, and that my senses had not deceived me. I became aware, too, that the consciousness of human presence had left me since the shutting of the parlor door, and now I remembered that I had not looked behind it. From that moment all feeling of personal danger fled, and there came in its place a sense of sudden anxiety for the dear ones in the room overhead. Stopping, I lighted my candle at the fire, and, even in the half second of time that then elapsed, my mind ran accurately through the process of reasoning which told me that neither robbery, nor desire of plunder, nor personal harm to me was the motive of the intruder, who had had every opportunity to accomplish any such purpose, but that something more terrible impended, and that my babes were in danger. And yet I had not even heard a footfall or a breath.

I ran upstairs. On the landing, the housekeeper's door, which I had carefully closed, was wide open. The rays of

my lifted candle fell on her face. She was still fast asleep. *But the babe was gone.*

What was it that even in that moment of agony told me how idle it was to rouse her and ask what had become of the child? I ran from the room. I leaped across the landing. The door of the chamber in which the little boys slept, and which I had left open, was shut. I lightly and swiftly opened it and entered the room.

Not a moment too soon. Let me not indulge in any words of dramatic coloring to heighten the effect of the terrible scene that burst upon me. Let me tell it as simply as I can.

The babe lay asleep at the foot of the bed. In it lay my darling boys just as when I had last bent over them such a little while before. But beside the pillow stood my wife, their mother, her hair falling down her shoulders, her face as soft and tender and motherful as ever God made, one hand with its palm laid on the forehead of the oldest child, in exactly the same position in which I had felt the hand on mine, and in the very act of being drawn soothingly along; while in the other, grasped and swayed in an uncertain and purposeless tremor, was uplifted, not the delicate, glittering poniard of the assassin (strange I should have noted such distinctions at such a crisis), but a horrid, coarse, brutal knife, stolen from the butcher's block, and dull and muddy with its homely use. At the same time, as if the accompaniments of an incantation scene had by some demoniac spirit been added to heighten the horror, the air was full of the bitter pungency of burning; and wreaths of smoke were beginning to rise and curl around that awful group. The light valance of the bed was on fire, and in its glare I saw the half-burnt match that had lighted it, lying on the floor.

All this and more I saw, but I must have seen it in a moment no longer than the lightning's flash, for in the next the eyes that looked softly on the child flamed at me with a look so wild, so fierce, so brutal, so fiendish, that I shrieked at the top of my voice, in the very ecstasy of agony. The

hand that lay so gently on the boy's forehead was twisted in his curls with the rapidity with which the serpent darts its venom, and with a violence that tore the cheruby head from the pillow bolt upright. The arm that held the knife grew rigid as a bar of steel.

I knew that the safety of my children depended on diverting the attention of my crazy wife upon myself. Perhaps it was with this motive that I had repeated the shriek and now shouted her name aloud. Still uttering her name, and, with all the mesmeric power I could exert, fixing her gaze on mine, though I almost quailed beneath it, I moved cautiously toward her. Not a muscle moved in her whole frame. But for the cruel gaze and stony murderous ferocity that had hardened her face into something more brutal than that of the most abandoned criminal, she seemed like some sculptor's dream of statuesque and majestic grace and beauty.

I had outstretched my hand. I had given it the disguise of kindly greeting. It was now just in reach of her wrist, which I hoped to grasp with an iron wrench. I might as well have attempted to deceive the arch fiend himself. Quicker than lightning the arm flew up; for the first time her lips opened, and with a yell of rage she fairly leaped upon me. I caught the dull gleam of the blade parting the air, I felt the blunt, painful thud and sting of the stroke, and saw her terrible face, as it flamed at me, sprinkled with the blood that spouted from my veins.

I remember the struggle, as if I was torn by the violence of a tiger, the deadly grasp, the stifling smoke, the startled faces of the little ones, their shrill cries, the feeling of swoon, in which all things swam, though through it all I never lost the desperate purpose to save my children, though I died. I remember the sense of falling, the sound of footsteps on the stairs, of voices entering the room, the terrible glare, always over me, of those implacable eyes, stony with hate and murder, and I remember nothing more.

THE CANVASSER'S TALE

MARK TWAIN

POOR, sad-eyed stranger! There was that about his humble mien, his tired look, his decayed-gentility clothes, that almost reached the mustard-seed of charity that still remained, remote and lonely, in the empty vastness of my heart, notwithstanding I observed a portfolio under his arm, and said to myself, "Behold, Providence hath delivered his servant into the hands of another canvasser."

Well, these people always get one interested. Before I well knew how it came about, this one was telling me his history, and I was all attention and sympathy. He told it something like this:—

"My parents died, alas, when I was a little, sinless child. My uncle Ithuriel took me to his heart and reared me as his own. He was my only relative in the wide world; but he was good and rich and generous. He reared me in the lap of luxury. I knew no want that money could satisfy.

"In the fullness of time I was graduated, and went with two of my servants — my chamberlain and my valet — to travel in foreign countries. During four years I flitted upon careless wing amid the beauteous gardens of the distant strand, if you will permit this form of speech in one whose tongue was ever attuned to poesy; and indeed I so speak with confidence, as one unto his kind, for I perceive by your eyes that you too, sir, are gifted with the divine inflation. In those far lands I reveled in the ambrosial food that fructifies the soul, the mind, the heart. But of all things, that which most appealed to my inborn æsthetic taste was the prevailing custom there, among the rich, of making collections of elegant and costly rarities, dainty *objets de vertu*,

and in an evil hour I tried to uplift my uncle Ithuriel to a plane of sympathy with this exquisite employment.

"I wrote and told him of one gentleman's vast collection of shells; another's noble collection of meerschaum pipes; another's elevating and refining collection of undecipherable autographs; another's priceless collection of old china; another's enchanting collection of postage-stamps — and so forth and so on. Soon my letters yielded fruit. My uncle began to look about for something to make a collection of. You may know, perhaps, how fleetly a taste like this dilates. His soon became a raging fever, though I knew it not. He began to neglect his great pork business; presently he wholly retired and turned an elegant leisure into a rabid search for curious things. His wealth was vast, and he spared it not. First he tried cow-bells. He made a collection which filled five large *salons*, and comprehended all the different sorts of cow-bells that ever had been contrived, save one. That one — an antique, and the only specimen extant — was possessed by another collector. My uncle offered enormous sums for it, but the gentleman would not sell. Doubtless you know what necessarily resulted. A true collector attaches no value to a collection that is not complete. His great heart breaks, he sells his hoard, he turns his mind to some field that seems unoccupied.

"Thus did my uncle. He next tried brickbats. After piling up a vast and intensely interesting collection, the former difficulty supervened; his great heart broke again; he sold out his soul's idol to the retired brewer who possessed the missing brick. Then he tried flint hatchets and other implements of Primeval Man, but by and by discovered that the factory where they were made was supplying other collectors as well as himself. He tried Aztec inscriptions and stuffed whales — another failure, after incredible labor and expense. When his collection seemed at last perfect, a stuffed whale arrived from Greenland and an Aztec inscrip-

tion from the Cundurango regions of Central America that made all former specimens insignificant. My uncle hastened to secure these noble gems. He got the stuffed whale, but another collector got the inscription. A real Cundurango, as possibly you know, is a possession of such supreme value that, when once a collector gets it, he will rather part with his family than with it. So my uncle sold out, and saw his darlings go forth, never more to return; and his coal-black hair turned white as snow in a single night.

"Now he waited, and thought. He knew another disappointment might kill him. He was resolved that he would choose things next time that no other man was collecting. He carefully made up his mind, and once more entered the field — this time to make a collection of echoes."

"Of what?" said I.

"Echoes, sir. His first purchase was an echo in Georgia that repeated four times; his next was a six-repeater in Maryland; his next was a thirteen-repeater in Maine; his next was a nine-repeater in Kansas; his next was a twelve-repeater in Tennessee, which he got cheap, so to speak, because it was out of repair, a portion of the crag which reflected it having tumbled down. He believed he could repair it at a cost of a few thousand dollars, and, by increasing the elevation with masonry, treble the repeating capacity; but the architect who undertook the job had never built an echo before, and so he utterly spoiled this one. Before he meddled with it, it used to talk back like a mother-in-law, but now it was only fit for the deaf-and-dumb asylum. Well, next he bought a lot of cheap little double-barreled echoes, scattered around over various States and Territories; he got them at twenty per cent off by taking the lot. Next he bought a perfect Gatling gun of an echo in Oregon, and it cost a fortune, I can tell you. You may know, sir, that in the echo market the scale of prices is cumulative, like the carat-scale in diamonds; in fact, the same phrase-

ology is used. A single-carat echo is worth but ten dollars over and above the value of the land it is on; a two-carat or double-barreled echo is worth thirty dollars; a five-carat is worth nine hundred and fifty; a ten-carat is worth thirteen thousand. My uncle's Oregon echo, which he called the Great Pitt Echo, was a twenty-two carat gem, and cost two hundred and sixteen thousand dollars — they threw the land in, for it was four hundred miles from a settlement.

“Well, in the meantime my path was a path of roses. I was the accepted suitor of the only and lovely daughter of an English earl, and was beloved to distraction. In that dear presence I swam in seas of bliss. The family were content, for it was known that I was sole heir to an uncle held to be worth five millions of dollars. However, none of us knew that my uncle had become a collector, at least in anything more than a small way, for æsthetic amusement.

“Now gathered the clouds above my unconscious head. That divine echo, since known throughout the world as the Great Koh-i-noor, or Mountain of Repetitions, was discovered. It was a sixty-five-carat gem. You could utter a word and it would talk back at you for fifteen minutes, when the day was otherwise quiet. But behold, another discovery was made at the same time: another echo-collector was in the field. The two rushed to make the purchase. The property consisted of a couple of small hills with a shallow swale between, out yonder among the back settlements of New York State. Both men arrived on the ground at the same time, and neither knew the other was there. The echo was not all owned by one man; a person by the name of Williamson Bolivar Jarvis owned the east hill, and a person by the name of Harbison J. Bledso owned the west hill; the swale between was the dividing line. So while my uncle was buying Jarvis's hill for three million two hundred and eighty-five thousand dollars, the other party was buying Bledso's hill for a shade over three million.

"Now, do you perceive the natural result? Why, the noblest collection of echoes on earth was forever and ever incomplete, since it possessed but the one half of the king echo of the universe. Neither man was content with this divided ownership, yet neither would sell to the other. There were jawings, bickerings, heart-burnings. And at last, that other collector, with a malignity which only a collector can ever feel toward a man and a brother, proceeded to cut down his hill!

"You see, as long as he could not have the echo, he was resolved that nobody should have it. He would remove his hill, and then there would be nothing to reflect my uncle's echo. My uncle remonstrated with him, but the man said, 'I own one end of this echo; I choose to kill my end; you must take care of your own end yourself.'

"Well, my uncle got an injunction put on him. The other man appealed and fought it in a higher court. They carried it on up, clear to the Supreme Court of the United States. It made no end of trouble there. Two of the judges believed that an echo was personal property, because it was impalpable to sight and touch, and yet was purchasable, salable, and consequently taxable; two others believed that an echo was real estate, because it was manifestly attached to the land, and was not removable from place to place; other of the judges contended that an echo was not property at all.

"It was finally decided that the echo was property; that the hills were property; that the two men were separate and independent owners of the two hills, but tenants in common in the echo; therefore defendant was at full liberty to cut down his hill, since it belonged solely to him, but must give bonds in three million dollars as indemnity for damages which might result to my uncle's half of the echo. This decision also debarred my uncle from using defendant's hill to reflect his part of the echo, without defendant's consent; he must use only his own hill; if his part

of the echo would not go, under these circumstances, it was sad, of course, but the court could find no remedy. The court also debarred defendant from using my uncle's hill to reflect *his* end of the echo, without consent. You see the grand result! Neither man would give consent, and so that astonishing and most noble echo had to cease from its great powers; and since that day that magnificent property is tied up and unsalable.

"A week before my wedding day, while I was still swimming in bliss and the nobility were gathering from far and near to honor our espousals, came news of my uncle's death, and also a copy of his will, making me his sole heir. He was gone; alas, my dear benefactor was no more. The thought surcharges my heart even at this remote day. I handed the will to the earl; I could not read it for the blinding tears. The earl read it; then he sternly said, 'Sir, do you call this wealth? — but doubtless you do in your inflated country. Sir, you are left sole heir to a vast collection of echoes — if a thing can be called a collection that is scattered far and wide over the huge length and breadth of the American continent; sir, this is not all; you are head and ears in debt; there is not an echo in the lot but has a mortgage on it; sir, I am not a hard man, but I must look to my child's interest; if you had but one echo which you could honestly call your own, if you had but one echo which was free from incumbrance, so that you could retire to it with my child, and by humble, painstaking industry cultivate and improve it, and thus wrest from it a maintenance, I would not say you nay; but I cannot marry my child to a beggar. Leave his side, my darling; go, sir; take your mortgage-ridden echoes and quit my sight forever.'

"My noble Celestine clung to me in tears, with loving arms, and swore she would willingly, nay, gladly marry me, though I had not an echo in the world. But it could not be. We were torn asunder, she to pine and die within the twelve-

month, I to toil life's long journey sad and lone, praying daily, hourly, for that release which shall join us together again in that dear realm where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest. Now, sir, if you will be so kind as to look at these maps and plans in my portfolio, I am sure I can sell you an echo for less money than any man in the trade. Now this one, which cost my uncle ten dollars, thirty years ago, and is one of the sweetest things in Texas, I will let you have for —”

“Let me interrupt you,” I said. “My friend, I have not had a moment's respite from canvassers this day. I have bought a sewing-machine which I did not want; I have bought a map which is mistaken in all its details; I have bought a clock which will not go; I have bought a moth poison which the moths prefer to any other beverage; I have bought no end of useless inventions, and now I have had enough of this foolishness. I would not have one of your echoes if you were even to give it to me. I would not let it stay on the place. I always hate a man that tries to sell me echoes. You see this gun? Now take your collection and move on; let us not have bloodshed.”

But he only smiled a sad, sweet smile, and got out some more diagrams. You know the result perfectly well, because you know that when you have once opened the door to a canvasser, the trouble is done and you have got to suffer defeat.

I compromised with this man at the end of an intolerable hour. I bought two double-barreled echoes in good condition, and he threw in another, which he said was not salable because it only spoke German. He said, “She was a perfect polyglot once, but somehow her palate got down.”

THE LADDER

ERNEST POOLE

SHE was born five blocks from Fifth Avenue. They were long blocks, even in those days, leading down into another world, a humble, gossipy region of cheap frame houses, close to the North River docks.

At the age of eight she was already marked by two deep traits: an utter contempt for all the small girls on her block, and a love for her dolls, so intense that even the solemn wee matrons on neighboring doorsteps frowned disapprovingly, said she was spoiling her children.

Her name was Bess. She was thin and dark, and she had a lofty little nose. She had two dolls, and both were prim, undeniable ladies.

Her sister Sally, who was light, curly-headed, freckled, and stout, had only one doll, a jovial unkempt rag affair whose life was spent on tops of sheds. Sally was a tomboy. She could walk the most rickety fences; she always led one army in the game of "Prisoner's Base." She called her sister Bess "stuck up," and often challenged her to fight.

As the years passed, and Bess regretfully laid aside her dolls, she transferred her care to babies. She became a volunteer nurse, gladly accepting the infant brothers and sisters of Sally's chums, who were delighted to be so easily rid of their burdens. The neighborhood's babies were dumped at her feet; and selecting as her favorites three of the feminine sex, with infinite patience and tact she strove to bring them up "genteel."

But when, as this stage passed in its turn, all three of her children, despite her grieved remonstrance, became jolly recruits to Sally's gang, Bess sternly renounced the whole vulgar scampering world. She drew into herself and began,

slowly at first but with a fast deepening hunger, to read what were known as "society novels." They were bound in paper, and could be purchased secondhand, some for ten cents, others for seven.

She was fifteen now, and the care she bestowed on her looks and dress was not in vain. Little by little, her sister Sally's oldest male friends, office-boys, shrewd men of the world, began to cast not unromantic glances. But Bess scorned them all. The more she read, the more bright and clear did her visions become.

At seventeen she took her place behind the glove counter of a Sixth Avenue department store. There, as the years drew on, working hard to please, and watching her wealthier customers close, by degrees she caught the details of their dress, their manner of walking, standing, and sitting, their facial expressions, the very tones of their voices. By anxious planning, keeping to the simplest styles, she achieved what she herself modestly called "an across-the-street imitation." In the newspapers she read the society columns, and grew so well versed in society gossip that she could smile amusedly at the mistakes which were made by some of her colleagues, equally eager but not half so clever as herself.

At twenty-one she became engaged to the assistant floor-walker of her department.

Despite all her resolute isolation since the days of her "children," Bess had not lost that old fierce hunger for human affection. And Jimmy, this dapper lover of hers, was so thoroughly clean and honest and safe, so deeply imbued with the same ambition as hers, and above all so head-over-heels in love, so proud of this spruce, quiet lady of his, so anxious to please her, that in the weeks that followed, the gay theatre evenings, the long delighted plans for the future and talks about the great people above them, she grew radiantly happy. And in her own joy, she felt,

with a sudden sting of remorse, that she had neglected her sister. She tried to see more of Sally, gave delicate hints as to manners and dress, even offered to introduce her to some of the floor-walker's friends. And when Sally laughed in her face, and said that she had a "beau" of her own, a *common pilot*, whose ignoble "job" it was to bring in ocean liners, even then Bess managed to conceal the shock it gave her, smiled forgivingly, turned her attention to her old father (her mother had died), and strove in every possible way to make the break easy. For she felt that it was a break, a gap of tremendous proportions.

At the wedding, standing beside her husband, who was more dapper than ever, arrayed in a spick-and-span frock suit, she beamed upon all the family friends in such a gracious, well-bred, affable way, that the neighborhood buzzed wrathfully for one entire week, and frankly told their good chum Sal that her sister was a hopeless snob.

Bess never heard of this. She had betaken herself to her climbing.

She was not blind. Long ago she had seen the absurdity of hoping to reach the great goal at the top. But in her glove-counter days she had watched the procession toward that goal, a procession of thousands, each with more or less wealth, each with more or less aptness in imitating the clothes, the manners, and speech of the great ones. At least, so they seemed to Bess. For what else could they be trying to do? What else could a real lady want in life? To get into the procession, to play the game, to struggle up as far as one could — this made life worth living.

To begin with, money must be had. Her own earnings had been spent, week by week, to the last penny — on clothes. So in her little husband's desperate effort to rise, Bess was a staunch, untiring helper. In the four years of work in his department, her quick eye had not been idle; she went there often now; she racked her brains for possible

ways of augmenting the sales. At night they had long, eager discussions. And when, as a result of all this, Jimmy's commissions were slowly increased, his admiring love for his wife deepened to blind adoration.

Still, the rise was painfully slow, and meanwhile she made the most of their income. After weeks of searching, she had chosen a small flat, dark and sunless by day but making a fairly good showing at night, — and only *three* blocks from the Avenue. Jimmy's greatest pleasure in life had been to go to the theatre twice every week. Such delights were now sternly suppressed, and the money went into "entertaining."

The first entertainments were awkward affairs, for Jimmy had but a meagre assortment of friends. But her reading helped her. Years ago she had discarded the paper novels, smiling at the gross ignorance they displayed. In their place she studied a far more practical book, *The Art of Life in Décolleté*. From this she had taken the hint that where money and social assurance are lacking, "a little Bohemian touch" may often save the evening. And so it did. Her Sunday-night suppers were not only much less expensive than dinners, but they allowed a certain jovial laxity in dress, manners, and speech, most reassuring to guests whose scant incomes and knowledge of what was correct kept them constantly fearful of "making a break." She carried it off with a spirit and dash so unlike her old accustomed self that it would have amazed her sister Sal. And only now and then, by a smile, a glance, some careless remark, she reminded them all that this boisterous fun was really only make-believe, and that behind every guest was a kind of a Newport background.

The weekly soirées had swift success. And as the adoring Jimmy, swelling with hope and pride, worked valiantly to gather acquaintances of a "tonier" grade, and some of these consented to come, and came, and were charmed by his

affable wife — then, little by little, reaching cautiously for the next rung on the ladder, feeling her way, taking time to be sure of her hold, she began the process of “weeding-out.” What quiet exultation! The journey had begun.

About this time, her sister Sally married the pilot. And at the wedding, deep under the amused pity Bess felt as she watched uproarious jollity, not make-believe here, but shamelessly real, came again that quiet sensation. How far she had already climbed!

Five years passed.

Bess was twenty-seven, Jimmy twenty-nine. And although both looked somewhat thin and worn from overwork and the hiding of work, over-scrimping, over-scheming, and even at times so bored that a careless observer might have said their eyes looked into a great dreary emptiness in place of a human world, the observer would have been wrong. They both believed in their struggle, in fact, saw nothing else. They had climbed safely through several weedings-out, were still watching and working bravely, patiently on.

Jimmy had aged, grown carefully genial. In the five years, twice he had been sick, but had kept himself up and about by sheer grit. And by his own efforts and his wife's he had forced his earnings up to over a hundred dollars a month.

Then something amazing happened. In the space of one year he saw this wonderful wife of his change, change in a way that left little Jimmy humbled, staggered, dazed. A boy was born.

Into the pretense of those sunless rooms the reality of life seemed to flash with a blinding power, seemed for a time to sweep out all the shams and the schemings. No more “entertaining” now. Lucky the excuse they had, for they needed every cent. As Bess grew slowly stronger, Jim spent long evenings by her side. And though little was said,

watching her face sleeping and waking, for the first time he felt the *second inborn passion* of her life. Sometimes the contrast between this and the other bore him up into another world — almost. But the happiness was too simple, strange. He wondered if he were dreaming.

The awakening came at last, but only after another year's delay. And what a distance had been lost. Not only had "friends" climbed out of their reach, Jimmy seemed somehow to have reached the top notch of his power. During the dream, eager to give Bess and the boy every comfort he could find, he had gone into debt. Enthralled as she was in her new motherhood, Bess had paid no heed. He had borrowed more and more. And now the burden weighed like lead.

Once awakened, rack her brains as she would, appeal as she did to his ambition, his love for her and the child, by every means she could think of — it was all in vain. Jimmy worked nights till the debt was paid off. But that took another precious two years. And it left him with just enough vigor to keep the position to which he had climbed.

From the point of view of the ladder, that boy had been a grave mistake.

But as Bess thought it out, over the cradle, she decided otherwise. Although she had changed, grown *half real* and suddenly older, she took up again her visions of grandeur, she valiantly struggled for what she had lost; and regaining a part, she resumed her climbing — only now at a slower pace. Her eyes were fixed on a time far ahead. That old passion of hers had not been lost, but only harnessed fast to the new, postponed for one generation, transferred to Jimmy Junior.

A woman now of thirty-one, with something strongly magnetic in her dark slender face and firm, smiling eyes, she jealously watched his growth, striving to guard him from everything "vulgar" — to an extent at times that made even the correct Jimmy Senior smile.

She was his only chum; for the few of her friends who had children were scattered far over the city and had no nurses to take them about. So up in the park in fair weather, and again in the tiny nursery which she had made at home, she "played" nurse: laughed and scolded and punished and petted him, as she had done to three other urchins twenty years before, in the endless striving to bring him up "right."

She was intensely happy. Only, as in the days long ago, there was one ominous shadow.

Bess had kept up, by occasional stiff duty calls, her relations with her sister. When the boy was born, the motherly Sally, once so disdainful of dolls, but now the fond mother of four lively youngsters, had suddenly smothered old resentments, warmed to the little newcomer. And in the first five years of his life, she had been so kind and helpful (scenting the tragedy in the flat), that Bess could do no less than accept at last the warm invitations. She took him one Saturday afternoon to his aunt's frame house down by the docks, the same battered old home where Bess had been born.

And the wee Jimmy, so shy and solemn at first, with his awkward society manners, secretly scared and breathless as he watched the rough romps of his cousins, but mustering courage at last and joining in, went all at once wild with joy.

He barely slept that night. He talked of it excitedly all the next day and the next, and repeatedly through the week. When his mother tried to omit the next visit, he pleaded so hard that she could not resist. And for another blissful Saturday afternoon he tasted again the forbidden fruit. From attic to cellar they scampered and shrieked, led on by Sally the Second. Jimmy's childhood was begun!

There was no stopping it now. "Aunt Sally's" became the home of his dreams, those weekly jubilees like so many Christmas Eves.

As Jimmy happily dreamed aloud, his mother's jealousy deepened. She carefully planned all sorts of household mishaps to prevent her taking him to his aunt's. But Sally the First, recalling her own old tomboy days, and pitying tiny Jim in his struggle, determined that he should have his fling. She made plans of her own. And Jim made plans. And the two became allies.

Noticing this with sudden alarm, his mother gave up her obstructions and tried another course. How were "well-bred" boys amused? She consulted her friends, scrimped harder, saved, bought many enticing toys and games.

And Jimmy was delighted. To her vast relief, he played with them by the hour. And then, choosing the best, he took them along to "Aunt Sally's," where they were received with shouts of glee and played into wrecks in one afternoon.

She took him once to the theatre. Jim watched the performance with shining eyes. And at "Aunt Sally's" that week, with the help of his cousins, he gave a "show" that made the other one look like a ghost.

She took him to the country, taxed her prim imagination to people the woods with fairies, giants, tigers, bears. And later, at "Aunt Sally's," he led a bear hunt over the sheds, and nearly broke his leg.

Once when he gleefully told of a romp in the streets that made Bess think of the days gone by, she sternly forbade him to play with any but his cousins. But when on the next visit he tried to obey, his cousins and their "gang" promptly chased him home. He stayed away the next week. The thought of his shame brought silent scowling spells. He said nothing, but she could feel that he blamed her. And as the second week of exile drew to an end, things grew more and more strained, till she gave in and told him to go. Tears came in her eyes, she held him tight, and begged him not to behave like a "micky." And Jim, in a tumult

of love and wrath, feeling vaguely that something big ought to be done, promised in choking tones that he would "lick 'em all!"

The years went by. Jim grew up, thin, wiry, working and playing alike with a nervous intensity that kept him near the head of his class at the public school and a leader in play hours. He still went often to Aunt Sally's. But, at home in the evenings, his mother helped him study, read with him aloud; and as that boisterous stage, of which she knew so little, passed, she began again to feel her ground, and the two drew steadily closer.

In school, and later in high school, each time that he carried off honors, his mother was so delighted, celebrated the event by such a feast in the little flat, that Jim worked harder and still harder.

She began to dream of college, one of the great universities where the sons of gentlemen went, where he might make "useful" friends. To gather the money to send him, she worked for a Woman's Exchange, sewing, embroidering, making preserves, managing somehow to hide it all from Jim and his father.

But this was painfully slow. And long before she was ready to unfold her plan, Jim found it out, and refused to touch a penny.

"Look here, mother," he said indignantly, "I'm eighteen now. Is n't it about time I supported myself? You bet it is! I thought so long ago. I've been trying to plan things out so I could, and I've got a scheme at last!"

He told of the plan in minute detail, with a keen relish. He had found a chance to work half the day, so earning his share of their living expenses. The rest of his time, for the next three years, he meant to put in at the free City College.

"But Jim!" cried his mother, her face blank with disappointment, "the free City College! Why — what — what chance will you have — to make friends?"

Jim smiled grimly.

"The way it looks now," he said, "there won't be much of a chance for anything but grind. I'll be lucky if I can skin through at all. You see, mother, it's the scientific course I'm after. I want to be an engineer."

"An engineer! Jimmy!" She caught her breath. When she spoke again, her voice was almost a whisper: "What on earth —"

Jim's puzzled stare suddenly cleared. He started to laugh, but stopped short at sight of her face.

"No, little mother," he said, with all the grave protecting tenderness of his youthful age, "I don't mean that I'll spend all my life in bad-smelling overalls up in the cab of an engine. The kind of engineer I mean is different."

He spent the rest of the evening in glowing accounts of tremendous achievements, of men grown famous in building of ships, tunnels, skyscrapers, and bridges.

She listened in deep relief. And when later she learned that engineers of this kind even found their way sometimes to the great goal at the top of the ladder, she gave an eager assent.

In the years that followed, she set her mind fiercely upon his success. As he mounted by slow degrees up into the unknown regions of higher mathematics, where she could not hope to follow, she still watched his course with such unflagging zeal, her anxiety so plain, her happiness so deep at each advance he made, that Jim leaned on her more and more, gradually dropped "Aunt Sally's" out of his life, worked on with increasing intensity.

In the spring of the third year, he broke down, and lay for five weeks a nervous wreck in bed.

At the end of that time the doctor told her that if her son were to be any good as a worker again, he must spend the summer in life out-of-doors.

The illness had taken all their scant savings. The con-

stant worry and loss of sleep had severely taxed her strength. But with a grim resolve that Jim should have that summer's vacation in spite of it all, she began a desperate hunt for work. She found it at last, began again in secret, worked on through May and part of June — and then she in her turn broke under the strain, was taken with brain fever.

It was over a month before consciousness returned.

She lay on a hospital bed, and Jim was standing beside her. Too weak to move even a finger, she lay a long time staring up, her mind groping. A troubled look came in her eyes.

"Why, Jim," she whispered, "how are you getting that —"

"Now, dearest," he said soothingly, "you must n't worry. You've done too much of that. That money you saved, I used it — on a vacation. Can't you see? Look — how strong I'm getting."

She noticed the wholesome color on his cheeks, smiled happily, closed her eyes. "My money — mine," she thought. She drew a long sigh of utter content, dropped into a dreamless sleep.

It was not until three weeks later, when he had taken her to a small seaside place and the rough salt air was beginning to bring back her strength, that she began to question him more closely. He paid her only brief visits of a few hours each. Where was he in the time between?

At last the truth came out. There had been no vacation. His uncle, who was now third officer on one of the big Sound steamers, had helped Jim to get a job on the boat. And the salt-water life had worked wonders.

"A job" — and with his uncle. It sounded suspiciously vulgar. She pressed her question further. Was he an officer too? Jim laughed. Not yet. Then came a horrible thought. A cabin steward? A waiter? No. Then what did he do? He "just worked around on the decks."

As she stared at him, her face grew slowly red.

"Oh — son!"

"Oh — son!" he repeated, his underlip twitching. "Now, mother, be sensible. — Don't look at me like that! This is n't my funeral, not by a long shot! It's making a man of me!"

"A common — deck-hand."

"Yes, but a deck-hand is one of the healthiest critturs alive! And that's what I want, is n't it?—strength enough so I'll never break down again."

"Yes," she admitted. Her face brightened. "But, Jim," she added, pleadingly, "you'll soon be strong enough to stop, won't you?"

This hope cheered her through the next few weeks. She returned to the city soon, for she was unwilling to use any more of his wages. To her friends at home she said that her son was "roughing it, under doctor's orders." And in increasing anxiety she waited till the roughing should be ended.

"He certainly looks rough enough," she thought. He certainly did. Week by week his face grew darker tanned, the skin more coarse, with even a scar on his forehead. His hands she could feel growing constantly harder, more calloused. His chest was broadening by degrees, and into his voice came a ring it had never had before. His appetite was frightful. Rough enough, indeed! Even his talk, his interests, seemed to be more and more of the sea.

The autumn advanced, and still he did not stop. He evaded her questions. He had but two nights a week ashore, and even these he spent absorbed in ponderous books, of which she could make nothing.

Late one night in December, she noticed a gleam of light from the crack beneath his bedroom door. She went in. He was sitting up in bed, his chin in his hands, scowling down over one of those books.

"Jim!" she asked sharply, "what are you reading?"

"Navigation," he said simply. Her face set in a puzzled frown.

"But, son! I thought you were only on that boat to get back your health!" Her lip curled. "Are n't you about *healthy* enough?"

"Well, mother," he cried impatiently, "suppose I am. Is it a crime to be healthy? — *Please* don't look so worried. Where's the harm? I never knew what it was to feel like this. *You* never knew. What a lot I'd give if you had! You'd understand then. I love the salt air, the waves at night, the whole glorious business! I know all the light-houses now, I'm learning something from charts. The whole ocean job seems to kind of take hold in a way nothing else ever has. That's all. Where's the harm?"

"You mean," she asked slowly, "you're going to be just a sailor?"

"No, no — why, mother, there's no end to the different kinds of work on one of these big boats. Some of 'em, the most important, belong to an engineer. And that's where I come in. I'm beginning low of course, till I get hold. But can't you see, no matter what branch of engineering I'd gone into, it would have been the same. Not having a pull, I'd have *had* to begin at the bottom! Can't you see?"

Slowly his mother turned to the door.

"I'm afraid I can't, Jim," she said. "Not yet. I'll try to think it out."

She said little about it that winter. The struggle to readjust herself was hard.

How long the old ladder seemed now, the top how hopelessly distant, receding high into the clouds. Her mind traveled back over the last thirty years, years of unceasing struggle. She saw here and there the mistakes she had made, and bitterly she blamed herself for not having managed better. What had she done for Jim? What kind of a start had

she given him? "No pull," he had said. None at all. And the best part of her life, the vital part, was already gone.

She turned to her husband, but found little comfort there. Jimmy Senior was kind, he did his best to raise her hopes. But in the small flat he had long ago been relegated to a third place. The knowledge that in his wife's eyes he was a failure, had brought a humility which not all his gay little worldliness could conceal. Besides, he had been badly frightened by that desperate illness of hers. He felt small, weak; he was already growing stooped; his hair was slightly tinged with gray. And his evident anxiety for his son's swift success as a breadwinner was by no means reassuring.

And Sally's husband — what a contrast! This was the bitterest pill of all. He, the common pilot, was a ship officer, high over Jim. She imagined the triumph Sally must feel. She knew instinctively that during her illness Jim had consulted his aunt, that Sally must have arranged it all, the hospital, the "job." And was she not now doing her best to plant in him this dangerous love of the sea? Bess imagined all this to herself, though she never went to her sister's house, and when Sally came to the flat, "to pat herself over all she had done," the reception Bess gave her was frigid. Coldest of all when Sally tried, in what seemed the kindest, most patient manner, to cheer her sister by the hope that some day Jimmy might *rise to his uncle's position. Indeed!*

Jim brought his uncle to see her one night. Bess at once scented a plot. And by an elaborate graciousness she strove to make the bluff seaman thoroughly ill at ease. But he had changed since the old pilot days. She felt it with a shock of surprise. There was no polish, not the sign of anything "genteel." But he forced the conversation to his own ground. And as he talked of Jim's work, the chances ahead, of ocean-liners, the fast-growing immensity of the part ships played in the work of the world, he displayed a

strength and assurance that appealed to Bess in spite of herself. Here was a man who had succeeded in what he had set out to do, even though the goal was not high.

His solid assurance acted like a strong tonic upon her. If such a man had come so far, what might Jim not do, with his education? She hinted this in the questions she asked. And the good-natured officer, half-pitying, half-admiring her for the fierce hunger so plainly shown, took the hint, and despite the protests of his nephew, he laid stress on the difference between them, regretted the education he himself had missed, envied Jim his boundless chances.

From that night on, those old hopes of hers came back one by one. She began to read about ocean-liners. She learned at last of certain men in control of the great shipping interests, men whose wives stood high as society leaders.

The readjustment was complete.

Jim had already gained a slight promotion, through his own vigilance and his uncle's favor. His work was now in the engine-rooms. In reality he was there only one of the humblest helpers. But his mother told her friends that her son was an "under-officer, studying navigation."

Still, the distance to be climbed was appalling. Even in her wildest dreams she knew that long weary years must elapse before he could rise from the odors and grime. And in the meantime she felt that her part, the one service she could render to atone for her failure in the past, was to keep bright before his eyes the *true goal* of it all, to keep him from growing uncouth like his uncle, above all else to keep him away from "Aunt Sally's."

He had been at the old house often lately. Even now he was there at least once a week.

She set about the task of breaking again the warm relations between them. From the few fairly successful friends

that she herself still had, she secured an "entrée" for "the young officer" into their circle. She persuaded him to go out once or twice, "to get some fun out of life." And when he came back in disgust and vowed he would never go again, even this did not make her despair.

She changed her tack. She forced herself to learn more of his work. Each night that he was ashore, they spent together reading aloud, about engines of every shape and kind. Long after Jim's father had dismally gone to bed, his mother sat on, reading and listening by turns, with the most wonderful imitation of interest, though half the time she understood barely a word.

As in the old school days, so again she had her reward. For Aunt Sally had neither mind nor time nor inclination for such things. She frankly yawned when Jimmy talked of his great dreams, of twin screws and turbine engines. And his visits at her house grew less and less frequent. Bess breathed easier. That danger at least was left behind.

At the end of another year, his young cousins and their friends had given him up. He went to see them barely at all.

But in the autumn Bess noticed a change. A change so sudden it took her quite off her guard, struck her in distinct separate shocks, for which at first she could find no connection, no meaning.

His appetite, which during the three bracing years of sea-life had continued enormous, now began to show the most unaccountable ups and downs. He still had but two "shore nights" a week. One night he would come home silent, gloomy, preoccupied, and would eat nothing. Again he would appear radiant, eat recklessly, noticing none of the dainties she had so carefully prepared. He would gladly consent to her reading anything under the sun; and while she read, by sharp glances over her book she could see that he heard not a word.

She put it down to ambition. And in this she had reason; for into his talk of his work there had come a new fervor. But here again were the same bewildering ups and downs.

While she was still puzzling over these spells, they stopped as suddenly as they began.

And little by little, watching him closely with ever sharpening suspicion, as before she had seen the ocean-life take hold of him body and soul, so now she saw the life of the city, the teeming "common" life of four millions of mortals crowded together, take hold. To his slowly opening eyes, the very streets at night seemed taking on new interest, new meanings; he noticed the most amusing things and the most tragic, recounting them in the evenings. And on his boat, by day and by night, he seemed seeing his work in the most curious way, no longer as a ladder alone, but rich with human relations. He was making friends down among the crew, listening to common sailors spin their world-wide yarns.

Last and most baffling of all, he began to talk about his school days, not of the college or even the high school, but of the common public school, which the most "ordinary" child was forced by law to attend. He had read or heard somewhere about immense improvements in the school system, the new roof-gardens, the gymnasiums, playgrounds. He even spoke of "the rights of the kids." He gave one of his two weekly nights of leisure to a boys' athletic club, told her funny things they said, chuckled over their very toughness, described certain tragic poverty cases, and spoke of them all as his chums!

In the midst of all this, when his mother's whole correct little world seemed tumbling about her ears, one night he brought home a novel by Dickens, and proposed that they read it aloud. In the weeks that followed, struggling through as best she could, trying hard to smile at the jokes which to her seemed decidedly vulgar, to simulate sympa-

thy in the grim scenes that filled her only with disgust, his chuckles and his comments opened a gap between them which filled her with dismay.

What was the cause of it all? She racked her brains to find the reason. But this absorption in the ill-bred human millions, without even a glance at the chosen few above, their dazzling entertainments, their weddings and thrilling divorces, was so strange to her eyes, so wholly ludicrous, in such shocking taste, that all her groping was blind. She could find not a clue.

None — except the old one — Aunt Sally's.

He was going there again. He admitted it shamelessly. As an excuse, he gave her the news of the fast approaching wedding of his young cousin Sally the Second. He said that at such a time a girl certainly had a right to expect her own flesh and blood to stand by her. He spoke in this tone so often, seemed so anxious to effect a reconciliation, that his mother's suspicions took a new turn. And when, evidently expecting a struggle before he should win his point, he begged her to go with him to the wedding, she surprised him by a prompt assent.

The wedding of Sally the Second was in quite as "bad taste" as had been that of Sally the First. And in that hilarious scene, she saw Jim, her carefully nurtured Jim, *decidedly at home, having the time of his life.*

And even this was not the worst.

Suddenly she caught her breath, and looked again to make quite sure. Jim stood in the one quiet nook at the end of the room. Beside him was a dark-haired girl, simply, almost severely dressed, but with an outrageous look in her eyes. And the look in Jim's eyes in one flash gave the clue to the whole wretched business.

A rush of giddiness came over her. She rose quickly, slipped out unobserved, put on her hat and cloak and started home.

Once there, she sank into a chair, feeling numb and cold, staring out of the narrow window into the twinkling city below.

When at last she heard him at the door, without warning and despite her angry attempts at control, two hot tears started slowly down her cheeks.

He entered, humming gayly to himself. He saw her by the window in the dark.

"Why, mother," he cried, "what made you leave like that? There was somebody — two or three people — I wanted you to meet." He turned up the light, caught sight of her face. "I say!" he cried. "What's wrong?"

She passed quickly by him into her bedroom and shut the door. And she did not sleep that night.

She saw that this was final.

When next he came home, she had gathered herself for the struggle. And her attack was so unexpected, her questions came so swift and searching, that she soon broke through his guard.

The girl was a niece of his uncle's. She had taught school in the country, had come to teach in a public school here, was living at Aunt Sally's. He had met her there, had seen her often, and she had "opened his eyes to things."

"Queer," he said, "how I'd never seen it before. What an infernal snob I've been, how narrow, talking of nothing but schemes for pushing myself. What a bore I must have been! I don't see how you stood it, mother! Why on earth did n't you stop me?"

His mother was looking at him with a curious drawn expression.

"Because," she said, "I was just like you. And I am still. 'An infernal snob — narrow — pushing myself.' What a bore this friend of yours would find me."

"Mother!"

"Oh, yes! All of that! Do you believe it, Jim? Is this

girl going to succeed in making you despise your mother, so that the way will be clear for *her*?"

Jim started, reddened, turned, and walked to the window. When he spoke at last, his voice shook slightly: —

"Is n't that a little small — when you've never even talked with her?"

"Small? Yes. But I am, Jim. And 'narrow' — and 'scheming.' It has been a long time, twenty-six years since you were born, all spent in 'schemes' to give you half a chance. They have n't been easy, these schemes, I'm getting old these days, and weary from the fight. I'd rather hoped you would stay with us, for a time at least, instead of taking a wife to support. — Such a wife!" The last words came out sharply. She felt at once the mistake.

Jim turned abruptly back from the window.

"I've asked her already," he said.

His mother winced.

"I'm waiting for her answer," he continued, trying hard to control his voice. "But you're wrong about my supporting her — I can't."

"Why not?"

"Because she says that even if she marries me — she won't give up her school."

"Jim!"

She gave him one blank look, then burst into a peal of unsteady laughter.

"A school-teacher," she cried harshly, "a common school-teacher all her life! What a blessing! What a chance for you — and your children! What breeding, what refinement!"

"Look here, mother!" His face was suddenly gray. "I would n't talk like that! I did n't say 'for all her life.' But if she loves her work, and the kids, and wants to keep on with them till the time when she's a mother herself — is that so low? What do you mean by breeding? Is n't there

anything in it but what you read in the papers — balls, divorces, Newport scandals — shoes, clothes, hats, gloves, smiles, tact, lies? What are *you*? Have n't *you* done anything else? Did n't *you* work before you married, have n't you worked ever since? Did n't you half kill yourself once, just to give me a summer's vacation? — Mother!" He bent over her, trembling. "Give me a chance to show you what she really is — a woman — like you. The same! Quite the same!"

Her grip on his arm tightened till it shook.

"No!" she whispered. "Not the same! So different — that if she succeeds, I'll lose you! Jimmy! I love you! It's going to be hard — hard!"

And so it was.

She did not easily give up the work and the purpose of her life. There were many stormy scenes in the next few weeks. There were times when she seemed old and weak and desperate, times when she was harsh and bitter, times when she lay all night awake, staring dry-eyed into a dreary nothingness. The gap was widening fast.

Three months later, at the wedding, in the same old house where she herself had been married thirty years before, at the beginning of the long, slow climb — she saw it all come to an end.

And when the ordeal was over, she went back with her husband, the old Jimmy who had failed, back to the flat, to live out the years that were left.

Her pride remained, and a spark of the old vigor. She kept up a few of her friends. She was kind to the man now growing so old. She dreamed back over the years of struggle, privations, plannings, hopes.

She was lonely. In spite of all her pride, she was hungry for that son of hers, counted the days between his visits.

He came only once a month. She had forbidden him to come oftener, she had declined to see his wife, she had

indignantly refused all money aid. When he came they avoided the present, spoke only of old times.

She had kept a few relics, baby things, battered toys, badges he had won at school. And little by little, dreaming over these scant reminders, her mind traveled back even farther, to the days of dolls, of that fierce maternity which had made the wee matrons on neighboring doorsteps frown, and say she was "spoiling her children."

As the months wore on and the loneliness grew, this elemental passion rose, till her few remaining friends shook their heads, said she was getting "unbalanced" — till even the great ladder was almost lost to view.

One night when Jimmy came, she saw at once that he was intensely excited. He stayed until long after midnight.

And after that evening, for weeks and weeks she was so silent, her husband grew afraid for her mind. To quiet his fears, she told him the reason. But when in a rush of glad relief he began to plead in Jim's behalf, she begged him not to speak of it again. And the struggle went on as before.

Here was a last readjustment. There had been many since Jim was born, but none so deep as this. The two old passions of her nature were set now one against the other. And there was little thinking. Only a matter of instinct. The issue was so clear.

As the months drew on toward summer, a new element crept in — anxiety. Jim came often, bringing news, now good and now decidedly bad. Anxiety — it rose steadily, slowly but surely pushing all else aside. It ended late one evening, when Jim came in, quiet and pale, and asked his mother to come.

The night was long. There was little time for thinking. But when the strange new light of an April dawn came sifting into a quiet room, and fell on a gray-haired woman bending over a cradle, it showed how completely the struggle of a lifetime had been left behind.

A PRETTY QUARREL

LORD DUNSANY

ON one of those unattained, and unattainable, pinnacles that are known as the Bleaks of Eerie, an eagle was looking east with a hopeful presage of blood.

For he knew, and rejoiced in the knowledge, that eastward over the dells the dwarfs were risen in Ulk, and gone to war with the demigods.

The demigods are they that were born of earthly women; but their sires are the elder gods who walked of old among men. Disguised they would go through the villages sometimes in summer evenings, cloaked and unknown of men; but the younger maidens knew them and always ran to them singing, for all that their elders said: in evenings long ago they had danced to the woods of the oak trees. Their children dwelt out-of-doors beyond the dells of the bracken, in the cool and heathery lands, and were now at war with the dwarfs.

Dour and grim were the demigods, and had the faults of both parents, and would not mix with men but claimed the right of their fathers, and would not play human games but forever were prophesying, and yet were more frivolous than their mothers were, whom the fairies had long since buried in wild wood-gardens with more than human rites.

And being irked at their lack of rights and ill-content with the land, and having no power at all over wind and snow, and caring little for the powers they had, the demigods became idle, greasy, and slow; and the contemptuous dwarfs despised them ever.

The dwarfs were contemptuous of all things savoring of heaven, and of everything that was even partly divine. They were, so it has been said, of the seed of man; but,

being squat and hairy, like to the beasts, they praised all beastly things, and bestiality was shown reverence among them, so far as reverence was theirs to show. So most of all they despised the discontent of the demigods who dreamed of the courts of heaven and power over wind and snow; for what better, said the dwarfs, could demigods do than nose in the earth for roots and cover their faces with mire, and run with the cheerful goats and be even as they?

Now, in their idleness caused by their discontent, the seed of the gods and the maidens grew more discontented still, and spake of or cared for only heavenly things; until the contempt of the dwarfs, who heard of all these doings, was bridled no longer and it must needs be war. They burned spice, dipped in blood and dried, before the chief of their witches, sharpened their axes, and made war on the demigods.

They passed by night over the Oolnar Mountains, — each dwarf with his good axe, the old flint war-axe of his fathers, — a night when no moon shone; and they went unshod and swiftly, to come on the demigods in the darkness beyond the dells of Ulk, lying fat and idle and contemptible.

And before it was light they found the heathery lands, and the demigods lying lazy all over the side of a hill. The dwarfs stole toward them warily in the darkness.

Now the art that the gods love most is the art of war; and when the seed of the gods and those nimble maidens awoke and found it was war, it was almost as much to them as the god-like pursuits of heaven, enjoyed in the marble courts, or power over wind and snow. They all drew out at once their swords of tempered bronze, cast down to them centuries since on stormy nights by their fathers; drew them and faced the dwarfs; and casting their idleness from them, fell on them sword to axe. And the dwarfs fought hard that night, and bruised the demigods sorely, hacking with those huge axes that had not spared the oaks. Yet for all the

weight of their blows and the cunning of their adventure, one point they had overlooked: *the demigods were immortal.*

As the fight rolled on toward morning the fighters were fewer and fewer; yet for all the blows of the dwarfs, men fell upon one side only.

Dawn came, and the demigods were fighting against no more than six; and the hour that follows dawn, and the last of the dwarfs was gone.

And when the light was clear on that peak of the Bleaks of Eerie, the eagle left his crag and flew grimly east, and found it was as he had hoped in the matter of blood.

But the demigods lay down in their heathery lands, for once content though so far from the courts of heaven, and even half forgot their heavenly rights, and sighed no more for power over wind and snow.

THE MASTER-WEAVER

MAUDE RADFORD WARREN

THIS is the story of a woman whose imagination said yes, when her heart meant no, and who paid for her sin with twenty-five dead years; and of a man who took defeat as if it were victory, and in the end won his fee of happiness.

There is a little village in Ireland that lies one third of the way between Dublin and Belfast. Its people have all the industry of the North Irish, and all the poetry of the Southern; and this is well, for they can ply their trade as weavers of linen, and at the same time embroider with dreams lives that would be, otherwise, too work-ridden for joy. From daylight till dark, and often well on into candle-light, can be heard the hum of the looms, and can be seen the gleam of white bare feet on the treadles, and dark heads bowed over the smooth threads. There are those who say that no other linen in all the world is as fair and strong as the linen of the weavers of Ballycloonagh; and there are a few mystics who even say that a board spread with such linen never lacks plenty, nor do those who sit about it lack happiness.

The Irish must either lead or follow, and so, always, the village of Ballycloonagh had a master-weaver, one who not only wove fastest and best, but who arranged for the sale of his work and his fellows'. As far back as the memory of the oldest inhabitant could reach, a McSweeney had held the honor, by merit and by tacit election. It was the pride of the family to deserve their distinction; and so when Michael McSweeney, at twenty, took his father's place as master-weaver, there was none to deny his right.

He was an industrious young fellow, and so quick-fin-

gered at the loom that he could well afford the twilight walks he often took with Aileen Dwyer. A pretty pair, the old women, sitting at the cottage doors, called them as they strolled down the little main street of the village to the road that for generations had lured the feet of lovers, and that pointed them with part of its white length to the mountains, and with the other part to the sea; that led them by the raths, where the children sat till nightfall waiting for the Good Little People to appear; and that, perhaps, had won a life of its own from all the heart-riches which had passed over it, for here had been all the joys and sharp griefs of youth, and, at times, the memories of the old.

But Michael McSweeney thought little enough of where they walked, on the one night that he always said took all of the dreariness out of the days that came after, and made up for the emptiness of those that went before; for Michael was of the company of those aristocrats of the soul who are spiritually frugal, and know how to make joy fertile in the arid places of life. He had just shown Aileen, somehow, blunderingly, what was in his heart, and she had told him that she loved him, too. They were in that most precious of moments to lovers, when realization is so fresh that it seems that time can never dull the lyrical sense of belonging to each other.

Michael had pushed her a little away from him, and was towering above her, his great hands touching her shoulders gently.

"Is it sure you are 't is you?" he asked in an awed tone; "and 't is not dreaming I am?"

She looked up at him, glad of his strength, his great frame, his irregular shock of hair, and the wide gray eyes that always had a smile in them. She was more of a dreamer than himself. As they stood there, she thought that he might be one of the old heroes come back — King Ivor, or Finn of the Mighty Arm, or Conn of the hundred battles,

whom none could conquer in war, and who dropped to the knee of St. Patrick at last, when the pagan days ended for Ireland.

"You, that are always talkin' to me of Grainne, and the enchanted forest, and Queen Mave and Diarmid," he said, "tell me, is it back in the ould days we are, or will I wake up to-morrow and find myself at my loom, and no Aileen in my life at all?"

"I am in your life forever and ever," she said.

She was a slender little thing, dark and soft and loving, but very timid, for she lived with a shrewish aunt, who twitted her with her helplessness and poverty; and it was to make herself brave, by ignoring facts, that she wove her visions and saw herself a lady of the old days, with all the hills of Ireland her own, and now Michael to be her knight.

"Aye," Michael said, "nothing can take you away from me; remember that now. If one of your pishogues should spring up now and whiff you away to India, sure 't is my love would draw you back some day. I'd work on my linen and I'd weave in spells, and some day the spells would tangle themselves about you, and back you'd come."

"I often dream of other lands," she murmured. "Is it true that you and me will be always together, Michael, always in Ballycloonagh?"

"Where else? Maybe a trip to Dublin every five years. You never hope to see London, I'm thinkin'?"

"Just your face for always," she said. "But what good is there in me for a weaver?"

"Little dear rose of my heart, I can work for two," he said. "You'll never touch a loom again."

"I won't then," she sighed gratefully.

They walked on, hand in hand, stopping now and then to ask each other, breathlessly, if it were true; if love had really given them to each other, forgetting that there were

in the world such forces as faithlessness or parting, absence or poverty or sorrow.

When Michael at last left her on her doorstep, Aileen was too deeply moved to sleep. The little cottage of her aunt would have closed in on her and smothered her like the folds of one of her own green dragons. She was trembling — afraid of the future. Suddenly, the village that she had known all her life became an alien place; Michael, her lover, was a dream; the realities — she did not know what they were, because she could feel nothing but the throbbing of her heart. As if to run away from all that beset her, she hurried along the south road that led to the sea, thinking that when she was tired her little world would come back. Her eyes raced into the dark lanes of trees; she threw back her head and let her gaze speed, unseeing, over the sky and the land and the stars.

Her heart throbbed louder than ever — no, that sound was not her heart; it was the faint beat of a horse's hoofs growing clearer and clearer. She drew closer to the side of the ditch, and waited. A rider galloped out of the shadows and, checking his horse beside her, leaped from his saddle, with a short laugh.

"Ha, little Aileen Dwyer," he said, "it is almost as if you were waiting for me, my girl."

She dropped a curtsy, for it was young Philip Carew of the Manse. The Manse was the one great house of the village, where a father and mother, two sons and several daughters, proud of their ancestry, starved bitterly together. This night, the second son, Philip, had wrung from his father his patrimony of sixty pounds, had taken his one possession, his horse, and was riding away from his old home forever. He was a handsome, ardent young man; reckless, but shrewd; kind, in a careless fashion, and prone now and then to a wild impulse, which he always treated afterward as if it had been a staid calculation.

"So you were not waiting for me, little Aileen?" he asked.

"I — I don't know, sir," she stammered confusedly, and curtsied again. As she straightened, her lovely dark face lifted, her lips soft and wondering, her eyes as deep as the woods behind her, Philip Carew caught her in his arms and, setting her on his horse, leaped up behind her. He gave rein, and they galloped along the road to the sea.

"We're going to America," said young Philip Carew, in his deep voice. "What does it matter over there that you were born in a weaver's cabin? We'll be rich, and when you are my wife I'll give you everything out of the coffers of all the world. You'll go? What good is there in you for a weaver?"

The sentence beat over and over again in Aileen's brain. Her own words. She had said them to Michael, "What good is there in me for a weaver?"

"These little hands will never work again, for we shall be rich," said Philip Carew. "Shall I put you down, Aileen? Will you go back to the village and weave cloths till your little fingers look like the gnarled bark on the trees here? Shall I put you down, Aileen?"

Nothing was real any more to Aileen. Perhaps it was the old time; perhaps he was a knight carrying her away, his proper spoil because he had swept her upon his horse; perhaps this had all happened before. Perhaps she was Macol borne away by the black King of Leinster, leaving woe behind her. Perhaps she was dreaming and would wake up in a moment and find herself on the doorstep of her aunt's cottage.

"Will you come with me, Aileen?" Carew whispered.

And something that was not herself, forever and ever she knew it was not herself, told him "yes."

And with that word she wove her fate and Michael's as surely as he, at that moment, wove his fair white linen, and thrilled with the thought that she was his.

Though he walked with the aristocrats of the soul, Michael had his full meed of suffering in the long loss of Aileen; but he believed that his suffering did not matter; that it had nothing to do with the joys and sorrows of other people, or the swing of the seasons and the years. His pain was more subtle and many-sided than might be believed, none the less so that he was incapable of analyzing the forces against and with him. There was the pity of his friends, which he shrank from, and the jeers of a few jealous and low-souled folk, which he must ignore; worst of all, there was the bewildering and crushing sorrow of Aileen's treachery. He could not understand it. To accept it meant disloyalty to himself and to her. To save them both, — to give them to each other again, — he forced himself not to believe in it. Something had happened, no one knew what, to part them for a time. He shut his eyes to the fact that she had gone away with Philip Carew. They had been parted, yet some day, in some other world, perhaps, they would meet. Meantime that one sacred night had made them each other's forever.

But because a man cannot wait with folded hands, he bowed himself to his work. Such a master-weaver the country had never known before. At first his energy displayed itself in a management which gave more bread to his fellow workers. But after a time, a few of the most feeling of them, the truest Celts, began to know that there was something in the linen that came from under Michael's hands which made it different from any other linen. Many of the weavers departed, here and there, from the stock patterns, as their fancy led; that was one reason why the Ballycloonagh linens were prized by connoisseurs. But when those that had the gift of the eye gazed for long on Michael's weaving, they felt that there was something in the delicate lines and curves and tendrils of the shamrocks not to be seen elsewhere; else why should one begin to think of dreamy for-

ests, and tender ancient tales; of old loves that were dead, and still not lost, and of sacrifices that added a deeper note to the songs of the choir invisible? Michael's soul was slipping through his fingers into his fair white linen. All he felt for himself and Aileen, as he wove, somehow put a life into the threads — the sorrows he would fain have taken from her and kept all to himself; the loneliness of each; the life they might have lived together in the quiet Irish village, and the wonder if they were not repeating an old grief lived long ago in the lands between the hills and the sea, when Ireland was young and, though pagan, ready for the sword-sharp voice of God.

He had no thought of sending a message to Aileen, and she none of receiving one; and yet, in a vague way, one came to her. She used to say to herself that she died the moment that something, not herself, said yes to Philip Carew, as he galloped along the road to the sea that was to take her from all that she loved. Strange to say, it was never the separation from her kin that took the heart out of her and made her a shadow of her old self; she missed no one but Michael. The worst was her knowledge that, somehow, she was separated from her own soul. That, perhaps, was her purgatory, she thought, to be in one world with her body, while her soul lay dead or asleep in another.

She was silent, withdrawn into her dreams, not at all in Philip Carew's world. Had she loved him, she could have risen to his every want, for, indeed, she was teachable enough. From the very first he had teachers for her, and she learned French, and knew how to manage a house, and, as time wore on, was able, with perfect self-possession, to take her place among conspicuous people.

"But, confound it all," grumbled Philip Carew, "where's the spirit and dash all gone to? I did n't know I was marrying a painted picture for a wife."

Her one child might have brought her back to Philip's

world, but he was his father's son — so markedly so that Philip began to ignore the fact that Aileen Dwyer was his mother. This little Philip Carew would inherit great wealth — great enough to more than preserve the traditions of the old race from whence he came. The father meant that the world should forget the poverty in which his house had dwelt for three generations. Some day he should go back, and then — Meanwhile a passive, nerveless woman was no guide, even for a babe in arms. Philip did not admit, even to himself, that he did not want his son shadowed with the influence of peasant blood. In effect he took the child almost entirely from his mother, and Aileen made no protest. She loved the boy, indeed, but she knew from the beginning that in all the realities of life he did not need her, any more than her husband needed her. A shadow wife, a shadow mother — that was enough for them. They were fond of her in an indulgent way, proud that she always looked well and never blundered, and irritated that their interests could not stir her — that she was so spiritless, so remote.

Yet her world of fancies, her real world, was a vivid place enough. In the days when she was alive, the days of the village life in Ballycloonagh, all culminating in that night of nights when she promised herself to Michael McSweeney, and then foreswore them both — in those days her dreams were all of the old heroes and lovers of Ireland, of the time when the country was young and the cities were hamlets, while the sites of the present-day hamlets were wide swaying forests; when the voices of birds and waters were higher than the voices of shop and street, and when poetry was in the hearts of men instead of in books.

Yet now that she no longer had Michael, to whom she used to tell her dreams; now that she listened no longer to his attempts, not always skillful, to draw parallels between those old loves and their own; now that she was alone with a dead soul, her thoughts took a very different trend. She

wove into the web of her dreams the lives that she and Michael might have lived. Without any thought of disloyalty to Philip Carew, at the end of the first year of marriage with him she had built a series of incidents that would have marked the stages of the first year she should have lived with Michael. In the stead of little Philip, there were, as the years passed, dream-children, with Michael's hair and eyes. In Michael's cottage she stepped across the earthen floor, stooping to the open hearth; and this, many a time, when she was listening to music by great artists, or even dining with men and women whose names spelled power to several millions of less noted Americans.

What helped to make her dreams concrete were various stores of wonderful linens, which she began to hoard after her first year in America. If Michael's fellow workers ate white bread and wore warmer cloth, their ease was due to Aileen's gold. It was the one external transaction of her life not open to Philip Carew. Her allowance was nearly all spent for the work of those side by side with whom she used to weave. She could close her eyes and see the dark heads bending over the looms, and the white feet twinkling over the treadles.

Michael's work she kept apart, in oaken chests carved by cunning hands with old Celtic figures; and many an hour she sat tracing, with soft forefinger, Michael's skillful weaving; but she did not respond to the dreams, her old dreams, which Michael had woven therein. She only held more firmly to that thread of a shadowy mutual life she had made for the two of them. And as the years went on, her mind leaped ahead and she saw for them an old age together, when all the children would be gone and the weaving done, and two, whom time had forgotten, might sit in peace together. For if Michael, once no dreamer, now saw a vision of life with Aileen in another world, Aileen, the former dreamer, now saw only a life in this world. It was lips and hands of flesh and blood which called her.

It might seem that the two, who, out of love for each other, had each tried to live in the other's groove, were at cross-purposes; but love is greater than any terms in which it can express itself, and so, as the years passed, they drew closer. The linen that Michael wove, and that Aileen pressed against her wistful face, was a message to her, and though she could send none to him, her heart spoke, and his, somehow, received its comfort. With the years his inspiration grew; his hands flew faster and faster; the wonderful patterns he wove grew deeper in meaning to the few who had the vision to see, and carried a stronger hope to the one woman who had forgotten her visions, but never her love.

And then on a day the oaken chests were locked. Women fitted black stuffs about Aileen's shrinking form, and her son sobbed in a room next a darkened chamber. For Philip Carew was dead, and the dreams that had made Aileen's own life had, somehow, died, too. In all the world there was only nothingness, and she was full of fear.

Young Philip Carew and his wife looked furtively at the face of the woman who sat between them on the back seat of the motor-car. Again and again their own glances crossed and dropped. They were pleasant young people, practical and rather conventional, and they did not understand the transformation that had taken place in Aileen Carew since she had left the boat at Queenstown and begun the journey northward along the road that led from the sea.

Before the elder Philip Carew had died he had told his son the dream of his life, and charged him to fulfill it. He was to go home and build up again the house of Carew. In his earliest childhood Philip had drawn in the love of Ireland from his father's lips. It takes fully two generations to kill the Irish love for the green land that is the cradle of the race that gives the world romance. Young Philip loved the hills and sea and waving woods of Ballycloonagh as if he

had always lived among them. He knew every room in the old house in which his father had been born.

During the elder Philip's last illness his brother died, childless, and, too late, he was heir to the barren Irish acres that meant more to him than all his wealth. Fearful that young Philip might not carry out his wishes fully, he guarded carefully the chances for the success of his dearest dream. He had charged his son to wait at least a year before going to the old home, and, if possible, to let the journey be his honeymoon. Then surely, with the sorrow of his father's death softened, with the joy of the bridegroom to glorify all that his eyes saw, the home of his people would mean to him something of what it had meant to others of his race.

Philip and his mother helped each other as best they could through the first months of their loss; but they had never understood each other. Aileen seemed to her son strangely broken and helpless; her one vital wish was that he should marry his Cora soon and be as happy as he could. When he told her that, in obedience to his father's plan, he and Cora were going to Ireland for their honeymoon, she said she would go too. Philip hesitated; he knew that his mother's associations had been humble, and yet, surely, she must have grown away from her old companions; surely she would feel herself a part of her husband's people. He felt ashamed of his hesitation; he and Cora were beginning a happy life from which they must give generous largess to her.

And so Philip's mother had come to Ireland, and they were stealing wondering glances at her, feeling thoroughly embarrassed. Was this the pale, remote lady whose maid had dressed her and helped her on deck only two hours before? With the first glance at her green, green land, an old light had come back to her eyes. Now, as the motor-car slipped northwards, the spirit of Aileen Dwyer came back into her face. Little curls were stealing from her carefully

dressed hair and dancing on her forehead and neck; her cheeks were pink; her lips parted. She laughed, a laugh that Michael used to say reminded him of the talking of the water in St. Patrick's spring where the first pagans were baptized — water that had gone mad since over the joy of all those souls.

She had forgotten her son and daughter, and all of her old life; her youth was coming back, and all the shadowy life between had fled her mind. The real things of the world were beginning, and the sign-posts to them were the still waters of the River Slaney, the blue hill of Oulard, the road that led to Glendalough, and Bray Head lifting stark above the sea. She begrudged the hour they stopped in Dublin to lunch. She wanted to drive on and on, the while the old life rushed back to meet her.

They halted at last at a town three miles from Ballycloonagh, and there Philip decided they had better remain till the morning. He was disturbed about his mother; he wondered if Cora had noticed the burr that had come back to his mother's speech. But not afternoon tea, not the deference of the innkeeper and his servants, not her maid's ministrations, could bring back the Aileen of half a dozen hours before. Her soul had come back to her, and was stamping its possession on her body.

She was urged to lie down, and, under Cora's supervision, her maid darkened her room. After they had gone, Aileen lay and laughed at them for a few moments. Then she rose, slipped along the passage, down the back-stairs, and out of the back-door to the path that skirted the road lying between the mountains and the sea.

Oh, that road, that road, that road! How it seemed to leap to her feet; that road along which lovers had walked before ever there was a city or church in all the land. Why, she used to think, that was the tree under which Miurne stood as she waited for Cumnhal. All the old stories came

back — thoughts of the heroes and lovers like Michael, and the women like herself, whom a man could love so much that, though the road to her was death, it was a path of joy.

The miles fell swiftly under her feet; the sun had long dropped; the twilight was coming and the villagers were at supper when she passed along the single crooked street of Ballycloonagh. No one spoke to her, though some heads peered curiously out of windows as she passed. There was Michael's cottage; there was no light within; perhaps he was eating supper in the dark.

She went inside; he was not there, nor were there signs that he had supped. She laughed softly; of course, it was the first Thursday in the month, the day he always took his linen into the town to ship it to England or America. He had woven till tea-time, of course, and then he had walked to town.

She felt for the matches, lit a candle, and drew the curtains. She looked, with a doubtful smile, at her gown, and then, hesitatingly, went into the bedroom that adjoined the living-room. In a few moments she came back wearing a dress which had belonged to Michael's mother — a shabby scarlet dress that Michael had liked; he had said that some day Aileen should wear scarlet.

Singing an old song, she knelt at the hearth and made a fire. She stepped back and forth to the cupboard and laid the table. When the kettle was singing and the tea ready to be made, she went to Michael's loom. She slipped off her shoes and stockings, and felt for the treadles; with unaccustomed fingers she caught at the threads. Always she had been clumsy at the loom, and now she was spoiling one of Michael's loveliest patterns.

For the first time a little fear struck her heart. It had never come to her that Michael might be married — he was hers, hers! It had never come to her that he would not want her back after all the years; but now, as she faltered at the

loom, she wondered if long disuse had made her forget the little homely ways that Michael loved.

Then he came, and at first he thought he was simply dreaming a little more vividly than usual; but when he saw her welcoming face change into doubt at his still look, then he knew that love had shown him her face again, not once, but forever. They said no word for a long time; they held hands and looked into each other's eyes, and did not see the messages time had printed on each face. And so, softly, they bridged their lost years.

Then, still in silence, he led her through the crooked street of the village to a certain stretch on the road, that they might find again that hour they had lost so many years ago. And they were looking at each other's faces with infinite understanding, and Aileen's heart was beating louder and louder — And again, it was not her heart, but the beating of a horse's hoofs. A rider galloped out of the shadows and checked his horse beside her.

"Mother!" cried Philip Carew, "how dare you — I mean, how could you?"

He leaped from his saddle and would have lifted her upon the horse, but she drew back.

"Something's wrong with the car, and I thought it best not to get a carriage," he said. "What dress is that you are in?"

Aileen looked from her lover to her son. In a flash, she saw what her new life might mean to Philip. Humiliation — the thwarting of his father's hopes and his own. She hesitated, and for a moment she dropped Michael's hand. Then she lifted it again and pressed it passionately to her breast.

"Philip," she said, "you're my child, but I was Michael's before you were born. I'm in his debt for twenty-five years of sorrow, for 't is him that has suffered, while I was dead, since the night I was traitor to him."

They had no need of speech, she and Michael. He felt what she wanted of him, and so he spoke to Philip: —

“You’re young. You’ll make your life, as others do, in spite of shame and a bit of thwarting. We’ll do what we can for you, Aileen and I. There’s many a spot in Ireland we can find, so we find it together; linens and cottages enough, and while we have each other we have all the world.

They looked into each other’s eyes, and they forgot Philip Carew. He was practical and conventional, rich and impatient of peasants, but he was a Celt, too; he had a touch of that imagination that is the crown of his race, and he knew that he was in the presence of a love that was greater than his will, or his mother’s, or Michael’s. There they stood, those two, one who had known all that wealth could give for more than half her life, and one who had never been served by others; one who was trained in all the usages of the sophisticated world, and one who had never been fifty miles from his little hamlet; but love had made them equals. As they stood hand in hand, looking into each other’s eyes, time and sorrow were as nothing to them; and perhaps they were somehow an atonement to the spirits of other lovers who had suffered and lost, and died unsatisfied.

Young Philip Carew turned away, sobbing as he had sobbed when his father died; but the lovers did not hear. Michael was thinking of an old Celtic song, the refrain of which ran, —

Death to us all, and his own life to each!

Aileen was thinking of the wonder of their deliverance to each other. She held close to her lover, lest her dream should escape her. And together they turned back along the road that leads from the sea to the mountains.

SEMAPHORE

JOSEPH HUSBAND

EVERY night, at exactly eight minutes past nine, the limited roars through the village. I can see it coming several miles away, its powerful headlight fingering rails and telegraph wires with a shimmer of light. Silently and slowly it seems to draw nearer; then, suddenly, it is almost above me. A wild roar of steam and driving wheels, the wail of its hoarse whistle at the crossing, and then, looming black against the night sky, it smashes past, and in the swing of drivers and connecting rods I think of a greyhound, or a racehorse thundering the final stretch. High in the cab window a motionless figure peers ahead into the night; suddenly he is blackly silhouetted by the glare of the opened fire-door, and in the orange light I can see the fireman swing back and forth as he feeds his fire. The light burns against the flying steam and smoke above; then blackness — and now the white windows of the Pullmans flicker past, and through the swirl of dust and smoke I watch the two red lights sink down the track.

Every time I see that black figure in the cab I wonder how far he can peer ahead into the night, and I wonder at the perfect faith that is his: faith in silent men who keep the semaphores lighted and true, and in those humble servants whose constant watchfulness guards him from broken rail and loosened fish-plate. Last night I sat beside him.

It was not my limited that I boarded, but a faster, greater engine that helps to rush half across the continent — a train before which all others wait and all tracks are cleared. I stood with the Division Superintendent on the platform of the little station where it must pause for water. Beyond the yardlights its song rose clear and vibrant. With a flare of

lofty headlight and the grind of brakes it was beside us, steel lungs panting heavily, a reek of oil sweating from heated sides.

The engineer, a torch in his hand, swung down, and we shook hands before I climbed the iron rungs to the cab. From the high windows I watched him oil and stroke the sinews of his monster. Behind, on the top of the tender, the fireman was filling the tanks with a torrent of water. Then they joined me, and in the torchlight I saw the black studded end of the boiler, like a giant cask-head, a tangle of pipes across its face; water-gauge and steam dial dimly illumined by shaded bull's-eyes. The engineer blew out the torch and climbed into his seat. Opposite him, I settled into mine, the fireman behind me.

There was the thin piping of a whistle in the cab and the engineer slowly opened the throttle. We were off. Rumbling and swaying we passed the upper windows of the station. Telegraphers in shirtsleeves were fingering their instruments beneath shaded lights. The chill of the frosty night air penetrated the cab, and I buttoned my coat about me and looked ahead into the darkness. We were gathering headway. A string of freight cars on a siding swept behind us; already the lights of the village were far behind. Ahead of the long body of the locomotive, extending incredibly beyond the small front windows of the cab, the track, hardly visible in the ray of the headlight, terminated suddenly in the darkness. The roar of drivers and machinery was deafening. From side to side the engine rocked like a plunging derelict. The crashing roar grew louder, loud beyond belief, and the rocking and trembling almost threw me from the seat.

The fireman slid open the jaws of the fire-box, flooding the cab with light and heat. Within, the flame, white to pale daffodil in its intensity, twisted like streams of fluid in the draught. Behind the cab the black end of the tender rose

high above my line of vision, rocking and swaying in contrary motion to the engine, like a bulldog twisting on a stick. Balancing on the smooth steel floor, the fireman stoked his grate-bars, his shovel feeding spots where the coal was thinnest. Then darkness as he closed the doors with his foot. Only the two dim lights on gauge and indicator; and on each side, and above, the stars racing evenly beside us. I looked down at the road-bed: it was flooding past us like a torrent.

"Green." I caught the word above the tumult.

"Green," echoed the fireman.

Far ahead, four colored lights gleamed like gems against the sky. Two rubies below; above, another ruby and beside it the pale green of an emerald. The green light was in the upper right-hand corner of the square.

"Seventy-five to eighty." The fireman shouted in my ear.

"Block's clear. That green light gives us a clear track."

Already the block semaphores were behind us. Blinded by the rush of air I tried to see the track ahead. Like a dark avalanche the world seemed pouring under our pilot, and beneath I felt the road-bed, at last in motion, shivering and swirling like a mill-race. From under the engine puffs of steam shredded into fog-rift, white in the light from the round holes beneath the grate-bars. And through the two great circles of light projected by them, as from a stereopticon, flickered embankments, telegraph-poles, hills and houses like a reeling cinematograph.

"Green," came the confirmation.

The fixed green star shone for a minute and flashed past.

Faintly I heard the fireman at my ear.

"Almost ninety."

Long ago the headlight had become useless except as a warning of our approach; we were past the farthest range of its illumination before the eye could discern what lay

before us. Blind and helpless we tore on. Broken rail, a train on the crossing, or open switch — we would never see it. But “green” shone the light, and wholly trusting in the silent men who flashed to us their word of safety we never faltered. I thought of a stalled train that might lie sleeping on our rails. But “green” was the light — their thin cry through the long night watches.

The engineer, silent, his hand fingering throttle and air-brake, sat huddled high on his seat. Through his goggles he watched the blackness ahead. A brief second’s time to set his brakes was all he asked. Far off in the great city the chief dispatcher was following our flight mile by mile, block to block. Over the wires his voice and the voices of his helpers told the rapid story of our progress. In the lonely tower at the next curve someone would flash the green beacon to our straining eyes and report us on our way. To him others were now reporting, giving him the certain knowledge that our way was safe. Keepers of the safety of our path; how perfectly we trusted them; how great and unrewarded is their perfect service.

I looked back. Behind, the Pullmans cast steady squares of light on the racing cut. Here was our freight. Sons of Mary; even more blindly they trusted, “peacefully sleeping and unaware.”

Sons of Martha: they were beside me.

“Green,” they chorused.

Out of the night came the instant crash of the westbound express. With a blast of air and a slamming roar it seemed to brush us. It was gone.

Through a sleeping village we tore on with a wild, hoarse cry. Darkened windows flashed reflected light. A station platform whipped past our heels; huddled groups of people pressed back against the building.

“Green!”

Like brilliant stars from a rocket gleamed a constellation

at a double crossing. Ruby drops of fire; but the pale green light shone steadily above. The wheels hammered on the crossing.

Thicker and thicker, like colored fire-flies, the switch-lights tangled in a maze. We were entering the city. There was the constant rattle of switch points, and I felt the growing murmur of the streets. On either side buildings piled up in shapeless walls like a canyon; there were sudden glimpses of interrupted streets, waiting street-cars, and the glare of arc lights. We were slowing down.

Cleveland. The station echoed with the iron coughing of engines. Men and women surged between waiting trains; their voices mingled in the uproar. The departing, the returning; men staggering with bags and suitcases, women with little children in their arms. In the green star they trusted.

LITTLE KAINTUCK

MARGARET PRESCOTT MONTAGUE

THE November wind rioted up the Jumping Creek Draft between the mountains, and flung itself full face against George Hedrick's little crossroads' store. Hedrick pulled his stove-drafts wider.

"It's one er them days," he said, "when I wished I had er wife to say if I was ter put on my flannels er not."

The combination of Saturday afternoon and bad weather had provided the storekeeper with a more than usually large audience — a thing in which his soul delighted.

"Yes, sir," he continued, clinking a couple of dead counters together, and regarding his adversary, Orin Snyder, across the checker-board, with alert, bright eyes, "there's er whole heap er things er wife is handy fer. She can tell yer almost d'rectly whether yer late fer dinner er not; whether yer feet'll make tracks on the kitchen-floor, and whether yer fav'rite hound's been suckin' eggs. Er dog now, he kin do er heap, but there is certain things what only er wife is fit fer."

He made a quick move among the checker-men, and then sat back to pat his knees, and rumble his feet in a mirthful shuffle or triumph, which was voiced presently by a roar from the spectators as it dawned upon Orin Snyder that his two kings were suddenly and fatally entrapped.

"Well, I be dogged!" he cried.

He was a heavily built mountaineer, but rejoiced in a buoyant spirit.

"Well, set 'em up ergin, George," he said; "I ain't beat yit."

It was here that the door opened suddenly, unexpectedly, and a scrap of a boy stood before them — a boy perhaps of

eight, possibly of ten meagre years. He faced the store's assembly with perfect lack of self-consciousness, his fearless gray eyes roving over them all with a certain challenge, which was more of question than of defiance, and was wholly young and appealing.

"Why, howdy, stranger!" the storekeeper exclaimed, surprise and kindliness in his tone.

The boy nodded, a proud little upward jerk of his dark head.

"How yer all," he responded, with a dignity and poise that was astonishing, considering that the eyes of all the store were upon him, that below his ragged coat there was probably no shirt, and that in spite of the cold he was still barefooted.

"And what might yer name be, and where der yer come from?" Hedrick inquired.

"My name's Dan Callison, an' I was raised over in Kaintucky," the boy answered.

Adrian Blair laughed suddenly. He was a stalwart young fellow, with a comical, almost whimsical face.

"Well, they don't 'pear ter raise fellers any too big over in there," he said; "er maybe they got tired raisin' you, an' jest nater'ly quit 'fore ther job was done."

The boy turned his serious eyes upon the speaker, and seemed to take him into calm but not resentful consideration.

"I ain't done growin' yit," he explained simply. "And anyhow I ain't been over in Kaintucky fer er right smart little bit. I been over here in West Virginia, an' reckon that's kinder stunted me — you all don't raise fellers as big here as they do in *my* state."

Hedrick slapped his knee in delight. "O Lord, Adrian!" he cried. "Looks like you got bit that time! Well, set down, stranger, an' tell us all erbout yerself," he continued.

With no abatement of his serious dignity, the child slid down into a chair near the door.

"Oh, pshaw!" the storekeeper cried; "set up ter ther fire, sonny. I bet yer 'most froze; you don't look like you had on any too warm close, no way."

A sweep of color went over the small face, and a flash of defiance kindled in the gray eyes.

"I ain't cold," the boy answered proudly, and kept his seat, in spite of the fact that his lips were blue rather than red, and that his voice had a shiver in it.

The storekeeper rose, and went behind his counter.

"I dunno how it is with ther rest er you all," he said, "but seems like ter me it's er powerful long time since I eat my dinner, an' I'm goin' ter have er little snack er crackers an' cheese, an' you fellers better jine in."

More than one of the men present took up the offer with a hearty, "Well, I don't keer ef I do, George," encouraged thereto, perhaps, by the significant look which Hedrick gave them; so that when the turn of the small stranger came, he had the precedence of their acceptance as a cloak for his pride; but even the fierceness of that youthful sentiment could not keep the ravenous gleam altogether out of his eyes, when he received his portion.

Hedrick laid a kind hand on his shoulder.

"You take my cheer fer er spell, Little Kaintuck," he said, "an' let me set here an' cool off. I'm pretty nigh done to er turn."

So the boy was forced from his chilly seat into the cosy one vacated by the storekeeper; but still his pride kept him from stretching his blue fingers out to the purring stove.

"An' where did yer come from last, sonny?" Orin Snyder inquired.

"From Charleston," the boy answered. "Er feller down thar put me on ther train, an' ses ter me, 'You come up here in Greenbrier County, an' see if you can't find you er home fer ther winter.'"

He made the statement simply, and there seemed to be no conscious appeal in it.

"Ain't you been ter *school* none? All my little fellers is goin' ter school right erlong now."

The question this time was voiced by Lloyd Johnson. He was lank, serious, and was what might have been called the uneasy conscience of the Draft. To him the world was a cross, or at best merely a resting-place, heaven, let it be understood, being always his true home.

Dan fixed his serious eyes upon him for a moment, without reply.

"I went ter school fer er spell onct," he said at length, "but I quit."

"You quit?" Johnson's voice was heavy with conscience. "Aw, yer ought not ter er done that. What did yer quit fer?"

Again the boy paused, running his eyes over the speaker.

"I quit," he said, "'cause ther teacher she had my mammy put in ther lock-up." Suddenly in the back of the gray eyes there sprang a light that was unboyish and terrible. "Would n't *you* er quit if you'd er been me?" he demanded.

The reply was so astonishing, so unlooked-for, that the man was taken aback.

"Would n't you?" the boy persisted, his fierce eyes upon him.

"Why, yes, reckon I would under them circumstances," Johnson dragged out.

And Adrian Blair laughed savagely under his breath.

"An' where's yer mammy now?" the storekeeper ventured.

"She's dead."

The boy looked out of the window. The wind sent a scud of cloud-shadows over the shining fields. The whole aspect held a wonderful sense of freedom.

"She died in ther lock-up," he said.

After that there was a little space of awkwardness, broken presently by Orin Snyder.

"Ain't yer got *no* folks?" he demanded.

To him, son of one large family, and father of another, with a chain of relationship which stretched through the majority of the families of the Draft, and ran up to those on the mountain farms, the possibility of having no folks was a situation poignant with surprise.

"After my mammy died, I did n't have nobody," the boy said, "so I jest lit out fer myself."

"An' you been trampin' ever since?"

He nodded.

"What do yer do nights? You don't allers strike folks ter stay with. I'd think you'd be skeered."

Dan shook his head. "I ain't skeered," he said. "If I don't hit no place ter stay, I jest lights me a big fire an' sets by hit an' sings all night, an' nothin' don't never happen."

His eyes were big and mysterious, and the whole bearing of the child was different from what the Draft knew. It was here that Bob Saunders saw fit to laugh.

"Did yer ever know ther beat er that, now!" he cried, "He jest *sings* all night! Well, I'll be dogged!"

Bob was the only other child present — a boy of twelve hearty years, who from the first had viewed the interest evinced in the small stranger with increasing jealousy.

The Kentuckian regarded him quietly and apparently with indifference, yet when his opportunity for revenge arrived he did not neglect it.

"An' what do yer do when yer gits tired?" Bob inquired, with swaggering patronage.

"Why, honey," the other returned, speaking as one speaks to a child, "when I gits tired I jest sets down an' rests, like any other man would do. But I reckon if I was *you*" — and here his soft drawl was exaggerated slightly — "I'd cut me er stick-horse an' ride it fer er spell."

The store rocked with the men's delighted laughter.

Bob leaped to his feet, his face crimson.

"I'll learn you to sass me!" he cried, doubling his fists and dancing round the stove toward the other.

Little Kaintuck rose calmly and put his back against a near-by sugar-barrel, his attitude one of nonchalant defense. Then he spoke, and again his low drawl commanded the attention of even his would-be assailant.

"Whar I comes from," he said, "ef two fellers gits ter fightin' they jest nater'ly slices each other right up, and" — suddenly he flung his shoulders back and leaped for the other's throat — "I've er great mind to *kill* you!"

The ferocity and suddenness of the onslaught were more than Bob was prepared for. With a howl of sheer terror he scudded for the door, gained it a bare instant before the little pursuing fury at his back, and dashing it open, fled away up the road on panic-winged feet.

For a moment Little Kaintuck watched his retreating figure; then he came back to his seat by the stove, disappointment looking out of his eyes.

"Well, I'll be dogged! Bob, he's a great fighter, now, ain't he!" Orin Snyder gasped, heaving great sighs of painful mirth, for his sense of humor always shook the very foundations of his being.

Adrian Blair's eyes danced. To fight was the breath of his nostrils, was the savor of his existence.

"Great Day, Little Kaintuck!" he cried, "I jest wished you was er man. You an' me'd show these fellers what sure 'nough fightin' is then. Lord," he said, doubling his fist regretfully, "I'd jest like ter lick ther very hide off 'en you."

Thus he tendered the small stranger the tribute of his highest esteem.

But Lloyd Johnson's voice struck in heavily.

"I would n't like to have one er *my* little fellers show sech

er keen sperrit ter fight," he said, shaking his head. "No, sir, I certainly would hate ter have er boy er mine so quick with his fists."

"Well, yer never will, Lloyd, so that's one thing need n't ter worry yer none," Hedrick comforted him.

"That's so, George, I don't b'lieve it need, not after the Christian raisin' I'm givin' 'em, no, sir-ee!"

And "*No, sir-ee!*" Hedrick backed him up, with such emphasis that Johnson regarded him a trifle doubtfully.

But now the afternoon was beginning to close in softly in faint lights of gray and brown, and one after another of the men departed.

Orin Snyder got slowly to his feet, and stretched himself with extreme thoroughness.

"Well, Little Kaintuck," he said, "I'd like jest ther finest kind ter have yer come home with me; but it's the blame truth I don't know how many kids there is there right this minute; but I'll make er pint er countin' of 'em, an' talk it over with ther woman, an' if so be there's room fer one more I'll give you ther very first chanst at ther job."

"I'm much erbliged ter you," Little Kaintuck replied, showing his first hint of embarrassment in his gratitude.

At length they were all gone, all, that is, save Adrian Blair. The two men and the little boy sat on in silence. In the remote corners dark shadows wavered back and forth, but the stove burned with a bright and sociable eye.

At length Adrian brought his tip-tilted chair down with a crash of decision.

"Come on, Little Kaintuck," he said; "it's time you an' me was hittin' ther trail der home an' supper."

The boy's serious little mouth relaxed into a smile. Evidently this matter-of-fact way of offering a home pleased his fancy.

But George Hedrick cut in quickly.

"Much erbliged ter you, Ade," he said, "but reckon Little

Kaintuck an' me'll set tight an' eat at home this even'."

"Well, I'll be doggoned," Adrian said frankly, "I ain't invitin' *you* ter supper."

"Well, it's ther same thing," the storekeeper responded calmly, "seein' as me an' Little Kaintuck is goin' ter be buddies fer ther winter."

"You *is*!" Adrian exclaimed. "Well, now, I reckon Little Kaintuck hisself may have some word erbout that. Now, then, sonny," turning to the boy, "it's fer you ter say — will you come with me or stay with him? My woman's mighty good ter little strayed things," he added as inducement.

The boy regarded them both for a moment without reply. In the faint light from the open stove Adrian's expression was gay, was debonair and kindly, but on the other's face was an eagerness of which he himself was hardly aware.

"I'm much erbliged," Little Kaintuck said at length, looking at Adrian, "but I 'lowed ter stay with *him* from ther fust"; and he nodded with calm assurance toward the storekeeper.

"Ther deuce yer did!" Adrian exclaimed.

And, "Well, I'll be doggoned!" Hedrick ejaculated under his breath.

It was a theory of George Hedrick's that Solomon would never have voiced the wearied sentiment of there being nothing new under the sun if he had had the privilege of keeping a crossroads' store, in which joyous occupation, Hedrick maintained, "new things was allus happenin'."

Certainly after the advent of Little Kaintuck, this, for him, was more than ever true. The presence of a child in his bachelor establishment was in itself astonishing and unusual enough, but Little Kaintuck himself was astonishing. For long stretches he was like any other boy, and then of a sudden Hedrick would find himself met by some unaccountable streak of pride or sensitiveness that fairly took the

man's breath away, and left him able only to voice his surprise in the all-embracing phrase of the Draft, "Well, I'll be dogged."

The child was like some little wild animal which stress of circumstances had driven into human shelter, but which always owned itself, and might at any moment be off with a bound to its native woods. The storekeeper knew this, and knew too how light was his hold upon him, and he would have given much to make the present friendship a permanency.

The winter climbed slowly up the long Christmas hill, to plunge down through January and February to the open stretches of March, when the freed water began to run as it runs only in spring, and when the melting snow dripped musically from the sunlit eaves. And with the first hint of spring Hedrick saw something awaken in Little Kaintuck — something which he had looked for and dreaded, and which made the boy leave his place by the stove in the evenings, and go restlessly out into the full, soft dark.

Once, on a Saturday afternoon, when the spring was well under way, a crowd of uncouth people, men and women, came down from Droop Mountain, and passed the store. Little Kaintuck and Hedrick were seated on the porch in a lull of custom. At sight of the crowd, a spark of excitement leaped in the boy's eyes.

"Sang diggers!" he whispered. "I tramped with er gang er them onct fer er spell," he said after a pause, and then fell silent again. But that night at supper he spoke suddenly out of a deep reverie.

"You been mighty good ter me?" he said, his remark more in the form of a wistful question, than a statement.

"Why, I really ain't done nothin' much fer you," Hedrick returned, and rose in some embarrassment to replenish the biscuit-plate out of the hot black depths of the oven.

But the storekeeper knew well enough that any day now

might find Little Kaintuck on the wing. Yet time passed, and still the boy lingered, and the man hugged himself in secret over the triumph of it.

There came at last an afternoon when business called Hedrick away, and Little Kaintuck was left in charge of the store. It was a sunny day, and a growing day; a day of heaven and of riotous awakened life; and the boy sat on the porch, and gave vent to a delicious exultant whistle of no particular tune, and wished that a customer would come to test his skill. But it was a busy day with the Draft people. Time drifted on and still no one came to buy, and presently the boy's thoughts began to flow together in drowsy confusion, and he slept a little. But of a sudden he was broad awake, startlingly awake. There was a sound in the store at his back — the whispered, cautious sound of a pushed-open drawer, and then on the instant the sharp alarm of the bell on the till.

Little Kaintuck leaped from his chair and across the threshold. A man was leaning over the counter, his back to the door, his hand in the money-drawer. For an instant the boy paused, gathering himself; then he sprang. Without a word, almost without a sound, he lighted on the intruder's back.

It was so sudden, so silent, and so mysterious an attack, that the man's nerve went down before it, and giving a great bound, he let out a wild yell of terror. Yet in the moment that his hands flew up and grasped the small ones at his neck, he realized that it was only a child who held him, and with a wrench he tore the clinging arms and legs free, and swung the boy round in front of him.

"You little *devil*, you!" he cried fiercely.

But Little Kaintuck, a biting, scratching, kicking ball of fire, twisted himself away, and with a swoop flung his arms about the other's legs and brought him crashing to the ground. For a moment the man was stunned, and the boy

got in some vicious pommeling; but directly the thief recovered himself, and his fingers gripped the child's small neck. At that moment, however, a figure appeared in the doorway; strong hands were laid on the man's own collar and he was jerked to his feet.

"Now then! What's all this erbout?" Adrian Blair demanded.

The thief turned upon him with an oath.

Adrian stiffened with delight.

"You'd cuss *me*, would you!" he cried, the joy of battle in his face as one hard fist went out toward the other's jaw like a piston-rod.

But the thief dodged, and springing aside, bolted out of the door and away.

"Ketch him! ketch him!" cried Little Kaintuck.

He and Adrian raced for the door together, and arriving at it simultaneously tripped each other up, and both came sprawling to the floor.

"What der yer *mean* by gettin' in my way!" the boy cried, recovering his feet, and turning furiously upon Adrian.

"Well, now, I'll be switched! Who got in *my* way I'd jest like ter know," Adrian began.

But already Little Kaintuck had shot past him in pursuit of the thief. Outside, however, the empty road and shining landscape laughed at him, and the all-too-near woods had evidently gathered the culprit into their shelter.

Mad with disappointment, the boy flashed back upon Adrian.

"He's gone!" he burst out, panting with anger, "he's gone! An' he had his hand in ther till — jest right in it! An' if you had n't er come in messin' things up, I'd er had him fixed in ernother pair of seconds!" He paused, struggling for breath, and shaken by his passion. 'An' I'll tell yer *one* thing, Adrian Blair!" he cried, "ther next time

you see me in er scrap with er feller, I'll jest thank you ter keep *your* fists out er hit!"

"Well, I'll be dogged!" cried Adrian. "You'll thank me ter keep out er your scraps, will you! An' ef I had n't er walked in that identical minute, you'd er had that blamed sassy little neck er yourn jest nater'ly wrung off. You don't erpear ter realize you was bein' choked ter death." He paused, regarding the boy's passionate little figure. "No," he went on, "er course yer don't. I jest b'lieve, 'pon my soul, you thought you was chokin' *him*! Look erhere, Little Kaintuck," he continued seriously, "I dunno but what I'm jest as glad you ain't growed, 'cause ef you was, I'd jest *have* ter fight you, an' hit might so be as I'd git licked myself."

But later, when Adrian was taking his way homeward, he heard the sound of running feet behind him, and, turning, faced Little Kaintuck. The boy's cheeks were crimson from his haste, and from something else.

"Ade," he panted, "Ade, I'm much erbliged ter you!"

"Aw, pshaw!" said Adrian, and walked on again in embarrassment.

That night at supper, Hedrick said suddenly, "If ther's anything out er ther store you want, Buddy, jest say what it is, an' you shall have it fer the way you lit inter that ras-kil this ev'nin'."

The boy looked at him in surprise. Then his face lighted.

"Was hit anything ter do, sure 'nough?" he asked.

"Would hit make up some fer all you done fer me?"

"Oh, pshaw! hit's er whole heap more'n that," the storekeeper returned. "Now, jest say what hit is you want."

Little Kaintuck was silent for a moment. "I don't want nothin'," he said at length.

And the next morning he was gone. On a chair were neatly piled all the things — clothes and the like — that the storekeeper had given him, and the old disreputable

suit of his advent had disappeared from the peg where its limp weight had hung all winter.

Hedrick sat heavily down on the side of his bed, and stared for some time at the things on the chair, all things that go to the make-up of a little boy in the Draft. "Oh, doggone it," he sighed to himself. Afterward he went downstairs, and prepared his solitary breakfast. All day long the sense of loneliness hung over him, clutching him at times with almost a physical grip.

"Well, yer might er knowed it would er been that away," Lloyd Johnson comforted him. "I knowed from ther very fust, he wa'n't the kind er little feller ter show any gratitude. But," he added piously, "he's one er ther Lord's creatures, so I reckon He must have some use fer him."

"Well, if ther Lord kin make any use er *some* folks' spinning measly little kids," Hedrick returned pointedly, "I bet He'll know what ter do with Little Kaintuck, all right."

At the end of the day, when Adrian Blair dropped down on the porch-steps, the storekeeper opened his heart to him.

"I knowed hit was on him," he said, "ther wantin' ter light out. I knowed because hit uster be that erway with me when I was er little ole kid. I uster think I wanted ter see what was over acrost one er them furest way-off blue mountains. It uster come on me mostly when I was grubbin'. Lord, I mind of hit all jest as well, ther kinder black smell er burnt new ground, with ther hot feelin' er everything, an' ther little fresh trickle of er branch runnin' somewheres. An' seems like I could most *hear* them way-off blue mountains er hollerin' ter me. An' I reckon if I had n't er had er mammy I thought ther world of, I'd er took my foot in my han' an' slid out er this little ole Draft like er greased streak. I uster ache so bad ter light out that I'd jest nater'ly lay down on ther ground an' cuss ev'ry blamed thing I could lay my eyes to, with ev'ry bad word my tongue could hand me. So 's I knowed all erlong how it was goin'

ter be with Little Kaintuck. But I sorter hoped maybe he'd keer ernough for me ter stay; an' when he got so big-eyed an' restless-like, an' still he did n't go, I thought hit was me was keepin' him, an' I felt terrible proud; but come ter fin' out, he was jest waitin' till he felt he hed me sorter paid off."

"Well," Adrian said as he rose to go, "I'm mighty sorry too he's lit out. I've been lookin' forred right erlong ter the time when he'd be big ernough fer me ter lick. But maybe," he added philosophically, "it's all fer ther best, fer gin that time comes, I might be so stiff and staved-up that I could n't fight him, an' not bein' able ter would jest break me all up in ther clear."

"I allers did have er nateral born contempt fer folks as says frogs hollerin' on summer ev'nin's makes 'em feel kinder creepy like, but dogged if hit *ain't* er lonesome sound," the storekeeper soliloquized, left alone on his porch.

Yet lonesome as it was out of doors, the half light of the store at his back seemed to hold still more dreary possibilities. The sun dropped behind one of the highest peaks of Droop Mountain opposite; a little shoal of clouds swam from gold to gray across the turquoise sea of the sky, and all the familiar outlook from the store faded wistfully into the blur of twilight.

"*O Lord!*" Hedrick said at length with the irritation of one whose feelings are on edge.

Somewhere close at hand there was a little rustle, and a voice spoke out of the darkness.

"Hello, Buddy!" it said.

The tone was weary, was half-sheepish and half-laughing.

"Well, I'll be doggoned!" the storekeeper cried joyfully.

For a butterfly's instant a hand caressed his knee as Little Kaintuck slid down on the step at his feet.

"I 'lowed I'd druther stay with you, after all," he said, his voice soft and shy in the dusk.

JEAN LOUIS

A. HUGH FISHER

IN the café of the hotel the mayor was playing cards with the notary, the chemist, and the landlord. Outside, the geese waddled between the double row of elms and the old wooden *halles*. It was twilight and growing rapidly darker. You could only just make out the figure on the Calvary, though the decorator, who had come to the town to paint a new tobacco shop, had given it a coat of fresh color, with fine crimson for the wounds, and the limbs gleamed a little in the dusk.

Jean Louis sat down on the low stone wall that goes around the elms. His clothes were old but very strong, as they were made of cloth woven on a hand-loom at a neighboring village. His hair was long and hung over his shoulders in white locks. Jean Louis took out his pipe. It was a little black clay pipe, such as Charles Keene would have loved, with a bowl less than half an inch across. It burned for a very little time, but the filling and lighting were long operations. The tobacco had to be cut from a small, hard nob, and the light to be got from flint and steel. The tinder-box, filled with tiny fragments of charred wood, was made out of part of a cow's horn and had a copper lid fastened with a little steel chain to prevent its being lost.

A stranger who had come out of the café of the Croix d'Or had strolled across the mud, and after looking searchingly at Jean Louis had taken a seat near him on the wall.

"What a great many things an old man like you must remember," he remarked presently.

Jean Louis looked at him and answered slowly, "The chief thing I remember is that I always smoke a pipe when I have any tobacco." Then, after a pause, he added as an

afterthought, "I have worked hard and I do not think often."

"What is your work, old man?" asked the stranger.

"I chop wood for many people and I drag the roots of dead trees from the earth to put in a sack for myself. They burn well and cook my soup and potatoes. In the summer I cut the *blé noir* for the farmers, and the grass to feed their horses in winter. I make soup from the grass, too, for myself; for fifty years I have done these things — ever since my service was over."

"But things must have happened sometimes — in your life?"

"That is true — I have had joys — often I have had miseries also. If I seek in my memory I do not know whether I remember truly or not, and what does it matter? As a child I played at the *gailloche*. I was a great wrestler when I was a lad. No one could throw me. I threw once the greatest wrestler of this country. With a twist of my foot I threw him as he gripped my shoulder; but a fight — no — I never had a fight with anyone in my life. One gains nothing by that fighting."

"But in your years in the army did you not fight?"

"In my seven years of service I traveled much and saw great places — Paris — Africa — Italy — Nantes; but I never saw any war. I was in the 41st of the line. General Chappuis had the division — a fine man altogether."

It was the season of weddings, and out of the darkness came the sound of a *biniou* playing.

"There will be dancing," said Jean Louis; "I found dancing good when I was young, and the girls liked me. Singing is good, too, such as I have heard in the towns where I traveled as a soldier. It is there you hear the good singing: mounted on a table they sing, and when they have finished, everyone claps the hands and shouts bravo!"

"But in all the world what do you like best?"

“Good health,” answered Jean Louis, “and next to that the blessing of the *bon Dieu*.”

“Tell me about your family,” said the stranger, “did you not marry and have children?”

“Yes — I married — but who cares to know about that? I had only one son.”

“Tell me about your wife and your son then.”

“But my wife died ten years ago now. She was a good wife and there is no more to tell about her. She worked hard and knitted always. All her life she had gone with nothing but a little straw in the sabots. When she was dying she begged me that she should be carried to the *bon Dieu* with a pair of the stockings on her own feet. It was a great extravagance, but it was done. It was in the month of June she died.”

“And your son?”

Jean Louis was again silent for a while; then he said, “My son went away when he was a young lad — he would not fight for France and he went away — we did not hear more of him — there is no need to speak of my son.”

“My father, I have come back — I am your son.”

“I do not believe it,” said Jean Louis.

A PARABLE FOR FATHERS

JULIA FRANCIS WOOD

DINNER was perhaps the busiest hour in father's hard-working day. Whatever else Murray and Jean might be learning at college, carving had been omitted from the curriculum. Father was left to struggle alone, as usual, with the huge roasts which were wont to vanish with startling rapidity before the onslaughts of the young Hendersons. No sooner would a first expeditionary force of well-filled plates be sent forth than, before father could do more than cut up Trottie's meat, the long procession would be filing back again to a tumultuous chorus of encores. Between relays, there were the twins' covert scufflings to be suppressed; mother was admittedly the disciplinarian of the family, but father's quiet, "Boys! I had been looking forward to a quiet dinner-hour!" had power generally to soothe the stormier moments.

It was not until everyone else had nearly finished that father, guiltily conscious of delaying dessert, would find leisure for a few hurried mouthfuls, and it was that inopportune moment that Trottie invariably chose to make him a fervent avowal of affection. She must hold father's hand; father must lean over and kiss her. Murray's or Jean's impatient, "Trottie, *do* let father eat. We have an engagement and it's late already," would force an issue between food and caresses. Father had not that strong-mindedness one would wish in such a situation; despite mother's protests, he always weakly declared that he had quite finished, and abandoned himself to Trottie's sticky embraces.

It is needless to state that father did not scintillate during the evening meal. Like most quiet men, he had married a vivacious girl; but even mother's volubility collapsed

before that hubbub of young voices clamoring for the platform. The fourteen-year-old twins kept up a continuous merry altercation, occasionally rising into shrill-voiced vehemence; eight-year-old Trottie, her genial efforts persistently snubbed, took refuge in soliloquy; twenty-year-old Murray and eighteen-year-old Jean held victorious sway of the rostrum, with a running fire of comment on "our crowd" and college reminiscences, varied occasionally by kindly efforts to educate mother and father, or to settle for their benefit any problem, from politics to the rearing of children.

Mother sometimes grew restive under this instruction, but father always listened gravely when Murray corrected his business methods or political views. Sometimes, when the college vocabulary grew particularly vivid, he would lift a humorous eyebrow over at mother and complain, — for father always had his quiet joke, — "Is it for this we've been standing in the bread-line all winter?" And mother would reply cryptically, in horror, "Eastern polish!"

But if father did not talk, there was certainly something radically wrong with the universe when that unfailing background of genial, interested silence was suddenly withdrawn. It began the night when he called down the table to mother, with a gloom that was new to his cheery voice, —

"It's on the twentieth —"

"What's on the twentieth?" demanded Larry, the more irrepressible — if there was indeed any choice — of the twins. "A funeral, I should judge from father's beamish look."

"It's the Loyal Legion banquet at the Carlisle House," mother informed them, "and your father has promised to make a speech."

The youthful Hendersons tore themselves from their ice-cream and exploded in an amazed chorus. Murray voiced the general sentiment.

"I did n't know speeches were in father's line," he said. He had just won a sophomore debating medal himself.

"They are n't," groaned father. "You don't inherit that from me." He put his gray head down into his hands with a dejection that no business cares had ever wrung from him in public. "I can't see how I ever let myself be persuaded into the confounded thing."

This from father was the wildest profanity, and indicated a serious state of mind indeed.

From that moment, it seemed, father was a changed man. As the days drew nearer to the twentieth, his mien became more and more that of a condemned criminal, awaiting execution. At table he was for once deaf alike to repartee or to recrimination; all evening he sat motionless behind his paper, with troubled eyes and moving lips, evidently in agonized rehearsal of the fatal speech.

The extraordinary thing was the effect this had upon the family. Father was a darling, of course — there was no one in the world like him; but in that vivid, effervescing circle of young life, each absorbingly intent upon his own pleasures and ambitions, father admittedly played a relatively unimportant rôle. It was inexplicable, therefore, how the merriest sallies lost their flavor without the applause of his silent chuckle, the keenest triumphs their zest without his pleased smile. Trottie expressed the family sentiment when, in the midst of rapidly appropriating father's neglected dessert, she burst into a prolonged wail. "I'm mizzable! father don't pay 'tention to me."

The morning of the twentieth dawned clear and bright, and father searched in vain with haggard gaze a cloudless sky. It was plain that he had hoped to the last that some devastating cataclysm of nature might prevent the evening's horror. Instead, Fate, grimly relentless, was preparing for him another prostrating blow. Mother, to whom he had clung for mental support throughout the hideous week;

who had alternately soothed his fears and energetically prodded his faltering spirit; who had assured him twenty times each night that it was ridiculous for any man who had had such unusual experiences never to have spoken once at the banquets; that he would find how simple it was once he began; that he knew how much they all thought of him and how lenient his audience would be; that he had promised and could not disappoint them now — mother, at the eleventh hour, after battling valiantly all day, succumbed to a neuralgic headache and took to her bed.

It was late in the afternoon when she called Jean to her darkened chamber and told her that she must go in her place.

“But, mother, I *can't*,” Jean expostulated aghast. “It’s the night of the Farley dance and I’ve promised to go with Harold.”

“It’s too bad,” mother agreed, “but your father can’t go alone to the only speech he’s ever made in all his life — when you know how he’s been dreading it, too. You’ll have to call Harold up.”

Jean explained with exemplary patience. “But, mother, you don’t understand. It would be *awful* to break a date this way at the last moment — when it’s too late for Harold to get another girl. If I had any kind of an *excuse* it might be different, but just an engagement with one’s *own father* —”

But mother was impervious to reasoning. “It’s a very little thing to do for your father,” she declared. “It’s no use arguing, Jean — if you won’t do it, I’ll get up and go myself, sick as I am.”

“Of course, if you put it that way, mother, I’ll have to go,” Jean said stiffly. “Probably Harold will never forgive me, but I suppose that does n’t make any difference.”

“I hope Harold has a little sense,” remarked her mother unfeelingly. “I think Murray should go, too. Is he going to take anyone to-night?”

"He's staggering it," Jean admitted unwillingly. "Lucia's out of town, and he won't take anyone else. But I know he's looking forward to this dance."

There was still that hurt antagonism in her young voice. It was not as if she would n't be glad to do anything in the world for father, she told herself with passionate insistence. But she could n't make his speech for him! And just *going* with him surely was n't worth this terrible sacrifice mother was calling upon her to make. Of course, she could n't explain to mother how things stood, how mean she had been to Harold last night; no direct unkindness of word or deed that they could thrash out openly afterwards, but little intangible wounds of omission — wounds inflicted in sheer girlish intoxication of her budding power over men. Harold had borne them in rigid, bitter silence; all day long she had promised herself to atone for them graciously to-night. And now he would think her amazing message a last unwarrantable stab! He would perhaps never give her a chance to explain — how could she explain anyway when she did n't understand herself what had made her behave as she had?

"Please tell Murray I'd like to speak to him," mother was saying wearily. "And if you're going, Jean, you'd better dress right away."

It had evidently been a stormy session with Murray, too, from the gloom on his handsome brow when he and Jean, mutinous young martyrs, presented themselves coldly to mother for a still unforgiving farewell kiss. She eyed disapprovingly Jean's simple gown.

"I want you to put on the dress you were going to wear to the dance," decreed mother implacably. "You must look your best to-night for your father's friends."

"But, mother," Jean protested, in exasperated justification, "you're always lecturing me to save my clothes, and surely to-night —"

"To-night of all times," declared mother. "Do you realize that your father seldom has a chance to enjoy your pretty clothes — when he has to work so hard to pay for them?"

Jean obediently buttoned her best pink tulle — that cloud of flimsy loveliness which had been destined to delight Harold's adoring eye — over a hotly rebellious heart. She swept down the stairs like an outraged young duchess. Father's tragic gaze lightened for a moment as it rested on her.

"My little girl looks very sweet to-night," he said; and Jean forgot for a moment her attitude of injured martyrdom and gave him an impetuous hug. After all, it was n't father's fault —

Bitterness surged over her again, however, as they went down the steps and turned toward the street-car. How different an exit from her usual triumphant descent to the carriage some eager admirer had waiting for her each evening. For this was in the days when the horse had indeed received his death-blow, but was not as yet socially extinct. Romance, even in the opening years of the twentieth century, still rode to dances in "sea-going hacks," as Murray elegantly termed them.

Something of Jean's thought must have penetrated father's mind, for he turned an anxious eye upon her white coat. "I ought to have had a carriage for those pretty clothes," he said. "You see, I never dreamed I was to be honored this way."

"It does n't matter," Jean assured him.

An uncomfortable little thought had wedged itself into her mind. There was always an equipage of some sort waiting for her; Murray's carriage-bill rolled in each month as regularly as his laundry-bill; but father and mother, the last few years, went always on foot. Was this waiting on the bread-line such a joke, perhaps, after all?

It was a silent ride to the hotel. Father was evidently miles away from them, locked in a last frenzied struggle with the speech. Jean and Murray were lost in bitter dreams of the paradise they had lost. The last dreg of unkindness seemed added to Jean's cup when she surveyed herself in the dressing-room. She had never looked so pretty. "And only those old fogies to see me," she mourned.

The unworthy thought vanished when she saw the light in father's face as she came out into the corridor. All that was best in Jean leaped to meet that look. What did one silly little dance matter anyway? What difference did it make if Harold never spoke to her again, when she had the power to bring such love and pride into father's eyes? In a passion of remorseful tenderness she smiled and dimpled her winsomest as father's friends bent courtly silver heads over her hand and paid her old-fashioned compliments. Even Murray's glumness melted before the touching pride in father's voice as he introduced "my little girl" and "my boy."

Father himself seemed miraculously changed from the quiet figure they had always known. The grim shadow of the speech had evidently lifted, for a few moments at least. He sparkled suddenly with boyish enthusiasm and eager good-fellowship. It was astonishing to see these elderly magnates clapping him on the shoulder, calling him Rolly, bringing up reminiscences of a dashing past which made father's children open their eyes. Was it possible that father had not always been sixty, and merely a lovable background for very remarkable children?

It was not until they were fairly seated at the long table, resplendent in floral swords and crossed sabres, that the real meaning of the occasion came with a touch of awe to Jean. She had known of course that the Loyal Legion were officers of the Civil War. All the children had been brought up on father's war stories. The twins still voraciously de-

manded them; but she and Murray had for some time past felt that the war was a very remote and insignificant topic indeed before the burning issues of college and social life which loomed colossal upon the horizon. They had tactfully concealed this point of view from father. He never knew that when he began, "Just before the battle of Nashville, when we were stationed —," she or Murray would signal silently, "It's your turn this time to listen," and slip from the room.

But somehow father's reminiscences had abruptly ceased — also the invitations to the open banquets that he had wistfully tendered them from time to time. They had always been too busy to go. To-night, this assemblage of white-haired, straight-backed officers — scarred and crippled, some of them — made startlingly vivid the Great Conflict, and dwarfed to pitiful insignificance her foolish, trivial little round of pleasures. Why, these men had done great things — offered their lives that the flag against the wall might still be theirs. And she and Murray had felt it a condescension to give up an evening to them!

She slipped her hand into father's underneath the table. Father's fingers closed about it convulsively, in a desperate appeal very different from their usual comforting strength. He met her startled glance with a brave attempt at a smile, but there was no doubt that father was again in a "blue funk." Jean herself felt a sudden tremor of fear. It was all very well to have laughed about the speech in the safe shelter of home; before this august gathering it took on new and hideous proportions. She felt a sudden passionate desire to throw her arms around father before them all, to cry out to them how dear and splendid he was, even if he could not make speeches.

She could see that Murray was sharing her fears.

"I wish I'd gone over it with you, father," he said remorsefully; "I could have helped you perhaps — and then I could have prompted you if you got stuck!"

The speaking began. One glib-voiced orator after another got up, rolled out polished, graceful sentences, sat down. Jean hated them all with fierce intensity. And now the terrible moment had come. It was father's turn.

"We have among us to-night," the toast-master was saying, "one known to you all as the bravest of soldiers, the most efficient of officers, the best of comrades. No one present has seen more active or unusual service than Captain Henderson. Unfortunately his modesty equals his valor, and we have never been able to persuade him to relate at our banquets any of his experiences. To-night, however, as he is the only officer here who was present at the storming of Fort Blakely, he has relented and promised to make us —"

"Not a speech!" father implored wretchedly. He had been listening to these encomiums in the frankest misery. "You know you promised I need n't make a speech — just talk."

"I stand corrected," apologized the toast-master, amid laughter. "Captain Henderson is not going to speak to us — he is merely going to talk to himself — about the storming of Fort Blakely."

Father did not attempt to rise. He leaned forward a little, and in a very low voice, with his eyes fixed upon his plate, began to speak. Murray's knuckles whitened between his straining fingers; beneath the table Jean clutched father's coat in a convulsive grasp.

"This is the first speech I have ever made," said father simply — "and the last. I am sure you already understand why. But if you want to know about Fort Blakely, — why, I was there, — and this is what happened."

He went on huskily, with an occasional falter or clearing of his throat, to describe the lay of the country, the arrangement of the troops, the importance of the assault. Jean, listening in an agony of pity and tenderness, swept the table with defiant, hostile glances. If they dared to be

laughing at father! If they dared to notice how his dear hand shook as he lifted a glass of water to his lips! Something in the kindly, intent faces reassured her, lifted that intolerable ache of impotent sympathy. Why, they *loved* father — these men! It would n't make any difference what his speech was like — they would understand.

Perhaps father, too, dimly felt this as he went on. His voice grew clearer, his look less haggard. His head was up and he was speaking, still very quietly, but so that all the room could hear, when he brought them to the beginning of the charge —

And then one could see that father completely forgot his speech; forgot his circle of motionless listeners; he was a boy of twenty, riding headlong into a horror of blood and fire and almost certain death, holding in his young hand the responsibility of a hundred lives and the welfare of a nation. This was no "Speech" indeed, but a flaming page torn from history.

They were very silent for a moment when he ended — then the room broke into a thunder of applause. There could be no doubt as to the success of father's speech. The toast-master had to fight for silence.

"There are a few words I should like to add to Captain Henderson's graphic account," he said. "I am sorry to state that he has not been wholly accurate in some details. He entirely neglected to mention that he led that famous charge himself, was the first man over the parapet, and was promoted in consequence for conspicuous gallantry on the field of action."

How they did cheer father then! There were tears in Jean's eyes, and Murray was openly swelling with pride like a young turkey-cock. Father himself looked abjectly miserable, as if he had been caught red-handed in a crime.

At the close of the evening they stood and, in accordance with the beautiful old custom, joined hands in a circle and

sang "Auld Lang Syne." It held a heart-breaking significance for that gray-haired band.

It was far from a silent ride homeward. Father was inclined to treat humorously both his earlier fears and his success, but his children would have none of this.

"It was a bully speech, father — a wonderful speech," Murray told him earnestly for the tenth time. "And me with the nerve to think I could have helped you with it! And, father, why did n't you tell us those things about yourself? You always just talked about the *regiment*! I just burst with pride — those things they said about you —"

Father, visibly embarrassed, protested that everyone was like that in the war; but the eager young voice swept on.

"And, father, I can join next year, can't I? You told me I could when I was twenty-one — I want to *belong* — and go to those meetings with you."

"Why, my boy!" said father; and to Murray's astonishment turned his back upon him and looked steadfastly out of the car-window. "I've dreamed of that since you were a little shaver. The first hour they put you in my arms I began planning —" Father's voice broke and he was silent.

Jean was silent, too, studying with wide-eyed intentness a topsy-turvy world. One short evening had swept father from the obscure niche he had occupied by virtue of being Murray's and her parent into a figure suddenly towering, magnificent. And it was not wholly because of splendid charges and parapets stormed that she saw with new vision: there was the quiet heroism of father's daily life, its selflessness, its constant thought for others, its burdens so gallantly and cheerily borne. As they went up the steps, she flung her arms around him in a storm of emotion.

"It's nothing," she choked at father's alarmed insistence. "I was just thinking, what if anything had happened to you in that dreadful war — and I could n't have had you for my father!"

THE DISCONTENTED ENGINE

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

I WAS sitting on the hillside, scribbling useless and beautiful things on pieces of paper. Above me the ancient elm who is the guardian of that lonely hillside spread his broad limbs to bake pleasantly in the summer sun. Sometimes we would talk together, the elm and I, of the things that I set down on my paper, and he would tell me that they were beautiful but useless — and why; and I was sensible of his praise, as of his blame, for I am not so old as the elm, nor have I stood guard for generations over a lonely hillside. And sometimes a cool little April breeze, who had lost himself in July and still knew not in what quarter lay his home, would stop for a time and play by himself among the steep branches. And then the elm would sing softly to himself, and I would lay aside my scribbling and listen, for his thoughts are greater than his words, just as the songs and thoughts of men are greater than their everyday speech. And some day I will put on paper those things that the elm sang.

Now, as I sat scribbling, an engine came in sight around the haunch of a distant hill, and with much puffing and panting began to climb slantwise up from the floor of the valley below me, dragging behind him a large number of wooden boxes on wheels. He followed with great care and exactitude a double line of shining silver rails, which were laid, evidently, for his guidance; and I understood that he must pass close to me, for the gleaming rails flowed by not more than a long stone's throw below the elm.

He came up slowly, rolling out great masses of smoke, dense as granite, more beautiful than clouds. There was

majesty and great power in his slow approach, and the hill-side shook beneath his ponderous tread. The useless and beautiful things were driven from my mind, and I rose and went down the hill to where, beside the rails, there stood on stilts one of those huge tanks from which none but engines may drink. For, I thought, he will stop to refresh himself after his climb. And so it happened.

I stood beside him and watched the air rise quivering and scorched from the heat of his steel flanks, and heard his long deep breaths of satisfaction as he drank. And my admiration broke from me in words. I have forgotten what I said, but I believe I praised his steadfastness and power, and the ease with which he followed those thin shining rails wherever they led; and I spoke of the beauty of strength controlled, and of the deep satisfaction that must lie in the bringing of these many wooden boxes of precious things safe to their destination.

He crouched beside the tank, and as I talked I heard strange rumblings of discontent in his interior; and when I had finished, he gave an impatient snort and a thin plume of steam faced the warm sun-rays.

"All very fine," he growled in his iron throat. "But *you* have n't trudged the same road day after day, year after year, rain or shine, sleet or snow. *You* have n't dragged across leagues of country hundreds and hundreds of wooden boxes containing who knows what, for goodness knows whom! I'm tired of following these silly rails. I'm sick of doing everything that tiresome engineer tells me to. I want to be free, untrammled. I want to go roaring over the hills in search of adventure. I want to see what's at the back of the horizon. I want to whistle when I please, and see the people of strange distant cities gape with amazement and admiration when I come rocketing down toward them from the mountains; and sleep at night under the stars, lulled by the lisp and murmur of far, mysterious seas."

I turned in consternation to the engineer, who was leaning from his cab. But he only winked, grinning widely.

"They all talk that way," he said. "Hop on front if you want a ride. We're going to start."

I did as he bade, and as we got slowly under way, I continued my conversation with the engine. I pointed out to him that, while his desires were perhaps natural, they were impossible of achievement. "It would not be right," said I. "Your duty —"

"Right!" he interrupted rudely. "If you have a right to these things, why have n't I, I should like to know? Why can't I sit under an elm all day and scribble useless and beautiful things on pieces of paper?"

"That's different," I said.

"Bah!" said the engine; and a shower of sparks flew from his nostrils.

"It is different," I repeated. And I told him of the laws of nature and of the laws of man, and how the latter follow the former, and how one transgresses them at his peril. But I saw that he was not convinced.

We were passing a cottage. About the cottage was a garden, gay with flowers, and in the garden a child was chasing butterflies. The engine sighed wistfully.

"I would like to chase butterflies," he murmured. And, "I have passed this cottage many times, but I do not know what is inside. Some day I shall go down and look in the windows and see for myself."

"You would frighten the little boy," I said.

"I should like," replied the engine with sudden and terrifying vindictiveness, "to frighten that little boy into fits!"

Ahead gleamed water, and presently I saw where the rails led across a trestle spanning a stream in which boys were bathing. As I looked, one boy climbed up on the trestle, stood for a moment slender and gleaming in the sunlight, then dived swiftly and cleanly into the water below. The

engine sighed again and the hot steam of his breath made a cloud about us.

"I should like to do that, too," he said.

There was something in his hoarse whisper that filled me with dread. If, midway of the trestle, the desire to leap should overpower him — With great swiftness I left that engine as he moved ponderously forward toward the gleaming water. The engineer called something after me, but I could not hear the words. I picked myself from the bush into which I had descended, and turning my back so that I should not see that terrible plunge, hurried unhappily homeward. But presently I glanced fearfully over my shoulder. The trestle lay empty in the warm sun. The engine had not jumped.

Many weeks later I again visited that lonely hillside. As I approached the elm, who waved pontifical arms in benediction or greeting, I saw below me in the valley something that had not been there before. A huge mass of red and rusty metal lay in the cool embrace of the green fields. Swiftly I hurried down the hillside, and as I came nearer I saw that it was indeed, as I had thought, the engine. Tarnished and twisted, he lay there, all his might and beauty departed from him. His iron flanks were streaked with rust; his great wheels, which had thundered so mightily across the hills, hurling him, a fierce black comet, down into the plains where the great cities lie, were turned impotently to the empty blue. And I saw that a butterfly had alighted on the rim of the rusty smokestack, and was lazily opening and shutting his purple wings — graceful, unconscious, and indifferent.

Slowly I climbed the hillside, meditating the unhappy fate of the engine.

"He is free now," said the elm. "He is untrammelled."

I looked from the narrow track to the wide field where he now lay. "Yes," said I, "he is untrammelled. There is a

butterfly there," I said after a time. "He is the kind known as a Mourning Cloak. Perhaps —"

"Purely fortuitous," rejoined the elm. "But," he added presently, "he has one satisfaction."

"What is that?" I asked.

"He did frighten the little boy into fits," said the elm.

THE LIGHT-HEARTED

WILL PAYNE

COURT was already in session when the Eldons returned from Europe; but the judge, while at once taking his place on the bench, preferred to spend a month at the north shore cottage, going in to the city in the morning and returning to the cottage at night. He was fond of the north shore, which still kept its summer green.

Dinner over, he laid his wife's hand on his arm and led her to the veranda with a kind of familiar chivalry. She stood by as a matter of course while he pushed her chair to a better view of the lake and touched up the pillows.

He put his own chair on the other side of the door, lifted his neatly booted foot to the porch pillar, lit a cigar, and took in the smoke in calm luxury. The view included the neat lawn with its shrubbery, the white band of shore road, a bit of sand, and the expanse of lake, still as glass, and giving a pearly glow in the dying daylight. Lulling twilight smells of the woods and water spread up to them. The scene was full of a rich repose, and this suited the judge's mood very well.

His fortune had reached a flood as full and rich as the hour. His affairs were in prosperous order. The six months abroad had greatly benefited his wife. She was now better than for ten years, and with good conditions a complete recovery was promised. His daughter's engagement was in every way satisfactory. And the day before Hanford had telegraphed to her the single word, "Success." This meant that the President had agreed to appoint Judge Eldon to the vacant place in the Supreme Court of the United States.

He was then fifty-two, hardly of medium height, and lean, with slightly stooping shoulders. His long face was

smooth-shaven, high-colored, and deeply wrinkled for one of his age. His nose was large, arched, and almost red — a nose of power and dignity, which, with his bright blue eyes and large, half-bald head, gave the character of an urbane distinction that was one's first impression of him. He smoked with deliberate luxury, and was content to let his mind swim with a happy idleness on the full tide of his fortune.

In a moment Anne came out, vigorously floating in her beruffled linen dress. She was a little taller than her father, and gracefully energetic. Her hair was sandy, and in a better light there were traces of freckles on her fair cheeks. She moved a rug briskly with her foot and sat down at the top of the wide stairs that led to the veranda, leaning against the pillar on which her father's foot rested. The judge glanced down at her, his mellow and idling mind smiling approvingly.

She spoke as one who suddenly remembers something.

"Father, do you know of the case of a young man arrested or indicted for some connection with a lottery — a young man named Edward Bunner?"

At the name a shadow fell upon the judge's smiling fortune. "No," he said quickly and interrogatively.

"I thought perhaps it would be in your court," she explained — some way he wished she would look at him, but she kept her eyes to the view. "I understand the indictment was for using the mails for the lottery, or whatever it was."

The silence seemed long to the judge. He nervously flicked the ash from his cigar. "What do you know about it?" he demanded, almost irritably so that she did look around, turning her graceful neck, with a mild surprise.

"Of course, I've lost the run of the court business," he added apologetically.

"Why, Laura Daniels told me about it yesterday morning," she said; "and then Mitty's telegram came and I for-

got about it. I met this Mr. Bunner last fall, a year ago, at the Wayside. Some of the men had him out. It seems he's a Yale man — or was until there was a scrape over cards and he had to leave. I sat beside him at dinner and danced with him. I remembered it so well because afterwards there was a good deal of talk about his having been there. Some thought him not fit, on account of the card scrape, partly, — although I know some nice men stand up for him in that, — and, partly, I fancy, on account of his people. It seems his father has a good deal of money, but is in something rather shady — a bucketshop, is n't it?"

Judge Eldon nodded.

"So it was said he should n't have been asked. But I'm sure I thought him nice. I remember his jolly brown eyes and white teeth under a little moustache, for he was laughing all the time. Others of the girls thought him nice, too. So when Laura told me this, it interested me."

Mrs. Eldon spoke in her soft, even voice. "Bunner, Arthur? Was n't that the name of the odd couple that used to come out to see us, or you, rather, of a Sunday — the fat man you'd known in the boarding-house?"

"It was the name," said the judge. "I fancy this is their son."

"I judge they are getting rather promiscuous at the Wayside then," was Mrs. Eldon's comment.

"Are n't we all more or less promiscuous, mamma?" the girl asked.

"Possibly, but not that promiscuous, my dear," said Mrs. Eldon.

The women seemed to have completely dropped the subject, and, again, Anne was mildly surprised when her father prompted: "Laura told you, you say —"

"Why, Laura's account was that he had backed some gambling men in starting this lottery arrangement, whatever it was — had given them the money to start it and

shared the profits. It seems it was an awful swindle, and a great many people lost money through it, and the two gambling men ran away, and some clerk told about Mr. Bunner's being a partner, and he was caught. I thought it would be in your court."

Judge Eldon cleared his throat. "I suppose it will be in my court if it's a mails case," he said.

The subject was dropped. The judge looked out at the lake, smoking quite mechanically. It darkened within his mind faster than without. Out of the gray flood of his fortune something arose, took form, presented itself to him sombrely. This feeling of the incursion of the ominous thing was so acute that when the shabby cab from the station rattled up in the dusk he knew whom it would bring. He was even faintly surprised when only one figure — a woman's — alighted and came up the lawn, instead of the two he had expected. He awaited her with helplessness.

She made out his figure as she approached, and came straight up the steps to him, ignoring the mother and daughter. He arose and bowed.

"I wish to speak to you," she said, her back to the women.

He bowed again, conducted her through the invitingly roomy hall to the library, where he shut the door and turned on the light.

He noted, mechanically, that she had grown somewhat stout, but kept her rather fine, full-blown figure. Her black hair was peppered with gray under the large hat. Her bold black eyes under their heavy brows glowed at him with a large passion. The many jet ornaments on her silk cape jingled slightly as she moved, and he saw — some way it seemed very pathetic — that she wore big diamonds in her ears. She ignored the courteous suggestion of his hand to a seat.

"What are you going to do with my boy?" she demanded.

He felt the settled passion in her controlled voice as he had seen it in her eyes.

"Perhaps it hardly remains with me to do anything, Mrs. Bunner." He threw up the first little defense that came to him. He saw the muscles of her jaw harden with the effort at self-control, and her eyes snapped.

"You mean you will let it alone?"

He considered a moment, and spoke frankly. "I am infinitely sorry. But you should not come to me — the court — with a suggestion. Don't you see?"

It took her an instant to get the point. Then her lips drew in a wintry smile. "It would be a little crooked, eh — if you said beforehand what you were going to do? It would n't be up to your fine character?"

Her sarcasm was plain enough. He answered mildly, "I have nothing to say to you in defense of the character of Arthur Eldon. But I am the court. To pledge myself beforehand —" The vexatiousness of the situation came to him. He threw up his hand. "Oh, why did you come here, Mrs. Bunner?"

"Because I am mad." She flung down the statement with a superb pride. "What would you have done if I had left it to you? What have you always done before? You took the money and my husband went to jail. After he got out you could have helped him. You had a fine wife and a fine position. It is n't so easy for a man out of jail. He had a wife, too, you know. You turned your fine backs on us. Never mind that" — for she saw he was about to interrupt. "If we were n't up to your class that was our fault, of course. But I wanted my boy started right. He would have plenty of money and an education. A little help would have got him all the start he needed. I swallowed my pride and tried again. You know how well I succeeded."

The judge was looking down, but he said quietly, "I dare

say no one knows better than you that one's wife does n't always take the view one recommends."

"It's true enough that I don't take Adam's view," she replied. "There is n't an atom of resentment in his body. You know that, Arthur Eldon. No doubt your wife was to blame, not you. But it's you now. My boy stands just where you stood twenty-seven years ago. Only his friends did n't keep their mouths shut and take the punishment, as Adam did. They ran away. It's you, now. You can save him as his father saved you, only without its costing you anything. I know how you can turn your fine back. I'm not on my knees begging anything from you, Arthur Eldon—"

Her controlled voice choked for a moment. She trembled all over so that her jet ornaments tinkled and the pathetic diamonds shook in her ears.

"I want justice for my boy. I want you to pay what you owe, and save him from —" She lost her voice an instant. "My God! his father was in jail, too. Do you understand that? I want justice, and I will have it. I've kept the old memoranda. I can prove everything."

Her eyes burned and her bosom moved with her quick breathing as she confronted him, struggling to keep herself in hand.

"I am not good-natured, Adam Bunner," she added in a steadier voice. "I am mad."

Judge Eldon raised his eyes. It was very painful for him to look at her; but his face was firm, his bright-blue eyes met her impassioned gaze with an inflexible steadiness. He spoke very quietly. "Mrs. Bunner, I will make you no promise to-night. It was unfortunate that you came here. I assure you it will do no good to pursue this subject further at this time. You must leave it with me."

She seemed ready to strike him, and bit her lip hard.

"Yes, I must leave it with you," she said, after a moment.

"I will leave it with you. But I'm going to have justice. You can save my boy or go down with him." She turned to the door, but added, over her shoulder, "I have the papers, not Adam." With that she went out rapidly, never looking at the two women on the porch.

After a few minutes Judge Eldon went to the sideboard, took a small drink of whiskey, and walked out on the porch.

The two women were looking at him inquiringly, so he explained at once:—

"That was the young man's mother — Mrs. Bunner. I knew her and her husband long ago. It was very painful."

They understood a mother's impossible plea and sympathized with the judge.

"I remembered her at once," said Mrs. Eldon in her soft voice. "But she gave me no opportunity to show it. Her manners seem not to improve with age."

After a moment the girl spoke up musingly: "To face a sentence to jail — how dreadful that must be."

The judge made no comment, and they understood that he did not wish to speak of it further, so they fell silent. Judge Eldon mechanically resumed his cigar.

Anne was the first to see the yellow dragon-eyes of the automobile advancing through the wood, and when the machine did not turn off at the corner, but held on toward their cottage, she sprang up.

"It's Mitty," she said, and no one would have needed an interpreter of the joy in her voice.

She ran down the steps and was at the gate by the time Mitchell Hanford reached it from the other side. He looked even bigger than common in his broad-brimmed, low-crowned, stiff straw hat and light, baggy suit. He took her hands.

"You got my wire?" he asked.

Not answering, she looked up at him with fond eyes,

smiling a little. "It was fine, Mitty. I'm very glad — and very glad to see you."

"Oh! But if I had failed?" His joyous laugh rang out as he teased her.

She took his arm and brushed her cheek against his shoulder, as if to say that he could joke as much as he pleased but he knew better.

She was twenty-four. Mitchell Hanford, editor of the *Daily Republican*, was eleven years older. He had an assured manner, the air of coming from among men, and his attitude toward the girl was in keeping. They were jolly friends together, without much love-making. A pressure of the hands, a kiss for good-night was all, as though they trusted each other so fully that pledges were unnecessary. The girl told herself that this was partly why she adored him.

They came up to the porch together. Hanford went at once to Mrs. Eldon. His hand rested on the back of her chair and he stooped a little as he spoke to her, laughing. There was something indefinitely protecting in this, like a good son. As she looked up into his handsome, laughing face, full of strength and good-humor, she felt that she was to have a good son and was glad.

Even Judge Eldon, as Hanford shook his hand, laughing, felt vaguely comforted amid his trouble. The other man's warm and powerful current lightened his chill.

"It was managed very handsomely, Mitty," he said in acknowledgment.

Mrs. Eldon drew the shawl up on her shoulders with a gesture simple but oddly proud. "It was his due," she said. "There could have been no real competitors."

Hanford laughed. "That's true. It took only a little time to convince the President that the other fellows were mere imitations — especially as Illinois is going to be very important in the fall elections."

The girl walked down the veranda, waiting for him, and when he joined her she asked at once, "Did you really have much trouble?" She had an eager woman's interest in these men's affairs of his. It seemed to her that it would be impossible to have an unplaced, unimportant youth for a lover.

"Oh, not much," he answered lightly, "except that Aguinaldo bobbed up as usual." Aguinaldo was his name for Hargass, the junior Senator from Illinois, who was always at outs with the party organization. "He was very modest — for him. He would agree to Judge Eldon's appointment provided the vacant district court judgeship be handed over to his hopeful brother-in-law Durkin. Otherwise he would raise a row and hang up the confirmation in the Senate."

"The President would n't like that," she said.

"Naturally the President would n't like to have his nominee for the Supreme Court openly opposed by the junior Senator from the nominee's own state. So Dick took Aguinaldo up into a high mountain — and pushed him off. That is, he agreed to get Durkin the nomination for West Town Collector next year. You see, Dick has already agreed to let the professional reformers pass their perennial bill to abolish the office this winter — so next year there won't be any collectorship." He tilted back his head and laughed again.

She smiled a little over his free-handed zest for the game.

"So it all came out beautifully, you see," he added. He was sitting on the veranda rail and had taken off his hat.

She leaned against him, slipped her arm over his shoulder, and kissed his cheek lightly. "But it is n't nice to have to do those things, is it, Mitty?"

He understood that she was coaxing him to be good, and he was rather surprised at her view of it.

"Well, you see, I needed that Supreme Court appoint-

ment—to bring home to you,” he answered, half in earnest.

Two days later as Judge Eldon sat alone in his chambers, Smoot came in.

The famous criminal lawyer was of a large and heavy figure. One noticed at once his thick lips and blunt nose. His ears, under the mane of dust-colored hair, were small and odd-shaped. His entrance impressed the judge disagreeably, as the approach of a dirty object impresses a fastidious man. He did not speak or rise, but looked impassively at the lawyer, as if to ask his business. Judge Eldon was one of those who had never paid an amiable deference to Smoot’s enormous success. He knew the man for a blackguard, and did not, like most of the others, act as though he thought him a gentleman because he was rich and powerful.

He knew that Smoot was too acute to overlook the coolness of his manner, but the big lawyer hitched a chair over, sat down at the judge’s elbow, tossed his light felt hat to the table, and crossed his legs as comfortably as though he had been solicitously invited.

“I came to tell the court my troubles,” Smoot began calmly. “You know I’m defending young Bunner in this lottery case.”

A shock of apprehension went through the judge’s heart. Smoot’s eyes, of a light-gray color, were upon his with a look indescribably impudent and alert, and there was an odd, angry struggle in the judge’s mind against the startled question that leaped into his own eyes and which he knew Smoot to be watching for.

“I want to arrange with you for a hearing in chambers of an argument to quash the indictment,” said Smoot coolly as before.

“Why in chambers?” the judge demanded with sternness.

“There’s a woman in the case,” said the lawyer. “She’s a holy terror, too. It’s the boy’s mother. Unless you’ll

give me an order to gag her, I can't keep her from making a scene in court if the case should go against her son."

"I dare say the court will be able to preserve order," said Judge Eldon dryly. His bright-blue eyes now met the lawyer's impudent look firmly. He saw it plainly enough. Smoot knew — and was stirring him around with a dirty finger preparatory to pushing him into a hole. He felt a nausea over this nasty intrusion upon the innermost part of his life — the smutty-handed Smoot playing at toss and catch with his conscience and honor. He was sick, but his eyes were firm.

"I suppose the trusty bailiff will be on hand," the lawyer replied composedly. He picked a thread from his coat. "The fact is, it's something personal. She wants to pitch into the court and unbosom herself to the newspapers to the extent of a front page or so — with pictures and a diagram marked with a cross to show the spot. Nobody wants anything of that sort, except this crazy woman — and the newspapers, of course. I can't avoid a certain responsibility. At a hearing in chambers —"

"Why not a hearing in open court, if it's to be agreed beforehand that the indictment is to be quashed? That's what you mean, is n't it?"

The insolent light-gray eyes examined the judge's face, and with a manner which for perfect impudence could not have been bettered, Smoot replied, "Well, you know, judge, that earthly power doth then show likest God's when mercy seasons judgment."

"As an attorney you put yourself in an extraordinary position."

"Oh, my position now is friend of the court, you see."

"Any suggestion as to the disposition of the case must be made in court. I think there is nothing further to say, Mr. Smoot."

Smoot looked at the judge, believed he had him limned, and let the twinkle of a hidden smile show in his eyes. "I suppose there is nothing more to say — until a motion is made to take the case from the jury," he answered cheerfully, and picked up his hat.

Judge Eldon watched the large figure out of the door. He was thinking bitterly: "It was like a mad woman, first to come to me, then to bring in this blackguard."

That night at the dinner-table he was absent-minded, a thing most unusual with him. Once or twice he noticed Anne looking at him questioningly. After dinner he stepped to the veranda, but at once went inside and to the library. After a moment he came into the hall and sat alone, without smoking, staring at the door. Several times Anne's figure, on the veranda, came into view and he looked at her with a strange, increasing interest. He tried the library again, and came back into the hall, standing by the library door. When Anne came tripping in for a shawl she saw him standing there, looking at her.

It was in his usual voice that he said, "I should like to see you, Anne."

He closed the library door after her, and motioned to a seat. As she was taking the seat he said abruptly, "Do you suppose you could get your mother to go to California with you, this week, for the winter?"

She understood that some strange upheaval threatened; but she forbore to ask a question, replying simply, "I will try, if you wish, father. You know how it taxes her to travel, and she has just come home."

Her steadiness pleased him. He paced across the room, his head down, came back to the fireplace, and looked at her earnestly.

"You spoke of the case of Edward Bunner. His mother came here to see me, you remember."

"Yes," she said, every fibre attention. She saw how he

passed his hand nervously over his chin, — her urbane, composed father, — and her heart beat fast.

He put both hands behind him and took his wrist in custody as was his habit when making a speech that required fixed thinking, and faced her squarely.

“I once lived in the same boarding-house with Adam Bunner, this boy’s father. I was a young man then, just admitted to the bar and trying to get a foothold here in the city. It was pretty slow work. Bunner was a good-natured, careless, sporty young man. I found him interesting. He was running some sort of game where he sold a magic hair-restorer or something like that by putting advertisements in the country papers and getting people to send him a dollar for a sample package. Of course it was the merest swindle. That was part of the joke to Bunner. I suppose this swindle and Bunner’s attitude more or less amused me, too. I had something of an outlook in very good society, thanks to a letter I had brought, and I had a taste for that. I had met your mother and fallen very much in love with her at the first. I was then earning about a hod-carrier’s wages in the law office, and it was a pretty desperate fight to keep up the front that seemed necessary if I was to go on with your mother and her friends. I had a little money from my mother. By the time I got through school and came in here there was a thousand dollars left for the campaign, and by the time I am telling you of half that was gone and I was getting blue. Remember I was a youth then, about your age, much in love, and with all a youth’s impatience. In short, I was ripe for a reckless stroke. Well, Bunner had talked with me several times. He had a brand-new scheme. He was around the race-tracks more or less and knew a good many sporty men. He proposed to get up a sort of blind pool to bet on the races. His magic hair-restorer was keeping him going, but he had no ready money at the time. I lent him my five hundred dollars to start his scheme.”

His eyes had not left hers. So far her face had shown only a kind of wonder. It did not change now. The judge moistened his lips and went on firmly:—

“I cannot say now that I gave myself much concern over it. I believe I was more anxious lest I lose my money than over anything else. I did not go much into the details of the scheme; but I knew perfectly that it was going to be more or less a swindle, for Bunner was that sort. I believed that he would win, for he was that sort, too. We called it simply a loan of money. I refused to have it any other way. Bunner laughed and let it go at that, for shouldering moral responsibilities was quite in his line. Yet I knew well enough that he proposed to return me my money at least several fold out of his winnings.

“Well, Bunner extended his patronage of the country newspapers, only instead of selling people hair-restorer he sold them shares in his pool. The scheme was remarkably successful. At intervals Bunner handed me over various sums of money — interest on the loan, he said, although the interest amounted to many times the principal. With the money that Bunner thus handed over I maintained myself and pursued such social advantages as I had. This was a great help to me professionally. Most of all I was able to keep my place as suitor to your mother, and less than two years after the loan to Bunner I married her. She had a considerable property, as you know, and with the connections of her family I was very well on my feet. Even before that, from time to time, I had promised myself that I would formally end the connection with Bunner by telling him the loan was canceled. Bunner, however, was busy preparing another and larger scheme and giving less attention to the pool. In short, for six months before my marriage I scarcely saw him or heard from him. I was taken up with other matters, as you may suppose, and I had a light-hearted disposition that easily absolved itself from care.

He sent me a sum of money just before the wedding. I was much too busy to return it. Besides, it came in handily for the wedding journey to Europe. While we were on that journey Bunner was indicted for a fraudulent use of the mails. His whole pool swindle was exposed. I got back and found him under bonds and about to stand trial."

The judge's eye had been growing harder as the girl's eyes quailed, as though her shrinking nerved him to cut steadily and to the bone.

"It was worse than I had ever suspected. I had supposed all along that it was a more or less dubious game played by a superior gambler upon inferior ones — the sort of merry dog-eat-dog affair that one would expect of Bunner. But there is no doubt that many poor, foolish people were caught in the net. No one can tell who, for such records as existed were destroyed at the first sign of trouble. So the undiscoverable losses of many poor people whose money I had spent still stand in the account. Of course, I saw Bunner. He had acted toward me with that loyalty which is part of his character. He had never mentioned my name. He said, 'It won't do any good to drag you into this.' I did all I could to get him ably defended, but it was a clear enough case. He was fined five thousand dollars and given a year in jail. I tried to get him a pardon, but failed. When he came out of jail he married the young woman who had been his secretary, and who knew all about our relations. I made an attempt — half-heartedly, perhaps — to interest your mother in Mr. and Mrs. Adam Bunner. You can guess how they struck her, especially with the jailmark. Bunner and his wife are intelligent. After a trial or two they came no more. Bunner went into several things, all dubious, but within the law, and finally into this bucket-shop. He has made a lot of money. Their son grew up. If the mother then wanted the social recognition which she thought due to her income, I believe it was more on her

son's account than her own. I would, honestly, have done much to help her. But you can understand your mother's attitude. Mrs. Bunner thinks I turned my back on them. Perhaps when all is said and done I did. But one can't socially turn his back on his wife. Well, the son, it seems, rather takes after his father. At any rate, he went into this lottery scheme with some gambling friends, young Bunner furnishing the money. They ran away and left him to face the charge. So Edward Bunner now stands just where I stood almost thirty years ago, except that he has been found out and is coming up for trial next week — before me. Mrs. Bunner demands that I discharge the young man and pay my debt. She threatens, otherwise, to disclose the old connection. She has some documentary evidence of it, too."

He saw the pale girl at the table, her lips slightly apart, a line of pain down the centre of her forehead, staring in bewilderment at a strange man, a man she had never seen before, who had somehow slipped into her father's skin. As the first quailing in his daughter's eyes prompted him to strip the ugly truth more resolutely so now her complete alienation from him moved him to walk over and sit on the table near her.

"I would have helped the Bunnors in this," he went on. "Yes, I would have used my office to pay my debt if she had let it be a matter between my honor and myself. But she made an irretrievable mistake. Of course she was wild. She thought I had turned my back on them before when I might have helped for the son's sake, and this other peril of his made her lose her head. All her passion seems to have centred in giving him a footing on a higher social plane than her own. So she came here and threatened me. That was bad enough. But that was not the greatest mistake. She went to Smoot, retained him to defend her son, and told him this story. You do not know Smoot. He is a black-

guard to the middle of his soul. He prospers by entangling judges. His dirty fingers are always reaching toward them. So I will not quash the indictment, and she will publish her story."

For the first time she spoke, lifting her hands to the arms of the chair. "Would that — the consequences of that — be very important?"

"Naturally it would upset the Supreme Court appointment, and then I should no doubt resign from the bench. You can guess what a find it would be for the newspapers — 'Judge Eldon a partner in a swindle; his fortunes founded on a crime.' And what I chiefly dread now — is your mother."

The girl looked as though she might cry out from sheer pain. Her face was drawn. "But — is n't there some way — something that can be done — some way out of it?" she asked.

He had seen her staring at the strange man, the swindler who had some way slipped into her father's likeness; and he understood that now, struggling with repulsion and fear, it was as though she cried out, "Oh, you who have cheated us all our lives, can't you save us from this?" He had prepared himself. Nevertheless, it was a bitter moment. His heart smarted.

"Of course, I could quash the indictment," he said very dryly.

She looked a perplexed question, a little touched with hope.

"I shall not, however, though they ruin me," he added quietly. "I did that bit of dirty work that I have been telling you about in my youth. You can imagine that what followed was a profound shock to me. It changed me. I have never forgotten that shock. I know what it is to have something to hide. There are nearly thirty years since then without a spot on them, as open, before the Lord, as the

day. Do you imagine that I am going back of the thirty years now — to renew my thing to hide? It's true I owe the Bunnors something. But I don't owe them the honor of all my later life. I belong to what I have made myself now, not to what I was then, and I'm going to act according to what I am now, not according to what I was then. I might have quashed the indictment of my own notion; but not for a bribe of their silence. Do you imagine I'll let that scoundrel Smoot bribe me — take him into my life? Oh, no, my dear. Whatever I once was, I now am the Judge Eldon that you and your mother know. Could Smoot's dirty finger touch him? Never! I'll stand or fall by that, my dear."

The girl leaned swiftly forward. Her hand covered his. "Father! It's fine!" her voice trembled. A mist of gracious tears came into her eyes. She leaned her head to his knee, saying, "You are my father! Daddy, you are my father!"

The judge touched her hair and was silent a moment. Then he took her head in his hands and had her look up. "You make it worth while, dear," he said. "But the main point is — your mother. She has lived almost out of the world these ten years. She has not the vital hold on life that you have. It would be dreadful for her. That is what I fear now. Yet I am rather helpless alone. You and I can understand each other. But we must not forget that this thing exists. This act was done, irretrievable, and it seems minded to return now and ask payment. I am as ready as a man can be — only I don't want your mother to pay."

"No — she must not — if anyone can prevent it," she said. "About her going away — I don't know, father. I'm afraid she will not. If there were some other way —" She puzzled painfully over it a moment, but could see no way. "I will talk to her in the morning and see how she is disposed." She puzzled over it again a moment and looked up at him with a kind of mournful fondness, her hand on his

shoulder. "It seems that one should be permitted to take one little day in the past and bury it, does n't it, daddy?"

"They're not so easily buried," said the judge.

As they had feared, Mrs. Eldon laughed away all their schemes for a journey. The last days of the week slipped by and Sunday came. The trial was set for Tuesday morning.

Anne had been sleeping badly. She questioned the night as well as the day for an answer to her riddle. Sunday she passed another restless night. She looked from her window at the dim, sleeping wood, dozed a little and started wide awake with a great quake of fear, for fate had stolen up in the doze. It was dawn — of the only day before the trial.

They kept up appearances at breakfast. Her father went to the train without speaking to her. There was no need of speech.

Mrs. Eldon was uncommonly well. She moved freely about the house, very happy to be able to exercise a house-keeping interest. Various domestic arrangements occurred to her, and she discussed them with Anne, often gayly.

Strange schemes started up in Anne's brain — fantastic lies to lure her mother out of town, bogus telegrams calling them away. These poor, mirage breastworks which her imagination threw up faded as soon as formed. Nothing of that sort would do. The girl's vision had become clairvoyant. She perceived truth in her mother's beautiful, soft dark eyes and knew there must be no lying. That was one of the stakes to which they were tied.

Her mother was so happy — and this one day of grace was passing.

Among the fantastic schemes there was one, hardly more substantial or promising than the others, that had come to her twice in the night. She had thought of Edward Bunner, seeing again his merry, youthful brown eyes, ruddy, good-humored face, and smiling lips with a jaunty moustache over them.

Now, as she and her mother were sitting at lunch, while she pretended to eat, and her mind wandered, this fantastic scheme drifted back again from its limbo. She happened to glance up at her mother. Mrs. Eldon, too, had ceased eating. She was looking up, smiling a little, her worn face soft with the look of a fond woman.

"I just remembered," she said, "that he will wear a silk gown when he is a justice."

Her eyes were upon her husband's portrait, and she gave a little laugh.

"Yes," said Anne, and arose. In the second her purpose had settled.

She went into the library where the telephone was and looked up the number she wished. While she was waiting for a connection with the city she consulted her watch and calculated that by quick work she could catch the 1.48 train. A few minutes later when Mrs. Eldon inquired for her, the maid said she had gone for a walk.

Anne was at home when the judge arrived for dinner, but at the table, for the first time, she failed to keep up appearances. She was pale and noticeably indisposed. Her mother thought she had walked too far.

Directly after dinner the judge made an opportunity for her to find him alone in the library. She came in at once.

"Anything — happened?" she asked.

"No," said the judge. He looked at her questioningly. "Have you been to the city?" It was understood between them that she was not to go to Mrs. Bunner, for the judge knew that would only humiliate her needlessly.

"I went to the city," she said. She came up to him and put her hand on his arm. "Dear daddy, I think I've failed all around."

The term of babyhood, the forlorn note in her voice, her weary face, cut to the man's heart. He took her in his arms.

"Dear girl! I never meant to make it so hard for you.

I was thinking of her. I should be sorry I told you, only you would have to know in the end anyway. As for your having failed, no matter. I have failed abundantly enough. I have lived a day too long, my daughter. I wish to God it were not so; but we can only take what's coming. There's one thing, Anne, we've known each other better."

She kissed his cheek. "I'm afraid," she said; "but I'm coming to court to-morrow. I could not bear to be any place else."

There were some motions to be heard in the morning, and it was after eleven o'clock when the case against Edward Bunner was called.

The case proceeded with the usual tedious decorum of a federal court. Judge Eldon leaned back in his large chair, sidewise to the desk, listening with an air of rather bored judicial dignity, and having little to do, for there were few objections, and those were not pressed. The court habitués noted with surprise that Smoot was not fighting his case, and they surmised that he had something up his sleeve. The newspapers had made a feature of this trial of a rich man's son, but to people who go to court for a show the case promised indifferent amusement, neither a murder nor a woman being involved, so the benches allotted to the public were only half filled. Now and then a spectator got up and tiptoed out in search of livelier diversion. Now and then one tiptoed in, slid into a seat, and tried to interest himself.

Miss Eldon declined the seat beside the judge which would have been at her disposal, and took one in the front row of spectators on the left. The young defendant sat at a table inside the rail. Smoot sat on the other side of the table, his long legs comfortably crossed, his hands in his lap, a slight, attentive frown on his face. Mrs. Bunner sat behind her son at the end of the table, very erect, her powerful dark eyes oftener upon the judge than upon the

witness or attorney. Judge Eldon had given one quick glance in that direction as he took his seat, and noticed that Adam Bunner was not present — also, that a black-silk bag lay on the table in front of Mrs. Bunner. Then he had turned his back.

Several times during the forenoon the young defendant looked over at the girl in the front row of spectators. If her face was averted he looked at her for some time, as though powerless to look away. Once her eye met his and he smiled a little. Again when her eye met his he looked away quickly and moved nervously in his seat.

The tedious formalities of the trial proceeded. At half-past twelve court adjourned until two. Judge Eldon stood up and waited for his daughter to join him. Mrs. Bunner leaned forward and plucked Smoot's sleeve. They whispered together a moment. Then Smoot arose, walked rapidly and confidently forward and up the steps to the bench and spoke to the judge, Mrs. Bunner's eyes following him. Anne was at the gate in the rail which divided bench and bar from the public. As Smoot went ahead of her, she hesitated there a moment looking up at her father and the lawyer, the latter talking and frowning. Young Bunner's eyes were fixed upon her upturned face. He turned a little pale and was about to rise and go to her when Smoot stepped away and she hastened forward to join her father.

They went into the chambers. The judge looked at her with a painful dryness in his eyes. It seemed to her that he had grown much older.

"When the testimony for the prosecution is in," he said, "Smoot will move to take the case from the jury and discharge the prisoner. If I overrule the motion Mrs. Bunner will make a scene in court that will give her an opportunity to tell her story to the reporters. She has her documents with her. I have ordered some lunch sent in here."

"I supposed it would be something like that," said Anne.

Subconsciously both understood their state. In that pause before the crisis all their powers went to sustaining the nerves and keeping up the physical form of life, leaving the brain dull. They had nothing to say to each other.

"I think I will go out and get something to eat," said Anne dully. "I shall feel better for walking a little."

"Yes," said the judge sympathetically. "Anne! I would n't come back if I were you. There's no need."

"I should go mad waiting," she said, as though she were making a commonplace statement.

He stared after her helplessly as she went out. Lunch was placed before him. Mechanically he ate a bit of the repugnant food and sipped the tea, the while looking fixedly out of the broad window at the sign-littered store-fronts across the way, but hardly seeing them. After all, he might be able to grant Smoot's motion. Smoot was a good lawyer, and he might present some strong warrant for the court's interference. Perhaps he had discovered a fatal flaw in the prosecution's case. In a way the judge was aware that this was mere weakness, but his mind dragged helplessly around it. The first thing from the outside that really penetrated him was the cry of a newsboy, faintly heard from the street:

"'Nextra pa-por. . . . Big robbery! Get 'nextra papor!'"

And it came to him with a mighty shock that in a few hours they would be crying the extra papers with all about Judge Eldon accused. It seemed to him that he knew how those felt who had waited to be thrown to wild beasts. The minute hand of the clock moved on. He sat in his chair, dulled with pain, waiting helplessly for the stroke of two.

Mrs. Bunner came in early and took her place at the table, on which she placed the silk bag. Smoot and the young man stepped out of the elevator at three minutes before two, still smoking their cigars. The young man was preoccupied and slightly pale. Glancing down the corridor

he saw Anne Eldon standing by the small door that gave to the judge's chambers.

Smoot touched his hat carelessly to the young woman, for she was looking at them, and turned in at the courtroom door. Young Bunner went swiftly by and came up to Anne, his hat in his hand.

"I'm afraid what you told me is true — about my mother," he said. "It is true, Miss Eldon; but I can't change her purpose."

"No," she said, with an odd gentleness. Her candid eyes held his with a kind of sad sympathy.

"What you've done — did yesterday, you know," he stammered. "I think it was fine and I appreciate it. I'm sorry — for all. But it's my mother."

"Yes," she said. "It was for my mother, too — it is for her. We cannot help it." Again there was that oddly humble despair.

He stared at her an instant, was aware of Smoot standing in the courtroom door, frowning. "Well, never mind," he muttered. He turned away, and when he joined Smoot he was smiling, so that the lawyer suspected a bit of youthful gallantry.

The court sat. The trial was resumed. Presentation of the testimony for the prosecution, while dry enough, involved many details. It was nearly four when the district attorney rested. Smoot arose deliberately, almost lazily, and gave notice of his motion to discharge the prisoner.

When Smoot began the argument on his motion the district attorney leaned forward, all attention, well knowing the acute and resourceful mind opposed to him, and somewhat nervous, half fearing that, after all, he had left some fatal flaw in his case which Smoot had discovered and was about to expose. As the argument proceeded his attentive attitude relaxed. He straightened up, then leaned back in his chair, staring around at the court in blank astonishment.

For, as a piece of legal reasoning, this argument of Smoot's was beneath contempt. If it had come from an unknown man, that man would have been set down for a blockhead. Coming from Smoot it could only be regarded as a piece of amazing impudence, the purpose of which was beyond the district attorney's comprehension. So he stared at the court.

But the court's head was bowed. Judge Eldon understood perfectly. Smoot thought he had the judge limned, and he proposed not to leave him a rag of defense. He proposed to make him discharge the prisoner on this ridiculous plea so that between them thereafter there could be no doubt of the motive.

Smoot's drawling voice ceased and he sat down, complacently crossing his legs. The district attorney stood up and spoke a dozen contemptuous words in reply, for mere form's sake.

A hush fell. Mrs. Bunner drew a parcel of papers from the silk bag and held them in her hands. They awaited the court's judgment.

Judge Eldon, still looking down at the desk, put his hand on the arms of his chair and softly cleared his throat to speak the words which would overrule Smoot's motion. But before his lips formed the first word another voice spoke:—

“If the court please.”

He looked up quickly and saw that the young prisoner was standing, his eyes on the floor. Smoot had started forward a little, a scowl on his face.

“I wish to change my plea. I wish to take back the plea of not guilty and make a plea of guilty.” The young man looked steadily up at the judge. “I am guilty, your honor. I knew this was a crooked scheme, and that the men were using my money to go into it. I am guilty. I wish to take my punishment.”

In a perfect silence the young man sat down, and the whole scene seemed hung in mid-air.

Judge Eldon felt himself, too, in mid-air, and it was from that strange suspense that his dry, judicial voice spoke quite mechanically: —

“The clerk will change the plea to guilty.”

These words, in the judicial voice, seemed to bring the scene to earth, and unalterably fix the act. Smoot dropped back helplessly. Mrs. Bunner sat with starting eyes; all the breath seemed to have left her body.

Then Judge Eldon spoke again, almost mechanically: —

“Nothing remains but for the court to pass sentence. The statute prescribes that the punishment shall consist of a fine of not less than five hundred or more than five thousand dollars, or imprisonment for not less than thirty days or more than one year, or both, in the discretion of the court. It is clear to the court that this defendant had no settled criminal intention. He was light-hearted and careless, as many of us who have grown gray and sober were in our youth. He has acknowledged his fault, and in that he is fortunate and entitled to honor. I cannot discharge him under his plea, but I can impose the lightest penalty, a fine of five hundred dollars, and suspend the fine. That I will do. Court is adjourned.”

He arose and entered his chambers. Mrs. Bunner sat with her head leaning on her hand. Anne Eldon passed through the gate in the rail. The young man looked at her. She came up to him and held out her hand. As he stood, holding her hand, he perceived that she was profoundly shaken, and that she honored him, and his heart was uplifted. They said nothing, for Smoot was there. There was no need to say anything. She passed on.

When she entered the chambers she saw the judge standing in the middle of the floor like one amazed. She went swiftly up to him, herself much shaken, for young Bunner's

act stood above both of them and overpowered their hearts.

She touched her cheek against his shoulder and whispered, "We've buried it, daddy."

"Oh, no! Not 'we,' Anne; not 'we!' but you two young people! It was you two young people! You had been to see him."

"Yes. I went to see him yesterday. I had met him. It was only the matter of some casual talk and a dance, yet I felt toward him that he would be my friend. I suppose I thought him nice. You know. And yesterday I went to him — to try to show him how useless his mother's act would be. He could not change her, it seems. But he thought of this other way — to plead guilty — which I had not mentioned or thought of. My going to him in that way — it touched his chivalry, you see. It was very fine, father."

"So fine, my dear, that I never quite felt it before — how fine it is to be fine. I think I never really repented before." He looked hesitatingly at her and she knew that his contrite heart was contemplating a sacrifice.

She slipped her arm over his shoulder. "You must n't make it useless, father — what he did. That was his gift. You cannot throw it away. You cannot go back of the thirty years now any more than you could the other day when Smoot approached you. You are Judge Eldon — Justice Eldon."

"Well — you are right there, Anne," he said. "Yet it is a strange thing — his father would have been capable of something like that, done out of generosity. No, that one day in the past is not buried, Anne. One can never really bury it. And now I do not wish it buried. I wish to keep it by me for repentance and humbleness and charity. That is the most and the least I can do. Let me never forget it."

Hanford came out that evening. Anne walked to the gate with him. He was in his jolliest mood.

"The announcement will be made next week," he told

her, "so you must get ready to have your picture taken for the newspapers to publish as 'The Beautiful Daughter of the New Justice.'"

She brushed her cheek against his shoulder. He had noticed that she was unusually silent to-night.

"Mitty!" She stopped, and, to his astonishment, her voice trembled. "What are you going to do with Senator Hargass?"

His blank surprise continued. Out of it he answered, "Why, throw him in the air."

"You must n't do it! Mitty, you must n't do it!" Her voice was trembling. "Oh, no! no! no!" she cried out, and threw herself upon his breast.

Amid his sheer bewilderment Hanford vaguely perceived that his nice girl had suddenly become an impassioned woman.

ATHLETICS AND MORALS

ELLERY SEDGWICK

AMONG the impersonal forces which mould the character of boys at boarding-school athletics takes first rank. At college this dominance, although less complete, still persists. Yet it is not too much to say that, if the current standard of athletic honor were applied to other undergraduate interests, the training of American youth would border on demoralization. Sit among the college "rooters" and listen to the running comments on a game; join a gymnasium group of schoolboy coaches, and you will gauge the influences at work. In many schools and colleges, particularly in the East, there has been of late years intermittent but decided improvement. Certain brutalities of football have been expunged or modified. The personnel of baseball teams has been confined more closely to the body of genuine students. But it can be soberly stated that underhand, perverted, and dishonest practices are, with honorable exceptions, still part and parcel of undergraduate athletics.

School and college are not mere tiny subdivisions of society. They bear no relation to the natural universe. They are separate worlds, as artificially administered as any laboratory. Outside the barriers of youth we are accustomed to base the laws we make on public opinion; within them the community is compelled to accept an alien code, but its opinion remains its own and the two are in sharp contrast. Nor does public opinion within school or college bear any real relation to opinion in the world at large. A product of an artificial system, it is wholly artificial in itself, based on a curious medley of prejudice and idealism, of romantic honor and highly technical discrimination. Of schools it may be said, with no disrespect to teachers, that

the body of boyish opinion teaches lessons beyond their power to impart. And of colleges a similar statement would not be far from accurate. To shape this opinion, or rather, to use it wisely and with discretion, is, I believe, the larger part of the unsolved problem of education.

Youth is radical, and, at the same time, it is conservative beyond the furthest reach of Toryism. Was there ever a collegian who turned his hat up and his trousers down when custom prescribed a contrary procedure? It is hard to realize the fixity of student opinion once it has run into the mould. A code of behavior may be established in a year; in two it becomes a mark of caste; in four it is immemorial precedent. And, yet, a sudden shaft of idealism will transfix a school or college and alter opinion overnight. The tonic effect of an honest captaincy upon a school team is one of the most exhilarating phenomena of school life.

It is a rule with few exceptions, that the standard of school and college athletics runs level with the standard of public opinion in school and college. Coaches may introduce dirty tricks; an occasional team may be willing to buy a victory at any price; but, in the last analysis, undergraduate policy and action are determined by social rewards and social penalties. If the feeling once gets abroad that a championship has been too dearly bought, the high price will not be paid a second time.

Not many years ago standards of honor in the classroom were not much higher than those on the athletic field to-day. The problem then was much like the problem now. It was solved, not by imposing additional regulations upon the students, but by allowing them to regulate themselves. The tone of student honesty conforms to the public opinion set in the last analysis by a small group of the older and abler boys. If you subject that group to the influences of the larger body, you will have a public opinion less strained and more responsive to the healthy reaction of the normal

mind. Thanks to social discipline the Honor System has triumphed in the examination room: if athletics was generally under the supervision of student councils, directly responsible to the student body, discussion would take a different turn and honesty would follow fast. Dishonesty never thrive on publicity, and never will.

Consider for a moment the condition of the student mind regarding athletics. If a boy moves his golf-ball ever so gently and thereby improves its lie, detection in the act means social annihilation. But note the delicate gradation of the criminal code. If the same boy habitually plays off-side at hockey, he incurs dislike. But if he trips his opponent at football, or saves a run at baseball by unfair blocking, why, then it is merely a question for the umpire to decide.

The memory of men still young is not taxed to recall the time when technical distinctions of like nicety generally prevailed in college tests. To cheat for a "gentleman's pass" was one thing; to cheat for honors quite another. In the latter instance you might be defrauding a competitor; in the former you were simply justifying your right to live. To lie to the Dean seemed about as reprehensible as thanking your hostess for a dull party.

Much blame to-day is showered on professional coaches. Statistics in such matters are naturally not available, but I gravely question whether, when a man's professional career is involved, there is not less danger of dishonest instruction than when a graduate is called upon to pull a team together for a single season. Again, when popular indignation does pursue an infringement of athletic integrity, it commonly concerns itself with the academic status of the players. If a college athlete uses his single talent and plays ball for a living during the summer vacation, then the amateur spirit is troubled as tricking the umpire never troubles it. I do not defend the encroachment of the professional

into the amateur field; I deplore it; but I maintain that our American spirit of sport concerns itself more with technicalities than with that single-minded devotion which gives to the word *amateur* the full significance of the lover who follows sports for sport's own sake.

I have spoken of the moral technicalities of athletics. Even persons with a maturer moral code than student honor may well be puzzled by them. In one of his admirable essays on athletics and decency, Dean Briggs gives an amusing instance of a Harvard end-rush, in the pink of condition, who limped through a hard game, allowing his knee to impersonate, so to speak, the injured joint of the other end, whose weakness had been heralded in the enemy's camp, and, by his acting, deluded his adversaries into attacking his line at its strongest instead of its weakest point. A stratagem, not dissimilar, won eternal renown for the last of the Horatii some twenty-five hundred years before. But, against the deceitful end, it can now be argued that sport is not war, whether it seems like it or not; and that the kind of strategy he practised is as far outside the proper domain of football as would be the screech of a tennis-player calculated to distract his adversary at a critical moment.

It is not alleged, but I believe it to be felt, by young men and boys, that when a member of a team breaks a rule or otherwise takes an unfair advantage in a game, he does so for the sake of his school or college and with no personal end in view, thus placing himself on a moral height infinitely above that of a player who cheats for his own advantage. The fallacy involved seems to us too ludicrous to require comment; one must be a boy again to realize the intensity of the tradition that demands victory for the "honor" of the school.

(In all the questioning regarding athletics, one thing must never be forgotten, and that is its great, its almost essential

importance in education.) The progress of civilization means many good things, but it also means that luxuries are sinking into comforts and comforts into necessities. What Miss Repplier says is true: we are losing our nerve. It is a process more widespread, more insidious, than most of us like to believe, and the forces which battle against it are for the most part sporadic and desultory. Among boys to-day athletics is the only systematic training for the sterner life, the only organized "moral equivalent of war." As every good schoolmaster knows, there is no other substitute for the ancient austerities. No other artificial discipline is so efficient, no vent so wholesome, for the turbulent energies of youth. Athletics must be purified, for athletics must stay. The boy must still obey the expectation of his mates and play; he must not misinterpret the perilous command, "Play to win."

We seem very far away from a generous rivalry of noble sport. Forgetting that the world is growing better, we like to hark back to the Golden Age which never was, and recall some heroic incident which shows the possibilities that lie ahead. Years ago two college teams, intensest of rivals, were playing the decisive game of a baseball series. It was the end of the ninth. One team led by a single run, but the other, with two men out, had two men on bases. Then the batter knocked a Homeric fly to the remotest field. The two runners dashed home. Far to the right, close to the outer fence, a fielder, still famous in song and legend, flew toward the ball. Could he reach it? Not a groan broke the stillness. He is close to it! He is under it! Ye Gods of the Nine Innings, he's got it! No! He's down! His cleat has tripped him. Over and over again he rolls. Now he's up, and there, clutched in his right hand, is the ball.

Did he catch it? Did he hold it? No mortal umpire could ever tell. A roar of protest went up from the benches on the left. With all the dignity of the National League upon

him, the umpire waved to the rocking bleachers to be quiet, so that his decision might be heard. But that decision was never given. Sullivan, captain of the team at the bat, — Sullivan, who was a mill-hand before he climbed the heights of Olympus, — understood the amateur spirit. Disregarding the umpire he ran toward the incoming fielder, and, in the agony of prolonged suspense, cried aloud, “Honest to God, Chick, did you catch it?”

And Chick, the hero, answered, “Honest to God, Sully, I did.”

And so the game was won in the days before coaching was made perfect.

“A PACK OF GUMPS”

ROBERT M. GAY

I WAS thinking to-day about Shaughnessy's parody of *Macbeth*. In those days — I am speaking of the days when we were in college — Shaughnessy was a lank figure, all arms and legs, with shaggy brows, black eyes, a hawk nose, and a rich baritone voice, with which he could say, —

Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand?

so that the shivers ran down your back. Something about the bare white walls of the Tech building always set him seeing air-drawn daggers, usually just above the transom of Brainy's room (Brainy taught English); and he would stand a moment with his loose-jointed body and long legs shaking and then shoot into the air with a howl like a coyote's —

Come, let me clutch thee!

and so disappear down the hall in a series of leapings and swoopings that made the rest of us lean weakly against the wall.

Charlotte Cushman once said that *Macbeth* is the great ancestor of all the Bowery ruffians — “a foolish word,” but an excellent hint for parody, and one that Shaughnessy must have chanced upon. He went to classes seeing air-drawn daggers and clutching at them with the gesture of one catching flies; he pounced upon us hissing, —

There's blood upon thy face!

he scared the under-classmen out of their wits by screaming at them, —

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-faced loon!
Where got'st thou that goose-look?

I have not decided yet whether or not Shawn, as we called him, was a genius; but I had no doubt then. There was a little group of us, — Hetherington and Mangan and Winckelmann were the others, — each, doubtless, queer enough in his own way. Because genius is often queer, it is the part of sanguine youth to think that queerness denotes genius; and I suppose that we were queer to the top of our bent. And before I go on I should add, as an explanation of our peculiarities, that we five formed the fag end of the liberal course in a technical college. With our graduation, the liberal course would die — "peter out," as Brainy often expressed it, with a mournful shake of his head. As a consequence, we went through college burdened with the conviction that with us would disappear most of the sweetness and light of our alma mater, and we did our best to give our scientific contemporaries a vivid notion of what they were about to lose. Why they tolerated us at all is a puzzle, unless they were buoyed up by the realization that we were soon to leave, and that with our going they could settle down soberly to the task of becoming respectable engineers. We on our part worked daily and hourly to vindicate the humanities by giving plays, staging debates, resuscitating the college magazine, electing freehand drawing, and talking endlessly about Literature, Music, Art, and Society, with very large capital letters. We felt that we had a Mission — the salvation of the Liberal Arts — and for four years we fought shoulder to shoulder on its behalf. So far as I can remember, all we accomplished was to make ourselves disagreeable; but we had great fun doing it.

Shaughnessy, six feet two, of northern Irish, dark Irish, extraction, gaunt of face and loose of limb, was the versatile member of our circle. He could act, and play the 'cello, and sing baritone, and draw in charcoal, all so well that he was despondent of ever choosing among his talents one which he could bear to cultivate at the expense of the

rest. I remember my admiring envy of him one day as we sat in the studio on the top floor under old Professor Hertz, drawing from the plaster cast of a foot. It was a Greek foot that had never known a shoe, round and beautiful. Shaughnessy's charcoal sketch grew as if by magic, in black lines, muscular, until old Hertzzy, as we lovingly called him, exclaimed with lifted hands, "Mein Gott, dot foot could kick!" My sketch which before had seemed plump and soft and "Grecian," suddenly came to look like a pincushion; although Old Hertzzy, gentle always as a woman, sought to comfort me by declaring that there were plump and "skeeny" feet, and which one liked best was a "madder of tasde." He did not see the point. The point was that I had merely drawn the model, while Shaughnessy, looking at the same plaster, had seen the straining, ground-spurning foot of Atalanta or Diana, and had drawn that. It was useless to argue with me. I knew. Shaughnessy had what I called genius.

Hetherington had it, too; but his ran to literature. He could write you a poem, an essay, a story, or make you a speech, at a moment's notice. He could speak French like a Frenchman. He could lead all his classes, and yet never be detected studying. I was quite sure that he, too, was a genius, though his special abilities were more within my apprehension.

And Winckelmann had it, perhaps more truly than either of the others. He was a German, thorough, burningly sincere. His industry was terrifying. He was a glutton in his reading. At one time he read Carlyle through, — *Sartor*, *Frederick*, the *Revolution*, the *Essays*, — every word. It took him six months, but he did it. He read Sir Thomas Browne through, too, even to the *Vulgar Errors*. And of course he smoked. All men who love Sir Thomas smoke, usually immoderately. He was philosophically inclined, and was ready at any time to argue you up hill and down

dale, all day and all night, on any subject in metaphysics or morals you cared to propound. In college, I remember, his hobby was convictions. Just to get him to talk, I used to scoff at convictions as a source of action, declaring that all my best decisions were the fruit of chance or impulse. Such heresy was all that was needed to set him going; and many a night he talked "the low moon out of the sky" and "drummed up the dawn," amid clouds of smoke and thicker clouds of speculation. When he was in fettle, he was superb; his face was suffused, his eyes flashed, his hands beat the air, he shouted, he roared with laughter, he all but wept.

We men are accustomed to deride the garrulity of women, yet I doubt if any woman under the sun could compete in loquacity with a pair or trio or quartette of young men engaged in the exchange of views on metaphysics, literature, or art. We two or three or four — for Mangan seldom joined us — spent ambrosial nights. There were no problems too knotty, no reaches of hypothesis too vast, for us to attempt. Agreeing on nothing else, we agreed on a love of Shakespeare the all-inclusive, the metaphysician, artist, naturalist, poet; and chanted his praises, and listened to Shaughnessy read him and Winckelmann expound his thought and Hetherington analyze his stage-craft, many a time till second cock-crow — which is, as the bard himself tells us, three o'clock in the morning.

Mangan, when he found time from his social engagements to appear, smoked his pipe. Mangan was so Irish that he lapsed into brogue on occasion, and wit dripped from his tongue. No one could puncture a metaphysical balloon more adroitly than he. It was his custom to turn the conversation from æsthetical heights or depths to the growing of potatoes or the feeding of pigs. He was touched with socialism, and we all caught it from him a little. He talked but seldom, but when he did, there was no stopping him. We rolled in merriment and begged him to have done, even while we prayed that he would go on.

We were always discovering somebody in those days. We discovered Maeterlinck — or rather, Hetherington, who had spent a summer in Paris, introduced him to us. The Belgian had already written *L’Intruse* and *Les Aveugles*, I think, and *Les Sept Princesses* and *Pelléas et Mélisande* — what names to set youth mad! We all took to writing in the staccato somnambulistic style; except Mangan, who never took to anything except pipe-smoking and socialism. He said he preferred *Mother Goose*. I remember, too, how proud I was to discover Henley, and how we shouted, —

Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody, but unbowed;

and how we crooned, —

The ways of Death are soothing and serene,
And all the words of Death are grave and sweet.

Even Mangan liked that. That was a time of life to remember, when the mind was growing like corn in hot weather. It is a pleasant thought that all over the land there are little bands of youths doing as we did. I get wind of one now and then — some boy with all the fire and foolishness, some girl with all the sensibility and sentimentality, by a chance look or word carries me back, as a whiff of lilacs or mignonette can transport us into our childhood.

He is a poor man who never was foolish. It is appalling to think over what he has missed. I am glad that there was a time when I was omniscient; that there was a time when an opinion was attractive because it was radical, and the “miserable little virtue of prudence” was not a part of my moral code. I think it makes me more charitable toward youth. Whether it does or not, there can be no doubt that the surest corrective and sweetener of life is a vivid memory.

We all wrote, simply wrote, as an outlet for exuberance. I have forgotten the lists of primary and secondary in-

instincts which we used to learn in psychology, but scribbling certainly ought to be among them. The more I talk intimately with boys and girls who have the conviction of genius, the more I am inclined to believe that every one of them has locked away somewhere, in his desk or his heart, a tragedy or an epic or a novel. To have that is normal to their age and temper. We had passed the tragedy-novel-epic stage, I think, and had taken to sonnets and ballads and short stories, the natural evolution. Sonnets to the moon, ballades on some refrain of fate or death, stories in the manner of Poe and Maupassant — these were our avocation at the moment; a little later to give way to Ibsen and Zola and realism, with the Russians as the "discovery" of the year. We went to the ends of the earth and of history for our subjects, and found our inspiration in ancient Egypt, India, Iceland, Cathay, the land of Prester John.

It is a commonplace of the rhetorical textbooks that the student should "find his material in his own observation and experience"; but that is often the last place in which he wishes to look for it. We teachers seek to impose on generous youth the realism that only middle age really likes. We are agitated if our students love Poe and Hoffmann and wish to write stories of mystery, horror, and sudden death. We hold up as models Wordsworth and Arnold and Hardy and Howells, whom no vigorous youth can tolerate. We do not see the significance of the fact that, of all the books read in preparatory school and college, the ones most loved are such as *Romeo and Juliet*, *Macbeth*, *Faust*, *Les Misérables*, *Tales of the Grotesque*. We forget that every worthwhile boy has to go through his *Queen Mab* or *Locksley Hall* or *Childe Harold* period — live it, I mean, as well as read the books. These are the books of youth and that move youth; books that it will read (or others like them) somewhere, somehow; morbid, of course, but recording a step in development without which life is a poor thing.

It is a glorious faculty of youth to detest things as they are and love things as they are not, the old, the unusual, the remote. Only to-day I said to an ingenuous sophomore who desired to write a story about the ancient Persians, "But, Miss So-and-so, do you know anything about the ancient Persians?" "Only what I have read," said she. And then dutifully I proceeded to point out the superior value of direct observation, personal experience, ending by holding up as possible material for fiction her friends, her neighbors, the local policeman, the corner grocer. "If I have to write about corner grocers," said she, "I'd rather not write at all."

It was a feminine answer, but rightly understood was sound enough. For her the ancient Persians were probably more real than the corner grocer, and it may be that she had seen them more truly.

Foolishness, radicalism, morbidity are marks of promising youth, the obvious signs of inward ferment. The melancholy pose, the affection of pessimism and cynicism, the sentimentality, the conviction of genius, that many of us deplore or deride in certain young people, may be as natural to their age and disposition as the sense of immortality of which Hazlitt writes so feelingly in one of his essays. We should rejoice to find them. They are among the indications of spiritual growth. They are at any rate not to be looked for in the pragmatic, the commonplace, the inane.

I often wonder what we should see if we could lift the parietal bones of our young people and take a peep at their thoughts, as the Devil on Two Sticks took off the roofs of the houses. If thoughts were visible, we might make some surprising discoveries. Once in a while the student, who usually talks about anything but his best thoughts, speaks out with startling distinctness. "What right has he to usurp the office of Providence?" said an intelligent and indignant boy to me the other day, referring to a teacher. The teacher,

feeling that said boy needed "sitting on," had, as is the way of conscientious teachers, promptly sat on him. "He said," continued the student in a tide of words that would not be stemmed, "that I think I'm a genius, but am not. How does he know? Stupider people than I have proved to be geniuses. If I think I'm one, what business is it of his? If I get any fun out of it, it's a harmless obsession. Isn't it better to have thought so and been mistaken, than never to have thought so at all?"

I could only reply heartily, "By all means."

I do not know who the teacher was, but his name is certainly Legion. "A teacher," says Julius Hare, in *Guesses at Truth*, "is a kind of intellectual mid-wife. Many of them too discharge their office after the fashion enjoined on the Hebrew midwives: if they have a son to bring into the world, they kill him; if a daughter, they let her live. Strength is checked; boldness is curbed; sharpness is blunted; quickness is clogged; height is curtailed and depressed; elasticity is damped and trodden down; early bloom is nipped; feebleness gives little trouble, and excites no fears; it is let alone."

Not many of us are like that, I think, nowadays. Most of us are on the lookout for strength and sharpness and the rest of the category, down to early bloom. We are only following the law of kind if it is our tendency to propagate teachers and scholars like ourselves. The amount of genius, real or dubious, in any college must always be small. It is an interesting speculation, however, whether it might not be larger if we were not afraid of it. I have been much impressed by the difference of attitude to be discerned among teachers toward scientific industry, on the one hand, and creative originality, on the other. If a boy makes a hobby of scientific invention, we applaud; but are notoriously suspicious of a hobby for creative invention. Here we hasten to mow up the would-be eagle. Why should there be more joy in academic circles over one student who wins a

scholarship than over a dozen who write good stories? It requires some courage to advance the theory that the latter may show the higher qualities. In moments of aberration I have a vision of the day when a creditable novel or book of verses will be adjudged to represent as much brain-power as a doctor's thesis — But let us return to our subject.

Hetherington and Winckelmann and the rest of our band perceived these things obscurely. We had a faculty of white-haired old men, ripe and mellow, who, as I look back at them, seem to have had unlimited charity for the foolishness of youth. I have a theory that old age is in better touch with youth than middle age. The grandsires and grandams of all time are evidence. Through a beautiful foresight of nature the old folk are living their young days over again in memory, and yet have lived long enough to see that if youth is full of joyance and age of care, the care is a matter of no great account while the joyance was the rich reward of life. The old men of the faculty seem to have worried very little about us, academically, dealing more in good advice than in hard lessons. I remember the anecdotes and reminiscences in which they were wealthy and with which they pointed their advice, far better than their facts and theories.

As I look back at them, — Rufy and Hertzy and Brainy and Plymp and Kimby (these were their pet-names behind their backs), — one characteristic common to all comes to me strongly. They were all happy. They chirped and chuckled. Rufy loved to call us "a pack of gumps," and Brainy never tired of telling us that we were very young; yet I think that they enjoyed us almost as much as we did them. I have no impression that they lost any sleep over us, or ever conducted any extended investigations to find out whether or not we were studying. But they did succeed in conveying to us the feeling that the acquisition of knowledge is a joy. The most important lesson they taught us was that a man might be a scholar and be old and yet be

happy — an impression we should never have gathered from our middle-aged teachers.

We never heard the word efficiency in those days, so far as I can remember, outside the physics laboratory. Would to heaven it had stayed there! It must not be supposed, however, that we did not work when we did work. As I look about me, I do not see many young men under our present efficient systems who seem to be working harder. Somehow we derived from the old men a thirst for knowledge, a restless curiosity, a joyous knight-errantry in the quest for truth. Surely, that teaching which can induce students to pursue their researches voluntarily outside of the classroom is the very best kind of teaching.

I get the impression to-day that most of the joy of college life is confined to the student body, and that that is often febrile. The faculties seem to me over-worked, over-serious, lacking in what I call pedagogic faith — faith that the student may be trusted to get some good out of leisure. I suppose that we shall have to blame, as usual, the *Zeitgeist*. Crowded curricula, multiform "student activities," and all the full steam and weighted throttles of modern efficiency are pushing out of college life just the one element that should be characteristic of it — time; time for rumination, day-dreaming, thought.

It occurs to me that *rumination* was Brainy's favorite word. "*Rumination*, young gentlemen," he was wont to say, "means *chewing the cud*. Have you chewed the cud of this lesson, or have you simply bolted it?" He knew. It is only at this late day that I begin to discern a wise philosophy underlying the leisurely methods of the old men.

THE AUTHOR HIMSELF

WOODROW WILSON

WHO can help wondering, concerning the modern multitude of books, where all these companions of his reading hours will be buried when they die; which will have monuments erected to them; which escape the envy of time and live. It is pathetic to think of the number that must be forgotten, after being removed from the good places to make room for their betters.

Much the most pathetic thought about books, however, is that excellence will not save them. Their fates will be as whimsical as those of the humankind which produces them. Knaves find it as easy to get remembered as good men. It is not right living or learning or kind offices, simply and of themselves, but something else that gives immortality of fame. Be a book never so scholarly, it may die; be it never so witty, or never so full of good feeling or of an honest statement of truth, it may not live.

When once a book has become immortal, we think that we can see why it became so. It contained, we perceive, a casting of thought which could not but arrest and retain men's attention; it said some things once and for all because it gave them their best saying. Or else it spoke with a grace or with a fire of imagination, with a sweet cadence of phrase and a full harmony of tone, which have made it equally dear to all generations of those who love the free play of fanciful thought or the incomparable music of perfected human speech. Or perhaps it uttered with full candor and simplicity some universal sentiment; perchance pictured something in the tragedy or the comedy of man's life as it was never pictured before, and must on that account be read and read again as not to be superseded. There must be

something special, we judge, either in its form or in its substance, to account for its unwonted fame and fortune.

This upon first analysis, taking one book at a time. A look deeper into the heart of the matter enables us to catch at least a glimpse of a single and common source of immortality. The world is attracted by books as each man is attracted by his several friends. You recommend that capital fellow So-and-So to the acquaintance of others because of his discriminating and diverting powers of observation: the very tones and persons — it would seem the very selves — of every type of man live again in his mimicries and descriptions. He is the dramatist of your circle; you can never forget him, nor can anyone else; his circle of acquaintances can never grow smaller. Could he live on and retain perennially that wonderful freshness and vivacity of his, he must become the most famous guest and favorite of the world. Who that has known a man quick and shrewd to see dispassionately the inner history, the reason and the ends, of the combinations of society, and at the same time eloquent to tell of them, with a hold on the attention gained by a certain quaint force and sagacity resident in no other man, can find it difficult to understand why men still resort to Montesquieu? Possibly there are circles favored of the gods who have known some fellow of infinite store of miscellaneous and curious learning, who has greatly diverted both himself and his friends by a way peculiar to himself of giving it out upon any and all occasions, item by item, as if it were all homogeneous and of a piece, and by his odd skill in making unexpected application of it to out-of-the-way, unpromising subjects, as if there were in his view of things mental no such disintegrating element as incongruity. Such a circle would esteem it strange were Burton not beloved of the world. And so of those, if any there be, who have known men of simple, calm, transparent natures, untouched by storm or perplexity, whose talk was full of such serious,

placid reflection as seemed to mirror their own reverent hearts — talk often prosy, but oftener touchingly beautiful because of its nearness to nature and the solemn truth of life. There may be those, also, who have felt the thrill of personal contact with some stormy peasant nature full of strenuous, unsparing speech concerning men and affairs. These have known, have experienced, why a Wordsworth or a Carlyle must be read by all generations of those who love words of first-hand inspiration. In short, in every case of literary immortality there is present originaive personality. Not origination simply — that may be mere invention, which in literature has nothing immortal about it; but origination which takes its stamp and character from the originator, which is his substance given to the world, which is himself outspoken.

Individuality does not consist in the use of the very personal pronoun, *I*: it consists in self-expression, in tone, in method, in attitude, in point of view; it consists in saying things in such a way that you will yourself be recognized as a force, an influence, in saying them. Do we not at once know Lamb when he speaks? And even more formal Addison, does not his speech bewray and endear him to us? His personal charm is less distinct, much less fascinating, than that which goes with Lamb's thought, but a charm he has sufficient for immortality. In Steele the matter is more impersonal, more mortal. Some of Dr. Johnson's essays, you feel, might have been written by a dictionary. It is impersonal matter that is dead matter. Are you asked who fathered a certain brilliant, poignant bit of political analysis? You say, why, only Bagehot could have written that. Does a wittily turned verse make you hesitate between laughter at its hit and grave thought because of its deeper, its covert meaning? Do you not know that only Lowell could do that? Do you catch a strain of pure Elizabethan music and doubt whether to attribute it to Shakespeare or to another? Do you not *know* the authors who still live?

Now, the noteworthy thing about such individuality is that it will not develop under every star, or in one place as well as in another; there is an atmosphere which kills it, and there is an atmosphere which fosters it. The atmosphere which kills it is the atmosphere of sophistication, where cleverness and fashion and knowingness thrive: cleverness, which is froth, not strong drink; fashion, which is a thing assumed, not a thing of nature; and knowingness, which is naught.

Of course there are born, now and again, as tokens of some rare mood of Nature, men of so intense and individual a cast that circumstance and surroundings affect them little more than friction affects an express train. They command their own development without even the consciousness that to command costs strength. These cannot be sophisticated; for sophistication is subordination to the ways of your world. But these are the very greatest and the very rarest; and it is not the greatest and the rarest alone who shape the world and its thought. That is done also by the great and the merely extraordinary. There is a rank and file in literature, even in the literature of immortality, and these must go much to school to the people about them.

It is by the number and charm of the individualities which it contains that the literature of any country gains distinction. We turn anywhither to know men. The best way to foster literature, if it may be fostered, is to cultivate the author himself — a plant of such delicate and precarious growth that special soils are needed to produce him in his full perfection. The conditions which foster individuality are those which foster simplicity, thought and action from self out, naturalness, spontaneity. What are these conditions?

In the first place, a certain helpful ignorance. It is best for the author to be born away from literary centres, or to be excluded from their ruling set if he be born in them. It is

best that he start out with his thinking, not knowing how much has been thought and said about everything. A certain amount of ignorance will insure his sincerity, will increase his boldness and shelter his genuineness, which is his hope of power. Not ignorance of life, but life may be learned in any neighborhood; not ignorance of the greater laws which govern human affairs, but they may be learned without a library of historians and commentators, by imaginative sense, by seeing better than by reading; not ignorance of the infinitudes of human circumstance, but knowledge of these may come to a man without the intervention of universities; not ignorance of one's self and of one's neighbor, but innocence of the sophistications of learning, its research without love, its knowledge without inspiration, its method without grace; freedom from its shame at trying to know many things as well as from its pride of trying to know but one thing; ignorance of that faith in small confounding facts which is contempt for large reassuring principles.

Our present problem is not how to clarify our reasonings and perfect our analyses, but how to reënrich and reënergize our literature. It is suffering, not from ignorance, but from sophistication and self-consciousness. Ratiocination does not keep us pure, render us earnest, or make us individual and specific forces in the world. Those inestimable results are accomplished by whatever implants principle and conviction, whatever quickens with inspiration, fills with purpose and courage, gives outlook, and makes character. Reasoned thinking does indeed clear the mind's atmospheres and lay open to its view fields of action; but it is loving and believing, sometimes hating and distrusting, often prejudice and passion, always the many things called the one thing, character, which create and shape the acting. Life quite overtowers logic. Thinking and erudition alone will not equip for the great tasks and triumphs of life and literature, the persuading of other men's purposes, the en-

trance into other men's minds to possess them forever. Culture broadens and sweetens literature, but native sentiment and unmarred individuality create it. Not all of mental power lies in the processes of thinking. There is power also in passion, in personality, in simple, native, uncritical conviction, in unschooled feeling. The power of science, of system, is executive, not stimulative. I do not find that I derive inspiration, but only information, from the learned historians and analysts of liberty; but from the sonneteers, the poets, who speak its spirit and its exalted purpose, — who, recking nothing of the historical method, obey only the high methods of their own hearts, — what may a man not gain of courage and confidence in the right ways of politics?

It is your direct, unhesitating, intent, headlong man, who has sources in the mountains, who digs deep channels for himself in the soil of his times and expands into the mighty river, who becomes a landmark forever; and not your "broad" man, sprung from the schools, who spreads his shallow, extended waters over the wide surfaces of learning, to leave rich deposits, it may be, for other men's crops to grow in, but to be himself dried up by a few score summer noons. The man thrown early upon his own resources, and already become a conqueror of success before being thrown with the literary talkers; the man grown to giant's stature in some rural library, and become exercised there in a giant's prerogatives before ever he has been laughingly told, to his heart's confusion, of scores of other giants dead and forgotten long ago; the man grounded in hope and settled in conviction ere he has discovered how many hopes time has seen buried, how many convictions cruelly given the lie direct by fate; the man who has carried his youth into middle age before going into the chill atmosphere of *blasé* sentiment; the quiet, stern man who has cultivated literature on a little oatmeal before thrusting himself upon the great

world as a prophet and seer; the man who pronounces new eloquence in the rich dialect in which he was bred; the man come up to the capital from the provinces — these are the men who people the world's mind with new creations, and give to the sophisticated learned of the next generation new names to conjure with.

If you have a candid and well-informed friend among city lawyers, ask him where the best masters of his profession are bred — in the city or in the country. He will reply without hesitation, "In the country." You will hardly need to have him state the reason. The country lawyer has been obliged to study all parts of the law alike, and he has known no reason why he should not do so. He has not had the chance to make himself a specialist in any one branch of the law, as is the fashion among city practitioners, and he has not coveted the opportunity to do it. There would not have been enough special cases to occupy or remunerate him if he had coveted it. He has dared attempt the task of knowing the whole law, and yet without any sense of daring, but as a matter of course. In his own little town, in the midst of his own small library of authorities, it has not seemed to him an impossible task to explore all the topics that engage his profession; the guiding principles, at any rate, of all branches of the great subject were open to him in a few books. And so it often happens that when he has found his sea legs on the sequestered inlets at home, and ventures, as he sometimes will, upon the great, troublous, and much-frequented waters of city practice in search of more work and larger fees, the country lawyer will once and again confound his city-bred brethren by discovering to them the fact that the law is a many-sided thing of principles, and not altogether a one-sided thing of technical rule and arbitrary precedent.

It would seem to be necessary that the author who is to stand as a distinct and imperative individual among the company of those who express the world's thought should

come to a hard crystallization before subjecting himself to the tense strain of cities, the dissolvent acids of critical circles. The ability to see for one's self is attainable, not by mixing with crowds and ascertaining how they look at things, but by a certain aloofness and self-containment. The solitariness of some genius is not accidental; it is characteristic and essential. To the constructive imagination there are some immortal feats which are possible only in seclusion. The man must heed first and most of all the suggestions of his own spirit; and the world can be seen from windows overlooking the street better than from the street itself.

Literature grows rich, various, full-voiced, largely through the repeated rediscovery of truth, by thinking re-thought, by stories re-told, by songs re-sung. The song of human experience grows richer and richer in its harmonies, and must grow until the full accord and melody are come. If too soon subjected to the tense strain of the city, a man cannot expand; he is beaten out of his natural shape by the incessant impact and press of men and affairs. It will often turn out that the unsophisticated man will display not only more force, but more literary skill even, than the trained *littérateur*. For one thing, he will probably have enjoyed a fresher contact with old literature. He reads not for the sake of a critical acquaintance with this or that author, with no thought of going through all his writings and "working him up," but as he would ride a spirited horse, for love of the life and motion of it.

A general impression seems to have gained currency that the last of the bullying, omniscient critics was buried in the grave of Francis Jeffrey, and it is becoming important to correct the misapprehension. There never was a time when there was more superior knowledge, more specialist omniscience, among reviewers than there is to-day; not pretended superior knowledge, but real. Jeffrey's was very real of its

kind. For those who write books, one of the special, inestimable advantages of lacking a too intimate knowledge of the "world of letters" consists in not knowing all that is known by those who review books, in ignorance of the fashions among those who construct canons of taste. The modern critic is a leader of fashion. He carries with him the air of literary worldliness. If your book be a novel, your reviewer will know all previous plots, all former, all possible motives and situations. You cannot write anything absolutely new for him, and why should you desire to do again what has been done already? If it be a poem, the reviewer's head already rings with the whole gamut of the world's metrical music; he can recognize any simile, recall all turns of phrase, match every sentiment; why seek to please him anew with old things? If it concern itself with the philosophy of politics, he can and will set himself to test it by the whole history of its kind from Plato down to Henry George. How can it but spoil your sincerity to know that your critic will know everything? Will you not be tempted of the devil to anticipate his judgment or his pretensions by pretending to know as much as he?

The literature of creation naturally falls into two kinds: that which interprets nature or phenomenal man, and that which interprets self. Both of these may have the flavor of immortality, but the former not unless it be free from self-consciousness, and the latter not unless it be naïve. No man, therefore, can create after the best manner in either of these kinds who is an *habitué* of the circles made so delightful by those interesting men, the modern *litterati*, sophisticated in all the fashions, ready in all the catches of the knowing literary world which centres in the city and the university. He cannot always be simple and straightforward. He cannot be always and without pretension himself, bound by no other man's canons of taste in saying or conduct. In the judgment of such circles there is but one

thing for you to do if you would gain distinction: you must "beat the record"; you must do certain definite literary feats better than they have yet been done. You are pitted against the literary "field." You are hastened into the paralysis of comparing yourself with others, and thus away from the health of unhesitating self-expression and directness of first-hand vision.

It would be not a little profitable if we could make correct analysis of the proper relations of learning — learning of the critical, accurate sort — to origination, of learning's place in literature. Although learning is never the real parent of literature, but only sometimes its foster-father, and although the native promptings of soul and sense are its best and freshest sources, there is always the danger that learning will claim, in every court of taste which pretends to jurisdiction, exclusive and preëminent rights as the guardian and preceptor of authors. An effort is constantly being made to create and maintain standards of literary worldliness, if I may coin such a phrase. The thorough man of the world affects to despise natural feeling; does, at any rate, actually despise all displays of it. He has an eye always on his world's best manners, whether native or imported, and is at continual pains to be master of the conventions of society; he will mortify the natural man as much as need be in order to be in good form. What learned criticism essays to do is to create a similar literary worldliness, to establish fashions and conventions in letters.

I have an odd friend in one of the northern counties of Georgia — a county set off by itself among the mountains, but early found out by refined people in search of summer refuge from the unhealthy air of the southern coast region. He belongs to an excellent family of no little culture, but he was surprised in the midst of his early schooling by the coming on of the war; and education given pause in such wise seldom begins again in the schools. He was left, therefore,

to "finish" his mind as best he might in the companionship of the books in his uncle's library. These books were of the old sober sort; histories, volumes of travels, treatises on laws and constitutions, theologies, philosophies more fanciful than the romances encased in neighbor volumes on another shelf. But they were books which were used to being taken down and read; they had been daily companions to the rest of the family, and they became familiar companions to my friend's boyhood. He went to them day after day, because theirs was the only society offered him in the lonely days when uncle and brothers were at the war, and the women were busy about the tasks of the home. How literally did he make those delightful old volumes his familiars, his cronies! He never dreamed the while, however, that he was becoming learned; it never seemed to occur to him that everybody else did not read just as he did, in just such a library. He found out afterwards, of course, that he had kept much more of such company than had the men with whom he loved to chat at the post office or around the fire in the chief village shops, the habitual resorts of all who were socially inclined; but he attributed that to lack of time on their part, or to accident, and has gone on thinking until now that all the books that come within his reach are the natural intimates of man. And so you will hear him, in his daily familiar talk with his neighbors, draw upon his singular stores of wise, quaint learning with the quiet colloquial assurance, "They tell me," as if books contained current rumor, and quote the poets with the easy unaffectedness with which others cite a common maxim of the street! He has been heard to refer to Dr. Arnold of Rugby as "that school-teacher over there in England."

Surely one may treasure the image of this simple, genuine man of learning as the image of a sort of masterpiece of Nature in her own type of erudition, a perfect sample of the kind of learning that might beget the very highest sort

of literature; the literature, namely, of authentic individuality. It is only under one of two conditions that learning will not dull the edge of individuality: first, if one never suspect that it is creditable and a matter of pride to be learned, and so never become learned for the sake of becoming so; or, second, if it never suggest to one that investigation is better than reflection. Learned investigation leads to many good things, but one of these is not great literature, because learned investigation commands, as the first condition of its success, the repression of individuality.

His mind is a great comfort to every man who has one; but a heart is not often to be so conveniently possessed. Hearts frequently give trouble; they are straightforward and impulsive, and can seldom be induced to be prudent. They must be schooled before they will become insensible; they must be coached before they can be made to care first and most for themselves: and in all cases the mind must be their schoolmaster and coach. They are irregular forces; but the mind may be trained to observe all points of circumstance and all motives of occasion.

No doubt it is considerations of this nature that must be taken to explain the fact that our universities are erected entirely for the service of the tractable mind, while the heart's only education must be gotten from association with its neighbor heart, and in the ordinary courses of the world. Life is its only university. Mind is monarch, whose laws claim supremacy in those lands which boast the movements of civilization, and he must command all the instrumentalities of education. At least, such is the theory of the constitution of the modern world. It is to be suspected that, as a matter of fact, mind is one of those modern monarchs who reign, but do not govern. That old House of Commons, that popular chamber in which the passions, the prejudices, the inborn, unthinking affections long ago repudiated by mind, have their full representation, controls much the

greater part of the actual conduct of affairs. To come out of the figure, reasoned thought is, though perhaps the presiding, not yet the regnant force in the world. In life and in literature it is subordinate. The future may belong to it; but the present and past do not. Faith and virtue do not wear its livery; friendship, loyalty, patriotism, do not derive their motives from it. It does not furnish the material for those masses of habit, of unquestioned tradition, and of treasured belief which are the ballast of every steady ship of state, enabling it to spread its sails safely to the breezes of progress, and even to stand before the storms of revolution. And this is a fact which has its reflection in literature. There is a literature of reasoned thought; but by far the greater part of those writings which we reckon worthy of that great name is the product, not of reasoned thought, but of the imagination and of the spiritual vision of those who see — writings winged, not with knowledge, but with sympathy, with sentiment, with heartiness. Even the literature of reasoned thought gets its life, not from its logic, but from the spirit, the insight, and the inspiration which are the vehicle of its logic. Thought presides, but sentiment has the executive powers; the motive functions belong to feeling.

“Many people give many theories of literary composition,” says the most natural and stimulating of English critics, “and Dr. Blair, whom we will read, is sometimes said to have exhausted the subject; but, unless he has proved the contrary, we believe that the knack in style is to write like a human being. Some think they must be wise, some elaborate, some concise; Tacitus wrote like a pair of stays; some startle us, as Thomas Carlyle, or a comet, inscribing with his tail. But legibility is given to those who neglect these notions, and are willing to be themselves, to write their own thoughts in their own words, in the simplest words, in the words wherein they were thought. . . . Books are for

various purposes, — tracts to teach, almanacs to sell, poetry to make pastry; but this is the rarest sort of a book, — a book to read. As Dr. Johnson said, ‘Sir, a good book is one you can hold in your hand, and take to the fire.’ Now there are extremely few books which can, with any propriety, be so treated. When a great author, as Grote or Gibbon, has devoted a whole life of horrid industry to the composition of a large history, one feels one ought not to touch it with a mere hand, — it is not respectful. The idea of slavery hovers over the Decline and Fall. Fancy a stiffly dressed gentleman, in a stiff chair, slowly writing that stiff compilation in a stiff hand; it is enough to stiffen you for life.” After all, the central and important point is the preservation of a sincere, unaffected individuality.

It is devoutly to be wished that we might learn to prepare the best soils for mind, the best associations and companionships, the least possible sophistication. We are busy enough nowadays finding out the best ways of fertilizing and stimulating mind; but that is not quite the same thing as discovering the best soils for it, and the best atmospheres. Our culture is, by erroneous preference, of the reasoning faculty, as if that were all of us. Is it not the instinctive discontent of readers seeking stimulating contact with authors that has given us the present almost passionately spoken dissent from the standards set themselves by the realists in fiction, dissatisfaction with mere recording of observation? And is not realism working out upon itself the revenge its enemies would fain compass? Must not all April Hopes exclude from their number the hope of immortality?

The rule for every man is, not to depend on the education which other men prepare for him — not even to consent to it; but to strive to see things as they are, and to be himself as he is. Defeat lies in self-surrender.

The Owner The Mts. Van Dyke.

HIGH ADVENTURE

JAMES NORMAN HALL

I AM writing a journal of high adventure in which all the resources in skill and cleverness of one set of men are pitted against those of another set. We have no bomb-dropping to do, and there are but few women and children living in the territory over which we fly. One hundred hours is not a great while as time is measured on the ground; but in terms of combat-patrols, the one hundredth part of it has held more of adventure, in the true meaning of the word, than we have had during the whole of our lives previously.

At first we were far too busy learning the rudiments of combat to keep an accurate record of flying time. We thought our aeroplane clocks convenient pieces of equipment rather than necessary ones. I remember coming down from my first air-battle, and the breathless account I gave of it at the bureau — breathless and vague. Lieutenant Talbott listened quietly, making out the *compte rendu* as I talked. When I had finished, he emphasized the haziness of my answers to his questions by quoting them. “*Region*: ‘You know, that big wood.’ *Time*: ‘This morning, of course.’ *Rounds fired*: ‘Oh, a lot!’” and so forth. Not until we had been flying for a month or more did we learn the right use of our clocks and of our eyes while in the air. We listened with amazement to after-patrol talk at the mess. We learned more of what actually happened on our sorties, after they were over, than while they were in progress.

All of the older pilots missed seeing nothing that there was to see. They reported the numbers of the enemy planes encountered, the types, where seen, and when. They spotted batteries, trains in stations back of the enemy lines, gave the hour precisely, reported any activity on the roads. In

moments of exasperation Drew would say, "I think they are stringing us! This is all a put-up job!" Certainly, this did appear to be the case at first. For we were air-blind. We saw little of the activity all around us, and details on the ground had no significance. How were we to take thought of time and place and altitude, note the peculiarities of enemy machines, count their numbers, and store all this information away in memory, at the moment of combat? This was a great problem.

"What I need," J. B. used to say, "is a traveling private secretary. I'll do the fighting and he can keep the diary."

I needed one, too, a man air-wise and battle-wise, who could calmly take note of my clock, altimeter, temperature, and pressure-dials, identify exactly the locality on my map, count the numbers of the enemy, estimate their approximate altitude — and all this when the air was criss-crossed with streamers of smoke from machine-gun tracer bullets, and opposing aircraft were manœuvring for position, diving and firing at each other, spiraling, nose-spinning, wing-slipping, climbing, in a confusing intermingling of tricolor *cocardes* and black crosses.

We made gradual progress, the result being that our patrols became a hundredfold more fascinating — sometimes, in fact, too much so. It was important that we should be able to read the ground, but more important still to remember that what was happening there was of only secondary concern to us. Often we became absorbed in watching what was taking place below us, to the exclusion of any thought of aerial activity, of our chances for attack or of being attacked.

The view from the air of a heavy bombardment, or of an infantry attack under cover of barrage fires, is a truly terrible spectacle, and in the air one has a feeling of detachment which is not easily overcome. But it must be overcome, as I have already said, and as I cannot say too many

times for the benefit of any young airman who may read this journal. During an offensive the air swarms with planes. They are at all altitudes, from the lowest artillery *reglage* machines at a few hundreds of metres, to the highest *avions de chasse* at 6000 metres and above. *Reglage*, photographic, and reconnaissance planes have their special work to do. They defend themselves as best they can, but they almost never attack. Combat *avions*, on the other hand, are always looking for victims. They are the ones that are chiefly dangerous to the unwary pursuit pilot.

An airman's joy in victory is a short-lived one. Nevertheless, a curious change takes place in his attitude toward his work, as the months pass. I can best describe it in terms of Drew's experience and my own. We came to the front feeling deeply sorry for ourselves and for all airmen of whatever nationality, whose lives were to be snuffed out in their promising beginnings. I used to play "The Minstrel Boy to the War Has Gone" on a tin flute, and Drew wrote poetry. While we were waiting for our first machines, he composed "The Airman's Rendezvous," written in the manner of Alan Seeger's poem.

And I in the wide fields of air
Must keep with him my rendezvous.
It may be I shall meet him there
When clouds, like sheep, move slowly through
The pathless meadows of the sky
And their cool shadows go beneath.
I have a rendezvous with Death
Some summer noon of white and blue.

There is more of it, in the same manner, all of which he read me in a husky voice.

I, too, was ready to weep at our untimely fate. The strange thing is that his prophecy came so very near being true. He had the first draft of the poem in his breast-pocket when he was wounded, and has kept the gory relic to remind him — not that he needs reminding — of the airy manner in

which he canceled what ought to have been a *bona-fide* appointment.

I do not mean to reflect in any way upon Alan Seeger's beautiful poem. Who can doubt that it is a sincere, as well as a perfect, expression of a mood common to all young soldiers? Drew was just as sincere in writing his verses, and I put all the feeling I could into my tin-whistle interpretation of "The Minstrel Boy." What I want to make clear is, that a soldier's moods of self-pity are fleeting ones, and if he lives he outgrows them.

Imagination is an especial curse to an airman, particularly if it takes a gloomy or morbid turn. We used to write "To Whom It May Concern" letters before going out on patrol, in which we left directions for the notification of our relatives and the disposal of our personal effects, in case of death. Then we would climb into our machines, thinking, "This may be our last sortie. We may be dead in an hour, in half an hour, in twenty minutes." We planned splendidly spectacular ways in which we were to be brought down, always omitting one, however, the most horrible as well as the most common — in flames.

Thank fortune we have outgrown this second and belated period of adolescence, and can now take a healthy interest in our work!

Now, an inevitable part of the daily routine is to be shelled — persistently, methodically, and, often, accurately shelled. Our interest in this may, I suppose, be called healthy, inasmuch as it would be decidedly unhealthy to become indifferent to the activities of the German anti-aircraft gunners. It would be far-fetched to say that any airman ever looks forward zestfully to the business of being shot at with one-hundred-and-fives; and seventy-fives, if they are well placed, are unpleasant enough. After one hundred hours of it, we have learned to assume that attitude of contemptuous toleration which is the manner common to all *pilotes*

dechasse. We know that the chances of a direct hit are almost negligible, and that we have all the blue dome of the heavens in which to manœuvre. Furthermore, we have learned many little tricks by means of which we keep the gunners guessing.

By way of illustration, we are patrolling, let us say, at 3500 metres, crossing and recrossing the lines, following the patrol leader, who has his motor throttled down so that we may keep well in formation. The guns may be silent for the moment, but we know well enough what the gunners are doing. We know exactly where some of the batteries are, and the approximate location of all of them along the sector; and we know, from earlier experience, when we come within range of each individual battery. Presently one of them begins firing in bursts of four shells. If their first estimate of our range has been an accurate one; if they place them uncomfortably close, so that we can hear, all too well, above the roar of our motors the rending *gr-r-row, gr-r-row* of the shells, as they explode, we sail on calmly, — to all outward appearance, — manœuvring very little. The gunners, seeing that we are not disturbed, will alter their ranges, four times out of five, which is exactly what we want them to do. The next bursts will be far distant, hundreds of metres below or above us; whereupon we show signs of great uneasiness, and the gunners, thinking that they have our altitude, begin to fire like demons. We employ our well-earned immunity in preparing for the next series of batteries, or in thinking of the cost to Germany, at one hundred francs a shot, of all this futile shelling.

Drew, in particular, loves this cost-accounting business, and I must admit that much pleasure may be had in it, after patrol. They rarely fire less than fifty shells at us during a two-hour patrol. Making a low general average, the number is nearer one hundred and fifty. On our present front, where aerial activity is fairly brisk and the sector a

large one, three or four hundred shells are wasted upon us often before we have been out an hour.

It will be long before this chapter of my journal is in print. Having given no indication of the date of writing, I may say without indiscretion that we are again on the Champagne front. We have a wholesome respect for one battery here, a respect that it has justly earned by shooting which is really remarkable. We talk of this battery, which is east of Rheims and not far distant from Nogent l'Abbesse, and take professional pride in keeping its gunners in ignorance of their fine marksmanship. We signal them their bad shots — which are better than the good ones of most of the batteries on the sector — by doing stunts: a barrel turn, a loop, or two or three turns of a *vrille*. As for their good ones, they are often so good that we are forced into acrobacy of a wholly individual kind. Our avions have received many scars from their shells. Between 4500 and 5000 metres, their bursts have been so close under us that we have been lifted by the concussions and set down violently again at the bottom of the vacuum; and this on a clear day, when a chasse-machine is almost invisible at that height, and despite its speed of 200 kilometres an hour. On a gray day, when we are flying between 2500 and 3000 metres beneath a film of cloud, they repay the honor we do them by our acrobatic turns. They bracket us, put barrages between us and our own lines, and give us more trouble than all the other batteries on the sector combined.

For this reason it is all the more humiliating to be forced to land with motor-trouble, at the precise moment when they are paying off some old scores. This happened to Drew while I was writing up my journal. Coming out of a tonneau in answer to three *coups* from the battery, his propeller stopped dead. By planing flatly (the wind was dead ahead, and the area back of the first lines there is a wide one crossed by many intersecting lines of trenches) he got well

over them, and chose a field as level as a billiard-table for landing-ground. In the very centre of it, however, there was one post, a small worm-eaten thing, of the color of the dead grass around it. He hit it just as he was setting his Spad on the ground, — the only post in a field acres wide, — and it tore a piece of fabric from one of his lower wings. No doubt the crack battery has been given credit for disabling an enemy plane. The honor, such as it is, belongs to our aerial godfather, among whose lesser vices may be added that of practical joking.

The remnants of the post were immediately confiscated for firewood by some poilus, living in a dugout near by.

II

“MAIS OUI, MON VIEUX!”

The “grand and glorious feeling” is one of the finest compensations for this uncertain life in the air. One has it every time he turns from the lines toward — home! It comes in richer glow, if hazardous work has been done, after moments of strain, uncertainty, when the result of a combat sways back and forth; and it gushes up like a fountain, when, after making a forced landing in what appears to be enemy territory, you find yourself among friends.

Late this afternoon we started, four of us, with Davis as leader, to make the usual two-hour sortie over the lines. No Germans were sighted, and after an uneventful half hour, Davis, who is always springing these surprises, decided to stalk them in their lairs. The clouds were at the right altitude for this, and there were gaps in them over which we could hover, examining roads, railroads, villages, cantonments. The danger of attack was negligible. We could easily escape any large hostile patrol by dodging into the clouds. But the wind was unfavorable for such a reconnaissance. It was blowing into Germany. We would have it dead against us on the journey home.

We played about for half an hour, blown by a strong wind farther into Germany than we knew. We walked down the main street of a village, where we saw a large crowd of German soldiers, and sprayed bullets among them; then climbed into the clouds before a shot could be fired at us. Later, we nearly attacked a hospital, mistaking it for an aviation field. It was housed in *bessonneau* hangars, and had none of the marks of a hospital, excepting a large red cross in the middle of the field. Fortunately we saw this before any of us had fired, and passed on over it at a low altitude, to attack a train.

There is a good deal of excitement in an expedition of this kind, and soldiers themselves say that surprise sorties from the air have a demoralizing effect upon troops. But as sport, there is little to be said for it. It is too unfair. For this reason among others I was glad when Davis turned homeward.

While coming back I climbed to 5000 metres, far above the others, and lagged a long way behind them. This was a direct violation of patrol-discipline, and the result was that, while cruising leisurely along, with motor throttled down, watching the swift changes of light over a wide expanse of cloud, I lost sight of the group. Then came the inevitable feeling of loneliness, and the swift realization that it was growing late, and that I was still far within enemy country.

I held a southerly course, estimating, as I flew, the velocity of the wind which had carried us into Germany, and judging from this estimate the length of time I should need to reach our lines. When satisfied that I had gone far enough, I started down. Below the clouds it was almost night, so dark that I could not be sure of my location. In the distance, I saw a large building brilliantly lighted. This was evidence enough that I was a good way from the lines. Unshielded windows were never to be seen near the front. I spiraled slowly down over this building, examining as well

as I could the ground behind it, and decided to risk a landing. A blind chance and blind luck attended it. In broad day, Drew hit the only post in a field 500 metres wide. At night, a very dark night, I missed colliding with an enormous factory chimney (a matter of inches), glided over a line of telegraph wires, passed at a height of a few metres over a field littered with huge piles of sugar-beets, and settled, *comme une fleur*, in a little cleared space which I could never have judged accurately, had I known what I was doing.

Shadowy figures came running toward me. Forgetting, in the joy of so fortunate a landing, my anxiety of a moment before, I shouted out, "Bon soir, messieurs!" Then I heard someone say, "Ich glaube —" and lost the rest of it in the sound of tramping feet and an undercurrent of low, guttural murmurs. In a moment my Spad was surrounded by a widening circle of round hats — German infantrymen's hats.

Here was the ignoble end to my career as an airman! I was a prisoner, a prisoner because of my own folly, because I had dallied along like a silly girl, to "look at the pretty clouds." I saw in front of me a long captivity embittered by this thought.

Not only this, but my Spad was intact. The German authorities would examine it, use it. Some German pilot might fly with it over the lines, and attack other French machines with my gun, my ammunition!

Not if I could help it! They stood there, those soldiers, gaping, muttering among themselves, waiting, I thought, for an officer to tell them what to do. I took off my leather gloves, then my silk ones under them, and these I washed about in the oil under my feet. Then, as quietly as possible, I reached for my box of matches.

"Qu'est-ce-que vous faites là? Allez! Vite!"

A tramping of feet again, and a sea of round hats bobbing

up and down vanishing in the gloom. Then I heard a cheery, "Cà va, monsieur? Pas de mal?"

By way of answer I lighted a match and held it out, torch-fashion. The light glistened on a round, red face and a long French bayonet. Finally I said, "Vous êtes Français, monsieur?" in a weak, watery voice.

"Mais oui, mon vieux! Mais oui!" this rather testily. He did n't understand at first that I thought myself in Germany. "Do I look like a Boche?"

Then I explained, and I have never heard a Frenchman laugh more heartily. Then he explained, and I laughed, not so heartily, and a great deal more foolishly.

In a little while, the sergeant with the round, red face and the long French bayonet, whose guest I am for the night, will join me here. If he were an American, to the manner born, he might greet me in this fashion: —

"When you have been on patrol a long way behind the enemy lines, shooting up towns and camps and railway trains like a pack of aerial cow-boys; when, on your way home, you have deliberately disobeyed orders and loafed a long way behind the other members of your group in order to watch the pretty sunset; and, as a punishment for this æsthetic indulgence, have been overtaken by darkness and compelled to land in strange country, only to have your machine immediately surrounded by German soldiers; then, having taken the desperate resolve that they shall not have possession of your old battle-scarred avion as well as of your person, when you are about to touch a match to it, if the light glistens on a long French bayonet and you learn that the German soldiers have been prisoners since the battle of the Somme, and have just finished their day's work at harvesting beets to be used in making sugar for French poilus — ah, is n't it a grand and glorious feeling?"

To which I would reply in his own memorable words, —
"Mais oui, mon vieux! Mais oui!"

Sue

LOVE'S MINOR FRICTIONS

FRANCES LESTER WARNER

MINOR friction is the kind that produces the most showy results with the smallest outlay. You can stir up more electricity in a cat by stroking her fur the wrong way than you can by dropping her into the well. You can ruffle the dearest member of your family more by asking him twice if he is *sure* that he locked the back door than his political opponents could stir him with a libel. We have direct access to the state of mind of the people with whom we share household life and love. Therefore, in most homes, no matter how congenial, a certain amount of minor friction is inevitable.

Four typical causes of minor friction are questions of *tempo*, the brotherly reform measure, supervised telephone conversations, and tenure of parental control. These are standard group-irritants that sometimes vex the sweetest natures.

The matter of *tempo*, broadly interpreted, covers the process of adjustment between people of hasty and deliberate moods. It implies alertness of spiritual response, alacrity in taking hints and filling orders, timely appreciations, considerate delays, and all the other delicate retards and accelerations that are necessary if hearts are to beat as one. But it also includes such homely questions as the time for setting out for places, the time consumed in getting ready to set out, and the swiftness of our progress thither. When a man who is tardy is unequally yoked with a wife who is prompt, their family moves from point to point with an irregularity of rhythm that lends suspense to the mildest occasions.

A certain architect and his wife Sue are a case in point.

Sue is always on time. If she is going to drive at four, she has her children ready at half-past three, and she stations them in the front hall, with muscles flexed, at ten minutes to four, so that the whole group may emerge from the door like food shot from guns, and meet the incoming automobile accurately at the curb. Nobody ever stops his engine for Sue. Her husband is correspondingly late. Just after they were married, the choir at their church gambled quietly on the chances — whether she would get him to church on time, or whether he would make her late. The first Sunday they came ten minutes early, the second Sunday ten minutes late, and every Sunday after that, Sue came early, Prescott came late, and the choir put its money into the contribution-box. In fact, a family of this sort can solve its problem most neatly by running on independent schedules, except when they are to ride in the same automobile or on the same train. Then, there is likely to be a breeze.

But the great test of such a family's grasp of the time-element comes when they have a guest who must catch a given car, due to pass the white post at the corner at a quarter to the hour. The visit is drawing to a close, with five minutes to spare before car-time. Those members of the family who like to wait until the last moment, and take their chances of boarding the running-board on the run, continue a steady conversation with the guest. But the prompt ones, with furtive eye straying to the clock, begin to sit forward uneasily in their chairs, their faces drawn, pulse feverish, pondering the question whether it is better to let a guest miss a car or seem to show him the door. The situation is all the harder for the prompt contingent, because usually they have behind them a criminal record of occasions when they have urged guests to the curb in plenty of time and the car turned out to be late. The runners and jumpers of the family had said it would be late, and it was

late. These memories restrain speech until the latest possible moment. Then the guest is whisked out to the white post with the words, "If you *could* stay, we'd be delighted; but if you really *have* to make your train —" Every punctual person who lives near a car-line knows the look of patronage with which the leisured classes of his family listen to this old speech of his. They find something nervous and petty in his prancing and pawing, quite inferior to their large oblivion. As Tagore would say, "They are not too poor to be late."

The matter of *tempo* involves also the sense of the fortunate moment, and the timing of deeds to accord with moods. In almost any group there is one member who is set at a slightly different velocity from the others, with a momentum not easily checked. When the rest of the household settles down to pleasant conversation, this member thinks of something pressing that must be done at once.

The mother of three college boys is being slowly trained out of this habit. Her sons say that she ought to have been a fire-chief, so brisk is she when in her typical hook-and-ladder mood. Whenever her family sits talking in the evening, she has flitting memories of things that she must run and do. One night, when she had suddenly deserted the hearthside to see if the maid had remembered to put out the milk-tickets, one of the boys was dispatched with a warrant for her arrest. He traced her to the door of the side-porch, and peered out at her in the darkness. "What's little pussy-foot doing now?" he inquired affectionately. "Can she see better in the dark? Come along back." But her blood was up. She thought of several other duties still waiting, and went at once to the kitchen and filled the dipper. With this she returned to the room where sat the waiting conversationalists, and systematically watered the fern. It was like wearing orange to a Sinn Fein gathering. At the chorus of reproach she only laughed, the throaty laugh of

the villain on the stage. Six determined hands seized her at once. The boys explained that, when they wanted to talk to her, it was no time to water ferns. As habitual breaker-up of public meetings, she was going to be reformed.

But the reform measure, a group-irritant second to none, is generally uphill business in the home. Welfare work among equals is sometimes imperative, but seldom popular. Any programme of social improvement implies agitation and a powerful leverage of public opinion not wholly tranquillizing to the person to be reformed. There is one family that has worked for years upon the case of one of its members who reads aloud out of season. When this brother William finds a noble bit of literature, he is fired to share it with his relatives, regardless of time and circumstance. He comes eagerly from his study, book in hand, when his public is trying on a dress. Or he begins to read without warning, when all the other people in the room are reading something else. Arguments and penalties never had the slightest effect until one of the company hit upon a device that proves a defensive measure in emergencies.

Brother William started suddenly to read aloud from a campaign speech. His youngest sister was absorbed in that passage in "Edwin Drood" called "A Night with Durdles," where Jasper and Durdles are climbing the cathedral spire. In self-defense she also began to read in a clear tone as follows: "Anon, they turn into narrower and steeper staircases, and the night air begins to blow upon them, and the chirp of some startled jackdaw or frightened rook precedes the heavy beating of wings in a confined space, and the beating down of dust and straws upon their heads."

The idea spread like wildfire. All the others opened their books and magazines and joined her in reading aloud selections from the page where they had been interrupted. It was a deafening medley of incongruous material — a very telling demonstration of the distance from which their

minds had jumped when recalled to the campaign speech. Brother William was able to distinguish in the uproar such fragments as these: "Just at that moment I discovered four Spad machines far below the enemy planes"; "'Thankyou thankyou cried Mr. Salteena — '"; "Thomas Chatterton Jupiter Zeus, a most dear wood-rat"; and "'It is natural,' Gavin said slowly, 'that you, sir, should wonder why I am here with this woman at such an hour.'"

This method did not work a permanent cure, because nothing ever cures the real reader-aloud. His impulse is generosity — a mainspring of character, not a passing whim. But at a crisis, his audience can read aloud in concert.

The reform measure is more hopeful when directed, not at a rooted trait, but at a surface phase or custom. Even here success is not without its battles. The combined talents of a Congressman's daughters were once bent upon teaching their youngest brother Sam to rise when ladies entered the room. The boy Samuel, then at the brigand age, looked at this custom as the mannerism of a decadent civilization. He rose, indeed, for guests, but not as to the manner born. One day he came home and reported that the lady next door had introduced him to an aunt of hers who had just arrived on a visit. "And," said he, with speculative eye upon his sisters, "*I did n't get up to be introduced.*"

The effect was all that heart could wish. Tongues flew. Sam listened with mournful dignity, offering no excuse. He waited until the sisterly vocabulary was exhausted.

"Why don't you ask me where I was when she introduced me?" he asked at length. "I was crawling along on the ridgepole of her garage catching her cat for her, and I could n't get up."

His sisters, however, were not to be diverted from their attempt to foster in him the manly graces. They even went so far as to make an effort to include their brother in afternoon tea-parties with their friends. But a tea-lion, he said,

was one thing that he was not. On such occasions he would be found sitting on the kitchen table, dourly eating up the olives, and refusing to come in. The girls were too young then to know that you cannot hurry a certain phase. But now, when they meet that brother at receptions, they smile at their former despair. Reformers often find their hardest tasks taken out of their hands by time.

Few brothers and sisters, however, are willing to trust to time to work its wonders. There is a sense of fraternal responsibility that goads us to try to do what we can for each other in a small way. The friction that ensues constitutes an experience of human values that the hermit in his cell can never know. Whenever people of decided views feel personally responsible for each other's acts, a type of social unrest begins to brew that sometimes leads to progress and sometimes leads to riots.

For this reason, in any home that aspires to peace at any price, the telephone should be installed in a sound-proof box-office with no glass in the door. There is nothing that so incenses a friendly nature as a family grouped in the middle-distance offering advice when a telephone conversation is going on. The person at the receiver looks so idle; there seems to be no reason why he should not listen with his unoccupied ear; and when he is so evidently in need of correct data, it seems only kind to help him out. It is the most natural thing in the world to listen. The family listens, in the first place, to find out which one of them is wanted, and they continue to listen to find out what is said. When the wrong thing is said, all loyal relatives feel responsible.

The person telephoning is unfairly handicapped by necessary politeness, because he can be heard through the transmitter and his advisers cannot. Only extreme exasperation can unleash his tongue, as happened once when a professor's son, Stanley, in his father's absence, undertook to answer a telephone-call while his sister Violet, in the next room,

corrected his mistakes. Stanley, pricking both ears, was doing very well, until the lady at the other end of the line asked a question at the exact moment when Violet offered a new thought. "What did you say?" inquired Stanley. Both Violet and the lady repeated. "What is it?" said Stanley, waving one foot at Violet. Violet, not seeing the foot, repeated, and so did the lady, this time more distinctly. "I beg your pardon," said Stanley anxiously, "but what did you say?" Like an incredible nightmare the thing happened again. "Shut up!" roared Stanley; "what did you say?"

His sister, recognizing instantly that part of the message directed to her, wrote her suggestion on the telephone pad, and stole prudently away to a safe place. Minor friction, she had learned, can sometimes lead to action on a large scale. Only after some such extreme experience as this, do we allow a kinsman to conduct his own telephone conversations, taking his own responsibilities, running his own dark risks.

But the sense of mutual responsibility is, after all, the prime educational factor in family life. Every good parent has a feeling of accountability for the acts of his children. He may believe in self-determination for the small states around him, but, nevertheless, he holds a mandate. The delightful interweaving of parental suggestion with the original tendencies of the various children is the delicate thing that makes each family individual. It is also the delicate thing that makes parenthood a nervous occupation. When suggestion is going to interweave delightfully as planned, and when it is not going to interweave at all, is something not foretold in the prophets.

The question of parental influence becomes more complex as the family grows older and more informally organized. Sometimes a son or daughter wants to carry out a pet project without any advice or warning or help from anybody. There is nothing rash or guilty about his plan. He

simply happens to be in the mood to act, not in committee, but of himself. To achieve this, surrounded by a united and conversational family, becomes a game of skill. To dodge advice, he seems to avoid the most innocent questions. At such times as these, the wisest parents wonder what they have done to forfeit confidence. They see this favorite son of theirs executing the most harmless plans with all the secrecy of the young poisoning princes of the Renaissance. When this happens, the over-sensitive parent grieves, the dictatorial parent rails, but the philosophical parent delicately picks up whatever interesting morsels he can on the side, and cocks a weather eye:

"Robert seems to have a good many engagements," wrote the mother of a popular son in a letter to an absent daughter, "but whether the nature of the engagements is social, athletic, or philanthropic, we can only infer from the equipment with which he sets out. I inferred the first this morning when he asked me to have his dress-suit sent to be pressed; but I could not be certain until Mrs. Stone said casually that Robert was to be a guest at Mrs. Robbins's dinner next week. Don't you love to see such tender intimacy between mother and son?"

Secrecy of this kind is not the exclusive monopoly of sons. Excellent young women have chopped ice and frozen sherbet behind closed doors because they did not want to be told again to be sure not to get the ice all over the back piazza. Certain warnings go with certain projects as inevitably as rubbers with the rain. The practised mother has so often found the warnings necessary, that the mere sight of the act produces the formula by rote. Model sons and daughters should accept these hints with gratitude, thus avoiding all friction, however minor. But rather than be advised to do that which they were planning to do already, the most loyal of daughters will resort to clandestine measures, and go stealthily with the ice-pick as with a poniard

beneath a cloak. This annoys an affectionate and capable mother very much. And she has a right to be annoyed, has she not? After all, it is her ice-pick.

There is something of spirited affection about the memory of all these early broils. They were heated enough at the time, for the most violent emotions can fly out at a trifling cause. Remarks made in these turbulent moments are often taken as a revelation of your true and inward self. The sentiments that you express in your moment of wrath sound like something that you have been repressing for years and are now turning loose upon an enlightened world. There is an air of desperate sincerity about your remarks that makes your hearers feel that here, at last, they have the truth.

With friends, after such an outburst, you could never be the same again. But with your relatives, such moments can be lived down — as once occurred when a busy father had sent his youngest son back to town to perform a forgotten errand. The daughter of the family had not heard of the event until she took her place at table.

“Where’s Tom?” said she.

“I sent him back to get a letter he forgot,” said her father.

“In all this heat?” she protested. “Well, if I had been in his place, I’d have gone away and stayed away.”

“Well, you could,” said her father serenely.

“Well, I will,” said little Sunshine, and walked out of the door and up the street in a rage.

After you have left your parental home as suddenly as this, there comes a moment when you have the sensation of being what is termed all dressed up with no place to go. You feel that your decision, though sudden, is irrevocable, because going back would mean death to your pride. You try to fight off the practical thought that you can hardly go far without hat or scrip. Therefore, when Tom met his

eloping sister at the corner, it was with some little diplomacy that he learned her history and took her back to the table under his wing. The conversation barely paused as they took their places. Their father went on affably serving the salad to the just and the unjust alike. If the returning Fury had been treated with the contumely that she deserved, the memory would be disagreeable in the minds of all. As it is, the boys, now grown to manhood, speak of it as the time when Susan ran away to sea.

The only thing that can make minor friction hurtful is the disproportionate importance that it can assume when it is treated as a major issue, or taken as an indication of mutual dislike. It is often an indication of the opposite, though at the moment the contestants would find this hard to believe. Kept in its place, however, we find in it later a great deal of humorous charm, because it belonged to a period when we dealt with our brethren with a primitive directness not possible in later years. An intricate ambition, this matter of harmony in the home. Ideally, every family would like to have a history of uninterrupted adorations and exquisite accord. But growth implies change, change implies adjustment, and adjustment among varied personalities implies friction. Kept at the minimum, kept in its place, such friction does not estrange. Instead, it becomes a means to an intimate acquaintance with one another's traits and moods — an intimacy of understanding not far remote from love.

IN BELSHAZZAR COURT

SIMEON STRUNSKY

OUR apartment house has all-night elevator service. We have grown accustomed to being awakened in the middle of the night by the sound of violent hammering on the iron door of the elevator shaft, the object of which is to attract the attention of the operator, who is in the habit of running up his car to the top floor and going to sleep in the hall, being roused only with the greatest difficulty. Tenants have complained of the inconvenience; especially when one comes home late from an after-theatre supper at a Broadway hotel. In deference to such complaints our elevator boys are constantly being discharged, but the tradition of going to sleep on the top floor seems to be continuous.

One of the reasons for this, I imagine, is that our landlord underpays his help and is consequently in no position to enforce discipline. However, I speak almost entirely on information and belief, my personal experience with the all-night elevator having been confined to a single instance. That was when we came back from our vacation last summer at an early hour in the morning and rang the bell without eliciting any response. Inasmuch as we live only two flights up, we walked up the stairs, I carrying a suit-case, a hand-bag, and the baby, and Emmeline carrying another suit-case, and leading by the hand our boy Harold, who was fast asleep.

During the day our elevator is frequently out of order. The trouble, I believe, is with the brake, which every little while fails to catch, so that the car slides down a floor or two and sticks. It is quite probable that if our elevator boys remained long enough to become acquainted with the peculiar characteristics of the machinery in Belshazzar Court

such stoppages would come less often. But no serious accidents have ever occurred, to my knowledge, and personally, as I have said, I suffer little inconvenience, since it is no trouble at all to walk up two flights of stairs.

But it is different with Emmeline, who worries over the children. She will not allow the baby to be taken into the car. Instead, she makes the nurse ride up or down with the carriage, then has her fetch the baby by the stairs. Emmeline complains that in cold weather this necessitates her own going downstairs to tuck the child into her cart, a duty which cannot possibly be delegated. It also exposes the baby to draughts while she is being taken out of the cart in the hall, preparatory to being carried upstairs. But Emmeline would rather take that chance than have the elevator drop with baby, as happened twice during the first week after we moved in. I have sometimes argued with her on the subject, maintaining that there cannot be any real danger when the safety of the elevator is guaranteed by no less than three casualty companies; but Emmeline says that is a detached point of view which she cannot share. Our boy Harold is under strict injunctions to walk. He finds it a deprivation, after having twice tasted the joy of being marooned between floors, whence he was rescued by means of a ladder.

Our friends, when they come to see us for the first time, are impressed with Belshazzar Court. You pass through heavy grilled doors into a marble-lined vestibule which is separated by a second pair of massive doors from the spacious main hall. This hall is gay with an astonishingly large number of handsome electroliers in imitation cut glass. There is also a magnificent marble fireplace in which the effect of a wood fire is simulated by electric bulbs under a sheet of red-colored isinglass. The heat is furnished by a steam radiator close by. The floor has two large Oriental rugs of domestic manufacture. There is a big leather couch

in front of the fireplace. Everywhere are large, comfortable armchairs in which I have often thought it would be pleasant to lounge and smoke, but I have never had the time. On a mahogany table, in the centre, the day's mail is displayed. I have sometimes glanced over the letters in idle curiosity and found that they consist largely of circulars from clothing firms and dyeing establishments. The chandeliers usually have a number of the crystal prisms broken or missing. The rugs are fairly worn, but doubtless the casual visitor does not notice that. The general effect of our main hall is, as I have said, imposing. Sunday afternoons there are several motor cars lined up in front of the house.

The number of young children in our apartment house is not large, a dozen or fifteen, perhaps. The house has six stories and there are nine apartments to the floor, so you can figure out for yourself the rate of increase for the population of Belshazzar Court. My own contribution to the infant statistics of our apartment house is apparently between one sixth and one eighth of the total number. Moreover, if you calculate not by mere number but by the amount of vital energy liberated, my own share is still larger. For there is no denying the justice of the hall boys' complaint that our Harold creates more disturbance in the house than any other three children. The missing prisms in the hall chandeliers are in considerable degree to be attributed to Harold. Not that he has a predilection for electroliers. He is just as hard on shoes and stockings. The former he destroys in a peculiar manner. As he walks upstairs, he carefully adjusts the upper of his shoe, just over the arch, to the edge of each step, and scrapes it toward the toe slowly but firmly. When in good form he can shave the toes from a new pair of shoes in a single afternoon, and I have known him to reduce his foot-gear, within a week, to a semblance of degraded destitution that is the despair and mortification of his mother.

However, it must not be supposed that Harold is unpopular with the working staff of Belshazzar Court. The only apparent exception is the house superintendent, who is held responsible for all damages accruing to halls and stairways. His point of view is therefore quite comprehensible. But even the bitter protests of the house superintendent are not, I imagine, a true index to his permanent state of feeling with regard to Harold. At least I know that after the superintendent has called up Emmeline on the telephone to complain of Harold's fondness for tracing patterns on the mahogany hall table with a wire nail, the boy has been found in the cellar watching the stoking of the furnace with bated breath, a privilege conferred on but few. The superintendent has also given Harold the run of a great pile of cinders and ashes which occasionally accumulates near the furnace doors. From such excursions the boy returns with the knees of his stockings entirely gone, and only the blue of his eyes discernible through a layer of coal dust which lends him an aspect of extraordinary ferocity.

And yet I believe it is Harold's clamorous career through life that is the secret of his popularity with the people in our house. When he walks down the stairs it sounds like a catastrophe. He engages in furious wrestling bouts with the hall boys, whose life he threatens to take in the most fiendishly cruel manner. His ability to "lick" the elevator boy and the telephone operator single-handed is an open secret to anyone who has ever met Harold. But as I have said, there are very few children in the house, and I imagine that the sound of him engaging in mortal combat with the elevator boy, and the clatter of his progress down the stairs, echo rather gratefully at times through the long, sombre hallways.

I am an eye-witness of Harold's popularity on Sunday mornings when Emmeline and I, with both the children, ride down in the elevator for our weekly stroll along the

Boulevard. My bodily presence on Sunday so far removes my wife's apprehensions with regard to the elevator that she will consent to take the baby down in the car. On such occasions I have observed that our neighbors invariably smile at Harold. Sometimes they will ask him how soon and in just what way he intends to destroy the new hall boy, or they will reach out a hand and pluck at his ear. The women in the car content themselves with smiling at him.

Harold's friends, who thus salute him on Sunday morning, usually carry or lead a small dog or two which they are taking out for the daily exercise. There are a large number of small dogs in our apartment house. I don't pretend to know the different breeds, but they are nearly all of them winsome little beasts, with long, silky pelts, retroussé noses, and eyes that blink fiercely at you. Their masters are as a rule big, thick-set men, well advanced toward middle age, faultlessly dressed, and shaven to the quick. Or else the small dogs repose in the arms of tall, heavy women, who go mercilessly corseted and pay full tribute to modern requirements in facial decoration. They seem to lay great store by their pets, but they also find a kind glance for Harold. Sometimes I imagine it is a different glance which they turn from their little dogs to Harold — a softer look, with the suggestion of wonder in it. From Harold and the baby they usually glance at Emmeline. I pass virtually unnoticed.

I have mentioned the baby. When she is with us, Harold does not monopolize our neighbors' attention. It would be odd if it were otherwise. I am not so partisan as Emmeline in this matter, but I am inclined to think she is right when she says that our baby's eyes, of a liquid grayish-blue, staring in fascination out of the soft, pink swell of her cheeks, cannot help going straight to the heart of every normally constituted bystander. The women with small dogs in their arms smile at Harold, but they will bend down to the baby and hold out a finger to her and ask her name. Under such

circumstances the behavior of Emmeline is rather difficult to explain. She is proud and resentful at the same time. Her moral judgments are apt to be swift and sharp, and when we are alone she has often characterized these neighbors of ours — the women I mean — in pretty definite terms. Her opinion of women whose interests are satisfied by a husband and a toy dog would please Mr. Roosevelt, I imagine. Yet she never fails to tell me of the extraordinary charm our baby exerts on these very people whose outlook upon life and æsthetic standards she thoroughly despises.

I have a confession to make. Sometimes, during our encounters in the elevator with our close-shaven, frock-coated neighbors and their fashionably dressed wives, I have looked at Emmeline's clothes and made comparisons, not to her discredit, but to my own. I should like Emmeline to cut as fine a figure as her neighbors, occasionally. Our neighbors' wives on a Sunday are dazzling in velvets and furs and plumes, whereas Emmeline has a natural disinclination for ostrich feathers even if we could afford to go in for such things. Her furs are not bad, but they are not new. They have worn well during the four years she has had them; nevertheless, they are not new.

I am not hinting at shabbiness. That is the last thing you would think of if you saw Emmeline. An exquisite cleanliness of figure, a fine animation in the eyes and the cut of her lips, an electric youthfulness of gesture — I know that clothes are vanity, but sometimes, on Sundays, I am seized with an extraordinary desire for velvets and feathers and furs. I feel that there must be a certain spiritual tonic in the knowledge of being splendidly overdressed. It is a plunge into outlawry which has its temptations to quiet people like myself who would never dare to put on a red tie. I sometimes wonder if the ancient Greeks, with all their in-born taste for simplicity in line and color, did not occasionally go in for a sartorial spree. I really do not regret the

fact that I cannot afford to give Emmeline a sealskin coat and a hat with aigrettes. Ninety-nine times out of a hundred I should feel uneasy to see her thus arrayed. But occasionally, yes, occasionally, I should like it.

Frequently I catch myself wondering how the others can afford it. I take it that, even when you make due allowance for the New York temperament, it is fairly safe to assume that people living in the same apartment house occupy the same economic level. There are exceptions, of course. Tucked away in some rear-court apartment you will find people whose bank accounts would amaze their neighbors. But these are precisely the ones who make the least display. They are maiden ladies of native American descent and the last of their line; or the widows of Tammany contractors and office-holders who divide their time between works of piety and a cat; or prolific German families of the second generation, living after the sober traditions of the race. Still, I feel sure that the majority of our neighbors in Belshazzar Court are in the same income class with myself. How, then, can they afford it all — velvets, furs, the Sunday afternoon motor-car in front of the door? I put aside the obvious explanation, that there are no children. That would make a very considerable difference, but still — motor-cars, bridge three times a week for very considerable stakes, tables reserved at Shanley's for Election night and New Year's Eve —

"They *have* to afford it," says Emmeline, with that incisive justice of hers in which I should sometimes like to see a deeper tincture of mercy. "When you come to think of it, a little pink-nosed dog cannot fill up a woman's life. There must be other interests."

"In other words, they can't afford it. Do these people pay their bills?"

We used to call this a rhetorical question at college. My information on the subject is probably as good as Emme-

line's. Five minutes of pleasant gossip with one's newsdealer is illuminating. Not that I am given to hanging over shop-counters, or that my newsdealer would be reckless enough to mention names. But since we are by way of being in the same line of business, I writing for the newspapers while he sells them, — and incidentally makes the better income of the two, — we do pass the time of day whenever I drop in for cigars or stationery. On such occasions, without quoting names, he will state it as a regrettable economic puzzle that so many people who ride in motor-cars should find it hard to pay their newspaper bills. There was one account, running up to something over eight dollars, he told me, that he was finally compelled to write down to profit and loss. The figures are instructive. Eleven cents a week — for it is an odd fact that people who ride in motor-cars read only the penny papers — makes forty-four cents a month. Throw in an occasional ten-cent magazine and you have a total expenditure of say seventy or eighty cents a month. An unpaid newspaper bill of eight dollars would therefore argue a condition of acute financial embarrassment extending over a period of nearly a year.

"And then again," says Emmeline, "why should n't they be able to afford it? They don't eat."

She goes on to show that inevitably a house with no children in it is a house with very little good food in it. Emmeline has made a study of eugenics, and she has come to the conclusion that the purest milk and a lot of it, the juiciest steaks, and the freshest vegetables constitute the best preventive of a neurotic citizenship in the future. It is a principle which she lives up to so resolutely that our food bills would strike many people as staggering. Now appetite, Emmeline argues, is very susceptible to suggestion. People learn to eat by watching their young. It's like caviare. But where there are no children life may easily be sustained on soda crackers and a glass of milk.

And it is something more than that. (I am still paraphrasing Emmeline's views). A dining-room table with children's eager, hungry faces around it ceases to be a mere dining-room table and becomes an altar. Dinner is not a mere replenishing of the physiological furnaces; it partakes of the nature of a sacrament, with the mother as the high priestess, and the father — well, let us call him the tithe-gatherer. Eating in common is a form of primitive nature-worship which the purest religions have taken over and sanctified. To break bread together — well, all this is quite obvious. But now try to think of a sacrament as being administered with a can-opener and a chafing-dish.

"That is what they live on," says Emmeline, "things that come out of tins and paper boxes. At the end of a year it means a fur coat." Which is n't really very convincing. A single after-theatre supper on Broadway will easily swallow up a week's frying-pan economies. But as an index of the attitude of those women who cook for their children to those women who have no children to cook for, Emmeline's opinion has its value. I admit that, being a woman, she is prejudiced, my own prejudices being to a very great extent the reflection of hers.

Emmeline has a hatred for gossip that is quite extraordinary in one who is so closely confined to her home by household duties. Hence you will wonder where she obtains her information, sometimes so startlingly intimate, regarding our neighbors' habits. Well, in the first place, Belshazzar Court is very much like those Russian prisons you read about, which hum and echo with news flashing along mysterious channels. The prison walls resound to ghostly taps in the still of the night. The water-pipes beat out their message. A handkerchief is waved at a window. A convict's shackled feet, dragging along the corridor, send out the Morse code of the cell. So it requires no special gift of imagination to sit in one's apartment and reconstruct the

main outlines of the life about you. The mechanical piano downstairs has its say. There is a scamper of young feet in the hallway above. A voice of exasperation rasps its way down the dumb-waiter. A sewing-machine whirs its short half hour and is silent. Little yelping volleys announce meal-time for the silken-haired Pekinese. As night comes on, the lights begin to flash up, revealing momentary silhouettes, groups, bits of still life. The alarm clock in the morning and the heavy, thoughtful tread at midnight bespeak different habits and occupations. It is a world built up out of sounds.

There are the servants. They are the telegraph wires of apartment-house life. Like a good many telegraph wires in the great world outside, they are sadly overburdened with trivialities. Yet a healthy cook or nursemaid will pick up during a ten minutes' excursion to the roof an amazing mass of miscellaneous information. This information she insists upon imparting to you. At first Emmeline would refuse to listen, protesting that she did not care to be burdened with other people's affairs. But we soon learned that the one form of class-distinction which domestic help will not tolerate is a refusal to meet them on the common level of gossip. What makes the problem all the more difficult is that, as a rule, the best servants have the keenest appetite for petty scandal. Presumably a robust interest in one's own duties goes hand in hand with a healthy interest in the way other people are living up to their duty. Elizabeth, the only cook we have ever had who will not create a scene when somebody drops in unexpectedly for dinner, simply oozes information. When I think of the secrets into which Elizabeth has initiated us with regard to our neighbors whom we have never met, I feel an embarrassment which is only relieved by the thought that these neighbors must be quite as well informed about ourselves.

Perhaps I should know more of our neighbors if the elec-

tric lights in our stately hallways did not burn so dimly. I have mentioned the handsome glass chandeliers in our main hall and vestibule. Unfortunately, they give forth a faint, sepulchral light. Our elevator car, a massive cage of iron and copper, is quite dark. It may be that our landlord has artistic leanings and is trying to impart a subdued, studio atmosphere to his halls; very dim illumination being, I understand, the proper thing in advanced circles. Incidentally there must be a saving in electricity bills. At any rate, if you will take into consideration the fact that I have a habit of staring at people, even in broad daylight, without recognizing them, and if you will add to that the fact that a day's fussing over proofs and exchanges in the office is followed by an hour in the Subway over the evening papers, it is quite plain why I have difficulty in remembering the faces of neighbors whom I occasionally run across.

Most of the neighbors are very much the same way. An hour in the dead atmosphere of the Subway wilts the social virtues out of a man. We manage to make our way listlessly into the upper air. We trudge wearily through the handsome iron doors of our apartment house. We take our places in opposite corners of the elevator car and stare up at the roof of the cage or count the floors as we pass. Three or four of us leave at the same floor and go our several ways, I to number 43 on the right, one man to number 42 straight ahead, one to the left, and so forth. As I have said, there are nine apartments to the floor.

Of course, if we stay long enough in Belshazzar Court, we shall make acquaintances. Accident will bring that about. For instance, there are a number of men in my line of work and the allied professions who meet every now and then in a little German café on the East side in the 'Eighties. It is not a club, since there are neither members nor bye-laws nor initiation fees, nor, worst of all abominations, a set subject for papers and discussion. People simply drift in and

out. We keep late hours, and it is a well-known fact that in the early hours of the morning friendships are rather easily formed. That was the way I met Brewster.

Brewster (I don't know his first name) is a tall, thin, sal-low-faced man of thirty-five who looks the Middle West he comes from. I had seen him at two of our meetings before we fell into talk. He spoke sparingly, not because he was shy, but because as a rule he had trouble in finding the right phrase. It was not until we were walking across town toward the Subway one night that I found out that Brewster is associate professor of mathematics at my old university. But he has ideas outside of Euclid. He is a Radical, he detests New York, and he is looking forward to the time when he can get away. But I imagine that he is not looking forward very eagerly. Your Radical loves the city while he curses it. At any rate, the Subway trains make speed at night and I was at my station before I knew it. Had he passed his own? No, it appeared that this was his station, too. That was pleasant, I said. Living in the same neighborhood I hoped we would see more of each other in the future. He said it would be pleasant indeed; his own address was Belshazzar Court. He had been there more than two years now. He lived on the third floor, in 47.

"That would be directly across the court from 43?"

He thought it was.

That was two weeks ago. We have not yet found the time to drop in on Brewster. But sometimes I catch a glimpse of him through the window-curtains of his dining-room. Of course I had seen his figure pass across the window before, but naturally had never looked long enough to fix his face in my memory. He has his two children and his unmarried sister in the apartment with him. The mother of the children is dead. The elder is a boy of seven, and I think he must be the pleasant-faced lad who on several occasions has rung our bell and complained that our Harold has robbed him of

various bits of personal property — a toy pistol, a clay pipe, and several college emblems of the kind that come in cigarette boxes.

That is all I know of Brewster directly. Emmeline knows a little more. She has it from our cook, who has it from Brewster's cook. He goes out very rarely. In the morning he escorts the little boy to a private school half a mile away. This he does on his way to the university. He comes home a little earlier than I do, usually with a grip full of books. Our cook says that Brewster is invariably present when his sister gives the little girl her bath before putting her to bed; the child is only two years old. The boy has his supper with his father and aunt, and it is Brewster himself who superintends his going to bed. This process is extremely involved and is marked by a great deal of rough-and-tumble hilarity. Late at night, as I sit reading or writing, I catch a glimpse of him over his work at the big dining-room table, correcting examination papers, I suppose, though I believe he does some actuarial work for an insurance company. He will get up occasionally for a turn or two about the room, or to fill his pipe, or to fetch from the kitchen a cup of tea which he drinks cold. I see him at work long after midnight.

Have I gone into all this detail concerning Brewster merely because he happens to live in 47, which is just across the court from 43, or because our habits and our interests really do touch at so many points? If Brewster were writing down his impressions of Belshazzar Court at midnight, with myself as the central figure, his story would be very much like mine. A glimpse into the windows of our dining-room would show me, too, in a clutter of papers, rustling through my exchange clippings, dipping into a volume of "Pickwick" for a moment's rest, striking innumerable matches to keep a reluctant pipe a-going, and drinking cold tea — too much cold tea, I am afraid.

Yes, Brewster and I have something in common. But

then, I wonder, if I were living one floor above, in 53, and chance had made me acquainted with Smith who lives across the court in 57, would Smith and I discover that there are human ties between us other than our dependence on the same central heating-plant? For one thing, I know that the Smiths have a baby which frequently cries at night in unison with our own. Sometimes the Smith baby wakes up ours. Sometimes the initiative comes from our own side.

Because I drink so much cold tea before going to bed, I find it difficult to fall asleep. I lie awake and think of Belshazzar Court with a fondness that I cannot muster at any other time. The house offers me an extraordinary sense of security; not for myself, but for those who belong to me. It is a comfort to have one's wife and children snugly tucked away in one's own particular cluster of cells at the end of one's own obscure little passageway, where an enemy would need Ariadne's guiding thread to find them. The cave man must have felt some such satisfaction when he had stored his young and their mother into some peculiarly inaccessible rock cleft.

I suppose the dark is a favorable time for the recurrence of such primordial feelings. In the dark the need for human fellowship wells up to the surface. Athwart the partitions of lath and mortar, we of Belshazzar Court experience the warm, protective sensation which comes from huddling together against the invisible menaces of the night.

Decidedly, I must give up drinking so much cold tea. My eyes to-morrow will show the strain. But it is wonderful, too, this lying awake and feeling that you can almost catch the heart-throb of hundreds, above you, below you, on both sides. My neighbors undergo a magic transformation. Deprived of individuality, — viewed, so to speak, under their eternal aspect, — they grow lovable. Belshazzar Court is transformed. In the day it is a barracks. At night it becomes a walled refuge, a tabernacle almost. The

pulse of life beats through its halls with just enough momentum to make a solemn music which gradually overcomes the effects of the cold tea. Intermittent noises twist themselves into vague fugues and arabesques. Somewhere on the floor above, heavy footsteps go back and forth in leisurely preparation for bed. Somewhere across the court, people have returned from the theatre. Evidently they are still under the exhilaration of the lights and the crowd. They pass judgment on the play and their voices are thoughtlessly fresh and animated, considering how late it is; but somehow you are not disturbed. With utter lack of interest you hear a child's wail break out — it is the Smith baby — and you hear the mother's "hush, hush," falling into a somnolent, crooning chant. Outside, a motor-car starts into life with a grinding and a whir and a sputter, and you set yourself to follow its receding hum, which becomes a drone and then a murmur and then silence, but you are not sure whether it is yet silence. As you are still wondering there comes the end of things, except that now and then you stir to the clamor of the elevator bell, ringing indignantly for the boy who has run the car up to the top floor and gone to sleep in the hall.

Shew.

[The Ideal Gentleman.]

THE EVOLUTION OF THE GENTLEMAN

SAMUEL McCHORD CROTHERS

THE idea of the gentleman has grown, as from time to time new elements have been added to it. In every age we shall find the real gentleman — that is, the man who in genuine fashion represents the best ideal of his time; and we shall find the mimicry of him, the would-be gentleman, who copies the form, while ignorant of the substance. These two characters furnish the material, on the one hand for the romancer, and on the other hand for the satirist.

If there had been no real gentlemen, the epics, the solemn tragedies, and the stirring tales of chivalry would have remained unwritten; and if there had been no pretended gentlemen, the humorist would find his occupation gone. But always these contrasted characters are on the stage together. Simple dignity is followed by strutting pomposity, and after the hero the braggart swaggers and storms. So ridicule and admiration bear rule by turns.

For the sake of convenience, it might be well to indicate the difference by calling one the gentleman, and the other the genteelman. Below the genteelman there is still another species. Parasites have parasites of their own, and the genteelman has his admiring but unsuccessful imitators. I do not know the scientific name for an individual of this species, but I believe that he calls himself a "gent."

The process of evolution, as we know, is a continual play between the organism and the environment. It is a cosmic game of "Pussy wants a corner." Each creature wants to get into a snug corner of its own; but no sooner does it find it than it is tempted out by the prospect of another. Then ensues a scramble with other aspirants for the coveted position; and as there are never enough corners to go around,

someone must fail. Though this is hard on the disappointed players, the philosophers find it easy to show that it is an admirable arrangement. If there were enough corners to go around, and everyone were content to stay in the corner in which he found himself, the game would be over. That would be an end of progress, which, after all, most of us, in our more energetic moods, acknowledge to be worth what it costs.

The idea of the gentleman involves the sense of personal dignity and worth. He is not a means to an end: he is an end in himself. How early this sense arose we may not know. Professor Huxley made merry over the sentimentalists who picture the simple dignity of primitive man. He had no admiration to throw away on "the dignified and unclothed savage sitting in solitary meditation under trees." And yet I am inclined to think that the gentleman may have appeared even before the advent of tailors. The peasants who followed Wat Tyler sang, —

When Adam delved and Eve span,
Who was then a gentleman?

But a writer in the age of Queen Elizabeth published a book in which he argued that Adam himself was a perfect gentleman. He had, at least, the advantage, dear to the theological mind, that though affirmative proof might be lacking, it was equally difficult to prove the negative.

As civilization advances and literature catches its changing features, the outlines of the gentleman grow distinct. Read the book of Genesis, the *Analects of Confucius*, and *Plutarch's Lives*. What a portrait gallery of gentlemen of the antique world! And yet how different each from the others!

In the book of Genesis we see Abraham sitting at his tent door. Three strangers appear. When he sees them, he goes to meet them, and bows, and says to the foremost, "My Lord, if now I have found favour in thy sight, pass not

away, I pray thee, from thy servant. Let a little water, I pray you, be fetched, and wash your feet, and rest yourselves under the tree; and I will fetch a morsel of bread, and comfort ye your hearts; after that ye shall pass on."

There may have been giants in those days, and churls, and all manner of barbarians, but as we watch the strangers resting under the oak we say, "There were also gentlemen in those days." How simple it all is! It is like a single palm tree outlined against the desert and the sky.

How different the Chinese gentleman! Everything with him is exact. The disciples of Confucius are careful to tell us how he adjusted the skirts of his robe before and behind, how he insisted that his mince-meat should be cut quite small and should have exactly the right proportion of rice, and that his mat must be laid straight before he would sit on it. Such details of deportment were thought very important. But we forget the mats and the mince-meat when we read: "Three things the master had not, — he had no prejudices, he had no obstinacy, he had no egotism." And we forget the fantastic garb and the stiff Chinese genuflections, and come to the conclusion that the true gentleman is as simple-hearted amid the etiquette of the court as in the tent in the desert, when we hear the master saying: "Sincerity is the way of Heaven; the wise are the unassuming. It is said of Virtue that over her embroidered robe she puts a plain single garment."

Turn to the pages of Plutarch, where are fixed for all time the Greek and Roman ideals of the gentleman. No embroidered robes here, but a masculine virtue, in a plain single garment. What a breed of men they were, brave, forceful, self-contained! No holiday gentlemen these! Their manners were not veneered, but part of themselves. With the same lofty gravity they faced life and death. When fortune smiled there was no unseemly exultation; when fortune frowned there was no unseemly repining. With the same

dignity the Roman rode in his triumphal chariot through the streets and lay down to die when his hour had come. No wonder that men who thus learned how to conquer themselves conquered the world.

When the Roman Empire was destroyed the antique type of gentleman perished. The very names of the tribes which destroyed him have yet terrible associations. Goths, Vandals, Huns — to the civilized man of the fifth and sixth centuries these sounded like the names of wild beasts rather than of men. You might as well have said tigers, hyenas, wolves. The end had come of a civilization that had been the slow growth of centuries.

Yet out of these fierce tribes, destroyers of the old order, a new order was to arise. Out of chaos and might a new kind of gentleman was to be evolved. The romances of the Middle Ages are variations on a single theme, the appearance of the finer type of manhood and its struggle for existence. In the palace built by the enchantment of Merlin were four zones of sculpture.

And in the lowest beasts are slaying men,
And in the second men are slaying beasts,
And on the third are warriors, perfect men,
And on the fourth are men with growing wings.

Europe was in the second stage, when men were slaying beasts and what was most brutal in humanity. If the higher manhood was to live, it must fight, and so the gentleman appears, sword in hand. Whether we are reading of Charlemagne and his paladins, or of Siegfried, or of Arthur, the story is the same. The gentleman has appeared. He has come into a waste land, —

Thick with wet woods and many a beast therein,
And none or few to scare or chase the beast.

He comes amid savage anarchy where heathen hordes are “reddening the sun with smoke and earth with blood.” The gentleman sends forth his clear defiance. All this shall

no longer be. He is ready to meet force with force; he is ready to stake his life upon the issue, the hazard of new fortunes for the race.

It is as a pioneer of the new civilization that the gentleman has pitched

His tent beside the forest. And he drave
The heathen, and he slew the beast, and felled
The forest, and let in the sun.

The ballads and romances chronicle a struggle desperate in its beginning and triumphant in its conclusion. They are in praise of force, but it is a noble force. There is something better, they say, than brute force: it is manly force. The giant is no match for the gentleman.

If we would get at the mediæval idea of the gentleman, we must not listen merely to the romances as they are retold by men of genius in our own day. Scott and Tennyson clothe their characters in the old draperies, but their ideals are those of the nineteenth century rather than of the Middle Ages. Tennyson expressly disclaims the attempt to reproduce the King Arthur

whose name, a ghost,
Streams like a cloud, man-shaped, from mountain peak,
And cleaves to cairn and cromlech still; or him
Of Geoffrey's book, or him of Malleor's, one
Touched by the adulterous finger of a time
That hovered between war and wantonness.

When we go back and read Sir Thomas Malory's *Morte Darthur*, we find ourselves among men of somewhat different mould from the knights of Tennyson's idylls. It is not the blameless King Arthur, but the passionate Sir Launcelot, who wins admiration. We hear Sir Ector crying over Launcelot's body, "Ah, Launcelot, thou wert the head of the Christian knights. Thou wert the courtliest knight that ever bare shield; and thou wert the truest friend to thy lover that ever bestrode horse; and thou wert the truest lover for a sinful man that ever loved woman; and thou wert the

kindest man that ever strake with sword; and thou wert the goodliest person that ever came among press of knights; and thou wert the meekest man and the gentlest that ever ate in hall with ladies; and thou wert the sternest knight to thy mortal foe that ever put spear in the rest."

We must take, not one of these qualities, but all of them together, to understand the gentleman of those ages when good and evil struggled so fiercely for the mastery. No saint was this Sir Launcelot. There was in him no fine balance of virtues, but only a wild tumult of the blood. He was proud, self-willed, passionate, pleasure-loving; capable of great sin and of sublime expiation. What shall we say of this gentlest, sternest, kindest, goodliest, sinfulest, of knights — this man who knew no middle path, but who, when treading in perilous places and following false lights, yet draws all men admiringly to himself?

We can only say this: he was the prototype of those mighty men who were the makers of the modern world. They were the men who fought with Charlemagne, and with William the Conqueror, and with Richard; they were the men who "beat down the heathen, and upheld the Christ"; they were the men from whom came the crusades, and the feudal system, and the great charter. As we read the history, we say at one moment, "These men were mail-clad ruffians," and at the next, "What great-hearted gentlemen!"

Perhaps the wisest thing would be to confess to both judgments at once. In this stage of his evolution the gentleman may boast of feats that would now be rehearsed only in bar-rooms. This indicates that the standard of society has improved, and that what was possible once for the nobler sort of men is now characteristic of the baser sort. The modern rowdy frequently appears in the cast-off manners of the old-time gentleman. Time, the old-clothes man, thus furnishes his customers with many strange misfits. What is of importance is that through these transition

years there was a ceaseless struggle to preserve the finer types of manhood.

The ideal of the mediæval gentleman was expressed in the word "gallantry." The essence of gallantry is courage; but it is not the sober courage of the stoic. It is courage charged with qualities that give it sparkle and effervescence. It is the courage that not only faces danger, but delights in it. What suggestions of physical and mental elasticity are in Shakespeare's description of the "springing, brave Plantagenet"! Scott's lines express the gallant spirit:—

One crowded hour of glorious life
Is worth an age without a name.

Gallantry came to have another implication, equally characteristic. The knight was gallant not only in war, but in love also. There had come a new worship, the worship of woman. In the Church it found expression in the adoration of the Madonna, but in the camp and the court it found its place as well. Chivalry was the elaborate and often fantastic ritual, and the gentleman was minister at the altar. The ancient gentleman stood alone; the mediæval gentleman offered all to the lady of his love. Here, too, gallantry implied the same overflowing joy in life. If you are anxious to have a test by which to recognize the time when you are growing old, — so old that imagination is chilled within you, — I should advise you to turn to the chapter in the Romance of King Arthur entitled "How Queen Guenever went maying with certain Knights of the Table Round, clad all in green." Then read: "So it befell in the month of May, Queen Guenever called unto her knights and she gave them warning that early upon the morrow she would ride maying into the woods and fields besides Westminster, and I warn you that none of you but that he be well horsed and that ye all be clothed in green. . . . I shall bring with me ten ladies and every knight shall have a squire and two yeomen. So upon

the morn they took their horses with the Queen and rode on maying through the woods and meadows in great joy and delights."

If you cannot see them riding on, a gallant company over the meadows, and you hear no echoes of their laughter, and if there is no longer any enchantment in the vision of that time when all were "blithe and debonair," then undoubtedly you are growing old. It is time to close the romances: perhaps you may still find solace in Young's Night Thoughts or Pollock's Course of Time. Happy are they who far into the seventies still see Queen Guenever riding in the pleasant month of May: these are they who have found the true fountain of youth.

The sixteenth century marks an epoch in the history of the gentleman, as in all else. Old ideas disappear, to come again in new combinations. Cervantes "laughs Spain's chivalry away," and his merry laughter echoes through all Europe. The same hands wielded the sword and the pen. The scholars, the artists, the poets, began to feel a sense of personal worth, and carried the gallant spirit of the gentleman into their work. They were not mere specialists, but men of action. The artist was not only an instrument to give pleasure to others, but he was himself a centre of admiration. Out of this new consciousness how many interesting characters were produced! There were men who engaged in controversies as if they were tournaments, and who wrote books and painted pictures and carved statues, not in the spirit of professionalism, but as those who would in this activity enjoy "one crowded hour of glorious life." Very frequently, these gentlemen and scholars, and gentlemen and artists, overdid the matter, and were more belligerent in disposition than were the warriors with whom they began to claim equality.

To this self-assertion we owe the most delightful of autobiographies — that of Benvenuto Cellini. He aspired

to be, not only an artist, but a fine gentleman. No one could be more certain of the sufficiency of Humpty Dumpty's definition of a gentleman than was he.

If we did not have his word for it, we could scarcely believe that anyone could be so valiant in fight and so uninterrupted in the pursuit of honor without its interfering with his professional work. Take, for example, that memorable day when, escaping from the magistrates, he makes an attack upon the household of his enemy, Gherardo Guascanti. "I found them at table; and Gherardo, who had been the cause of the quarrel, flung himself upon me. I stabbed him in the breast, piercing doublet and jerkin, but doing him not the least harm in the world." After this attack, and after magnanimously pardoning Gherardo's father, mother, and sisters, he says: "I ran storming down the staircase, and when I reached the street, I found all the rest of the household, more than twelve persons: one of them seized an iron shovel, another a thick iron pipe; one had an anvil, some hammers, some cudgels. When I got among them, raging like a mad bull, I flung four or five to the earth, and fell down with them myself, continually aiming my dagger now at one, and now at another. Those who remained upright plied with both hands with all their force, giving it me with hammers, cudgels, and the anvil; but inasmuch as God does sometimes mercifully intervene, he so ordered that neither they nor I did any harm to one another."

What fine old days those were, when the toughness of skin matched so wonderfully the stoutness of heart! One has a suspicion that in these degenerate days, were a family dinner-party interrupted by such an avalanche of daggers, cudgels, and anvils, someone would be hurt. As for Benvenuto, he does not so much as complain of a headache.

There is an easy, gentleman-like grace in the way in which he recounts his incidental homicides. When he is hid-

ing behind a hedge at midnight, waiting for the opportunity to assassinate his enemies, his heart is open to all the sweet influences of nature, and he enjoys "the glorious heaven of stars." He was not only an artist and a fine gentleman, but a saint as well, and "often had recourse with pious heart to holy prayers." Above all, he had the indubitable evidence of sainthood, a halo. "I will not omit to relate another circumstance, which is perhaps the most remarkable that ever happened to any one. I do so in order to justify the divinity of God and of his secrets, who deigned to grant me this great favor: forever since the time of my strange vision until now, an aureole of glory (marvelous to relate) has rested on my head. This is visible to every sort of man to whom I have chosen to point it out, but these have been few." He adds ingenuously, "I am always able to see it." He says, "I first became aware of it in France, at Paris; for the air in those parts is so much freer from mists that one can see it far better than in Italy."

Happy Benvenuto with his Parisian halo, which did not interfere with the manly arts of self-defense! His self-complacency was possible only in a stage of evolution when the saint and the assassin were not altogether clearly differentiated. Someone has said, "Give me the luxuries of life, and I can get along without the necessities." Like many of his time, Benvenuto had all the luxuries that belong to the character of a Christian gentleman, though he was destitute of the necessities. An appreciation of common honesty as an essential to a gentleman seems to be more slowly developed than the more romantic sentiment that is called honor.

The evolution of the gentleman has its main line of progress where there is a constant though slow advance; but, on the other hand, there are arrested developments, and quaint survivals, and abortive attempts.

In each generation there have been men of fashion who

have mistaken themselves for gentlemen. They are uninteresting enough while in the flesh, but after a generation or two they become very quaint and curious, when considered as specimens. Each generation imagines that it has discovered a new variety, and invents a name for it. The dude, the swell, the dandy, the fop, the spark, the macaroni, the blade, the popinjay, the coxcomb — these are butterflies of different summers. There is here endless variation, but no advancement. One fashion comes after another, but we cannot call it better. One would like to see representatives of the different generations together in full dress. What variety in oaths and small talk! What anachronisms in swords and canes and eyeglasses, in ruffles, in collars, in wigs! What affluence in powders and perfumes and colors! But would they “know each other there”? The real gentlemen would be sure to recognize each other. Abraham and Marcus Aurelius and Confucius would find much in common. Launcelot and Sir Philip Sidney and Chinese Gordon would need no introduction. Montaigne and Mr. Spectator and the Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table would fall into delightful chat. But would a “swell” recognize a “spark”? And might we not expect a “dude” to fall into immoderate laughter at the sight of a “popinjay”?

Fashion has its revenges. Nothing seems so ridiculous to it as an old fashion. The fop has no toleration for the obsolete foppery. The artificial gentleman is as inconceivable out of his artificial surroundings as the waxen-faced gentleman of the clothing store outside his show window.

There was Beau Nash, for example — a much-admired person in his day, when he ruled from his throne in the pump-room in Bath. Everything was in keeping. There was Queen Anne architecture, and Queen Anne furniture, and Queen Anne religion, and the Queen Anne fashion in fine gentlemen. What a curious piece of bric-à-brac this fine gentleman was, to be sure! He was not fitted for any

useful purpose under the sun, but in his place he was quite ornamental, and undoubtedly very expensive. Art was as self-complacent as if nature had never been invented. What multitudes of the baser sort must be employed in furnishing the fine gentleman with clothes! All Bath admired the way in which Beau Nash refused to pay for them. Once when a vulgar tradesman insisted on payment, Nash compromised by lending him twenty pounds — which he did with the air of a prince. So great was the impression he made upon his time that a statue was erected to him, while beneath were placed the busts of two minor contemporaries, Pope and Newton. This led Lord Chesterfield to write: —

This statue placed the busts between
 Adds to the satire strength,
 Wisdom and wit are little seen,
 But folly at full length.

Lord Chesterfield himself had nothing in common with the absurd imitation gentlemen, and yet the gentleman whom he described and pretended to admire was altogether artificial. He was the Machiavelli of the fashionable world. He saw through it, and recognized its hollowness; but such as it was it must be accepted. The only thing was to learn how to get on in it. "In courts you may expect to meet connections without friendships, enmities without hatred, honor without virtue, appearances saved and realities sacrificed, good manners and bad morals."

There is something earnestly didactic about Lord Chesterfield. He gives line upon line, and precept upon precept, to his "dear boy." Never did a Puritan father teach more conscientiously the shorter catechism than did he the whole duty of the gentleman, which was to save appearances even though he must sacrifice reality. "My dear boy," he writes affectionately, "I advise you to trust neither man nor woman more than is absolutely necessary. Accept proffered friendships with great civility, but with great incredulity."

Poor little Rollo was not more strenuously prodded up the steep and narrow path of virtue than was little Philip Stanhope up the steep and narrow path of fashion. Worldliness made into a religion was not without its asceticism. "Though you think you dance well, do not think you dance well enough. Though you are told that you are genteel, still aim at being genteeler. . . . Airs, address, manners, graces, are of such infinite importance and are so essentially necessary to you that now, as the time of meeting draws near, I tremble for fear that I may not find you possessed of them."

Lord Chesterfield's gentleman was a man of the world; but it was, after all, a very hard and empty world. It was a world that had no eternal laws, only changing fashions. It had no broken hearts, only broken vows. It was a world covered with glittering ice, and the gentleman was one who had learned to skim over its dangerous places, not caring what happened to those who followed him.

It is a relief to get away from such a world, and, leaving the fine gentleman behind, to take the rumbling stage-coach to the estates of Sir Roger de Coverley. His is not the great world at all, and his interests are limited to his own parish. But it is a real world, and much better suited to a real gentleman. His fashions are not the fashions of the court, but they are the fashions that wear. Even when following the hounds Sir Roger has time for friendly greetings. "The farmers' sons thought themselves happy if they could open a gate for the good old knight, which he requited with a nod or a smile, and a kind inquiry after their fathers and uncles."

But even dear old Roger de Coverley cannot rest undisturbed as an ideal gentleman. He belonged, after all, to a privileged order, and there is a force at work to destroy all social privileges. A generation of farmers' sons must arise not to be so easily satisfied with a kindly nod and smile. Liberty, fraternity, and equality have to be reckoned with. Democracy has come with its leveling processes.

The calm Olympian height
Of ancient order feels its bases yield.

In a revolutionary period the virtues of an aristocracy become more irritating than their vices. People cease to attribute merit to what comes through good fortune. No wonder that the disciples of the older time cry:—

What hope for the fine-nerved humanities
That made earth gracious once with gentler arts?

What becomes of the gentleman in an age of democratic equality? Just what becomes of every ideal when the time has arrived for a larger fulfillment. What is unessential drops off; what is essential remains. Under the influence of democracy the word "gentleman" ceases to denote a privilege, and comes to denote a character. This step in the evolution of the idea is a necessary one.

When, in 1485, Caxton printed the Romance of King Arthur, he declared, "I William Caxton, simple person, present the book following, . . . which treateth of noble acts, feats of arms, of chivalry, prowess, hardiness, humanity, love, courtesy and very gentleness." These were the elements which constituted the gentleman. What we see now is that they might be as truly manifested in William Caxton, simple person, as in any of the high-born knights whose deeds he chronicled.

Milton, in memorable words, pointed out the transition which must take place from the gentleman of romance to the gentleman of enduring reality. After narrating how, in his youth, he betook himself "to those lofty fables and romances which recount in solemn cantos the deeds of knight-hood founded by our victorious kings, and thence had in renown through all Christendom," he says, "This my mind gave me, that every free and gentle spirit, without that oath, ought to be born a knight, nor needed to expect a gilt spur or the laying on of a sword upon his shoulder."

The mystery of Ah Ling - Duffins.
THE HUMAN SIDE OF MEXICO

CHARLES BERNARD NORDHOFF

AN old Mexican was speaking, a gray-haired laborer who had worked for twelve years in California. He was on the way to a village in Sonora.

"Yes," he said, "I am going home; I have been here long enough. It is true that wages are better, but money is not everything: to be content a man needs some esteem. Here I can never be more than a Mexican who must be watched to see that he does an honest day's work. I do not believe that I am lazy, — I have done my best for my employers, — but it is hard for us to please the Americans.

"One of my friends tells of a Mexican who was traveling through Arizona with his grandson. They had a donkey which the old man rode while the boy walked behind. After a time they passed some Americans on the road. 'Look at that man,' said one, 'riding his burro while the little boy walks — just like a lazy Mexican!' The old man understood a little English, so he dismounted and made the boy ride. Presently a party of cowboys cantered by. 'Mexicans are a shameless people,' they said; 'see how that lazy boy rides, while the old man walks behind in the dust.' Hearing this, the Mexican mounted behind his grandson, and the donkey went on, carrying double. At the foot of a hill they met a stage. 'Lazy Mexicans,' exclaimed the passengers scornfully, 'both riding that poor little burro!'"

There is a germ of truth in this view of our attitude toward the Mexicans. We are inclined to believe that difference from ourselves implies inferiority — an insular weakness which has been the chief obstacle to cordial relations with the Latin-American republics. Whatever the outcome of the present situation, a little tolerance will do no harm — a

little effort to see the good in a race we do not at present understand.

The Mexican may be described as an Indian with a dash of Iberian blood. No statistics are available, but it is doubtful whether the proportion of Spanish blood exceeds one eighth — possibly it is less. Except in the case of a few tribes like the Yaquis of Sonora and the Mayas of Yucatan, Mexico has absorbed, or is rapidly absorbing, all her aborigines; unlike ourselves, she has been confronted with no Indian problem. The native blood predominating in the mixture is that of the ancient Nahua race, which included all the ruling tribes from the Rio Grande to Tehuantepec — a group of which the Aztecs were the most famous and powerful members. In an admirable characterization of the Aztec, Mr. Lewis Spence describes him as “grave, taciturn, and melancholic, with a deeply rooted love of the mysterious; slow to anger, yet almost inhuman in the violence of his passions when aroused. He is usually gifted with a logical mind, quickness of apprehension, and an ability to regard the subtle side of things with great nicety. . . . He has a real affection for the beautiful in nature and a passion for flowers; but the Aztec music lacked gayety, and the national amusements were too often of a gloomy and ferocious character.” My own experience among the remnants of the race leads only to increased respect for Mr. Spence’s insight, although he has failed to give credit for a fine domesticity and love of children.

The philosophy of the modern Mexican is as foreign to us as the customs of ancient Mexico. The chief incentive which drives the European races on to struggle and progress is the desire for material gain, but in the life of the Mexican this motive plays only a secondary part. Some years ago I was visiting a cane plantation in the state of Vera Cruz. It was time to cut the sugar-cane, and as usual there was a shortage of labor. Ordinary wages were the equivalent of forty

cents a day. The manager made calculations and found that he could double the rate for cane-cutting and still be ahead, because the running-time of his mill would be cut in half. At least, he believed, in his ignorance of the people, that it could be cut in half. So announcement of double pay was made, and long lines of peons came trudging in — *but they worked only half time!*

An old woman in the market-place of Córdoba gave me further enlightenment. I used to buy fruit of her, and one morning I found that she had nothing to sell except a basket of particularly fine mangoes — Manila mangoes, not the ordinary resinous kind. I inquired the price: to a friend they were worth a penny each.

“How many are there, Doña Ignocia?” I asked.

She counted them laboriously, twice over; there were thirty. I took thirty cents from my pocket, handed her the money and reached for the basket.

“But no, señor,” she protested; “if you take them all I must charge forty cents.”

“Why so?” I asked, not a little puzzled at her logic; “you can get no more if you sell them one by one, and by selling them all to me you will have the rest of the day to yourself.”

She shook her head in vehement denial. “No, no,” she explained; “you do not understand. Take half a dozen if you like at a penny each, but I cannot let you have all at that price. If I sell them all at once, I lose the pleasure of a day’s market.”

This attitude of mind is difficult for us to comprehend. Mexico is a wonderfully fertile land, where crops seem to grow almost without attention; Humboldt declared it the richest in the world. Long ago the country Mexican discovered that he could live with a minimum of effort. There is food in the house, the sun is warm overhead, there are amusing neighbors with whom to gossip — why overdo the business of work? It is a pleasant philosophy, fit for a pleasant land.

If you share the American idea that the Mexican is lazy, go to the cities and watch the Mexican craftsmen working at the arts in which they excel. See how the leather-worker leans over his bench all day, carving out flowers and scrolls with exquisite skill. Ask him the price of an embossed pistol-holster, and the chances are that he will scratch his head distractedly before he can recall the amount — it is not fair to interrupt one's work for a little thing like money.

On several occasions I have employed Mexicans side by side with Americans at the same work, against the advice of friends, who predicted racial feeling and the demoralization of the regular men. The Americans were fine fellows, such as exist by millions in our country, and the Mexicans relatively the same. What was the result? Miguel became Mike; Pedro, Pete; Juan, Johnny. They held up their end manfully, so that more than one of my countrymen came to tell me privately that he had changed his opinion of Mexicans. They grew to understand the good-nature of our rougher ways, and worked well because it seemed the thing to do, where a man was measured by what he could accomplish. I even fancied at times that the Mexicans were not the only ones to profit by the mixture of races. No good American would confess that he had learned manners from a foreigner, but one felt vaguely an atmosphere of quieter courtesy and greater consideration.

Both the Spanish and the Indians with whom they have intermarried are people of inherent good manners and of thoughtfulness for the feelings of others. Traveling in Mexico one drifts into conversation with a chance acquaintance and asks him where he lives. "In Guadalajara," he replies, "on the street of Zaragoza; there you have your home." Perhaps one is walking with a Mexican and passes his place. "Is that your house?" one asks; and he answers, "No, it is yours."

These are set forms, of course, mechanically spoken and

not meant to be taken literally; but I should hesitate to say that they are entirely without a basis of sincerity. We are too apt to sneer at such amenities, not realizing that to the Mexican there is no duty more sacred than that of hospitality. The poorest peon, with only a handful of corn in his grass hut, will share it with a belated traveler who asks for shelter, and will sleep on the floor while the stranger enjoys the comfort of a bed. In such cases money is neither offered nor expected; if it is desired to tender a small gift in return for some unusual service, one is often obliged to invent diplomatic means of disguising the idea of compensation.

A few years ago, in southern Mexico, I set out on a forty-mile ride to get money for the plantation pay-roll. The east was brightening as I passed the quarters; lights were appearing in one hut after another as the women began to work at their charcoal braziers, and I heard the patting of *tortillas* and a sleepy hum of talk. Drowsy chickens were waking, to flutter down from the trees. Beyond the pasture the trail led straight into the blank wall of the jungle, above which the morning mist was rising in slow wreaths.

Hour after hour I penetrated deeper into this tropical forest — the trail a tunnel, with soft decaying vegetation underfoot, and a dim roof of green. The enormous trunks of trees, shrouded in creepers and pale orchids, stood like columns seen by twilight in some ruined temple. My horse's feet made no sound. Strange little animals — sloths, anteaters, and coatis — walked slowly and noiselessly along the branches; small gray birds flitted silently from tree to tree, always just ahead. There was a sense of veiled watching, oppressive and unreal as the atmosphere of a dream — one felt that it would be dangerous to whistle, even to speak above a whisper.

At last, as I reached the edge of a forgotten clearing, I realized that something more than imagination was at fault,

for my head was throbbing painfully and I felt the cold touch of a malarial chill.

I got off my horse and spent a bad thirty minutes beside the trail, shivering and half delirious, until an old woman came hobbling up in great concern. There were no men at her hut, but she would lead the horse if I could walk — Come, it was only five minutes away.

My chill developed into a brisk attack of pernicious fever; for two weeks I lay on a mat under kind old María's grass-thatched roof. There was no quinine, but she took delight in compounding certain doubtful brews which I was too weak to refuse. She was poor: there was not even a dog about the place, for dogs must eat. Her one possession was a pig, the very apple of her eye, christened Narciso after a departed son. Had he looked in a pool, Narciso would scarcely have fallen in love with his own image, but in the eyes of his mistress he was perfect. His mate, she informed me, had been killed by a jaguar.

As I grew stronger, I began to think of my departure. Knowing that she would take no pay for what was a common duty, I cast about for a way to save her face and yet make fair recompense for all that she had done. The idea came one morning as I lay on my mat, watching Narciso trot pensively from the jungle in answer to María's shrill summons.

"I have a favor to ask of you," I said, when the day of parting came. "It is evident, to one in sympathy with pigs, that Narciso feels the absence of his companion. It would relieve my mind to know that he was not lonely, so please take these twenty pesos and provide him with a fitting mate."

In Latin-America these little courtesies have their part in business — the Mexican will often pay a greater price in order to deal with a man whose manners and personality inspire confidence. Our salesmen complain of the slowness of doing business in Mexico, not realizing that it is because

the native likes to have a thorough knowledge of the man with whom he is dealing. The type we call "a good talker," or "a quick closer," is out of place in the southern republics, where the quiet and well-bred man, who conforms to native customs, mails home the largest orders.

In the past, we have taken as little pains to understand the character and customs of the Mexicans, as to study their commercial needs. I shall not forget the case of a Mexican neighbor who had been considering the installation of a large plant for the treatment of coffee, and finally placed his order with the representative of an American manufacturer. Of the various bids received, the successful one was by no means the lowest: it was accepted mainly because of the good-breeding and pleasant manners of the young American who had often visited the home of Don Enrique.

The planter had been careful to explain that no single piece or casting must weigh over three hundred pounds — the old story of mule transport. It was a sad day for him when the machinery was unloaded at the nearest railway point: the packing was wretched, with several cases broken, and a number of parts weighed far in excess of the limit. The planter was almost too patient and good-natured over the affair. Gangs of peons succeeded in carrying everything except the steam-engine to the plantation. The engine had a fly-wheel weighing twelve hundred pounds, and even this, by superhuman efforts, they managed to roll fifteen miles over the mountain trails. Finally, at the top of one of the huge misty gorges which scar the flanks of Orizaba, it broke away and went bounding and crashing down two thousand feet, to lie forever in the bed of a mountain stream.

The Mexican is a lover of formality, both in manners and in dress. Eccentricity is not understood where one is judged largely by external things. Each man dresses according to his station: it is unthinkable that a well-to-do man would wear a straw *sombrero* or carry a *sarape*; the peons would be the first to jeer at him.

In the state of Oaxaca there used to be an Englishman who had married a Mexican lady of the upper class — a charming woman, educated abroad and very popular among the foreign residents. He was an excellent fellow, a hard worker who did not believe in riding to the cane-fields dressed as a *boulevardier*. It was one of our amusements to hear his wife upbraid him for looking like a cane-cutter; she could never understand his hatred of good clothes in the daytime.

This couple illustrated another difference in point of view, a small thing, but curiously indicative of the mental gulf which separates us from Latin-America. Doña Lola, in common with most of her countrywomen, was a great lover of pets, on which she lavished an almost foolish amount of tenderness and care. Her husband used to curse softly as he unclamped a parrot from the hat-rack, or discovered a tame oscelet asleep in his chair. A genuine horseman and lover of horses, he found it impossible to comprehend her tenderness for pets, coupled with a complete indifference to the feelings of domestic animals. On our rides together I have seen him bite his lip to keep down angry words at sight of the blood dripping from the flanks of his wife's horse.

The Mexican inherits this cruelty to domestic beasts from both the Spaniard and the Indian, and his superstitions may be traced to the same double source. Few countries are richer in strange beliefs than Mexico, where witches assume the eyes of cats and flit through the night on vampire's wings, where a brisk business is done in love-potions, and where candle-flames still point the way to buried treasure. Religion and superstition are closely linked, as is shown in the fear of the ghosts of unbaptized children, who wail along the fence that bars the way to consecrated ground. To the Mexican, religion is very real; heaven and hell actual places to be avoided or attained according to one's life. His is not an intellectual creed, but a thing of

pure faith, which answers the purpose just as well. There is a Celtic tinge in this attitude toward religion and the supernatural — the same faith, the same melancholy, the same half-heathen superstition. Perhaps there are other affinities between the races: certainly no one can fail to remark how well an Irishman gets on in Mexico.

A prospector I used to know was camped on the Gulf coast of Lower California, and one night a ragged white man appeared at the fireside, asking for water. Announcing in a rich brogue that he was a deserter from a whaling vessel, he inquired the way to the nearest village. My friend told him there was a little plaza forty miles inland, and offered to show him the way if he would wait two or three days. The Irishman was impatient, however, and in spite of the other's warning that it was almost certain death to attempt the trip without water, he started off at daybreak. Three days later the prospector rode into Rosarito, mildly sorry for the poor madman who traveled Mexico without a word of Spanish, and was probably dead of thirst, somewhere in the sandhills. The village had a gala air; from the *cantina* came the scraping of fiddles and the shuffle of dancers' feet. Troops of people were passing in and out of the largest house in town, and as the prospector drew near, who should appear in the doorway but the Irish wanderer, gorgeously arrayed, and leading a dusky but blushing young woman.

"It's welcome you are," he said proudly, "and glad I am to see you on me weddin' day. Let me introduce you to my wife."

In the human qualities which all civilizations have admired, I do not believe the Mexican will be found wanting. He has plenty of physical courage: given the right leader, he makes a very passable soldier. His moral courage is not yet equal to that of the European races, for men fear the things they do not understand, and only education brings under-

standing. In commercial dealings I have found the Mexican, with few exceptions, honorable. This applies to the more educated classes; the others are upright in important matters, but inclined to small prevarication and thievery. Your house servant — a faithful fellow, perhaps, who would risk his life for you in an emergency — is apt to make raids on your cigars. If you catch him red-handed, you will be wise to scold him half-laughingly, for the privilege of outwitting you in small ways is one of his compensations for being a servant — almost a servant's prerogative. The Mexican conception of personal honor differs oddly from ours. Strike an American, and he will fight, but you may be friends again; call him a liar or by any opprobrious name, and you have made an enemy. Almost any verbal offense can be patched up with a Mexican, but strike him in a moment of anger, and he will never forget.

The quality of charity is nowhere more universal than in Mexico. In the peon's hut, when the family sits down to the scanty meal, there is always room for one more at the table — the thought of turning away the needy never enters their minds. Tramps are unknown; there is always a relative or *compadre* who will help out in time of trouble. Like charity, love and respect for parents are inherent in the race: the Mexican who has received a mortal wound does not call upon God: he whispers pathetically, "Mama!"

There is good in the Mexican people, in spite of nine years of turmoil and excess. In the old days the country was in the hands of a few hereditary aristocrats, many of them thoughtful men, who realized their responsibilities and cared for the people by whose labor they profited. Then came Diaz. He established a few schools, and his political system gave birth to a middle class from which it became possible to step into the class of landlords. Such *parvenus*, with no conception of the responsibilities their position entailed, spent their time at the capital, leaving the management of

their estates to men who were paid in proportion to the income they were able to wring from the unfortunate tenants and laborers. It is an old story, and the result was inevitable; the Mexicans are struggling blindly, but they are struggling to remedy conditions which had become intolerable.

I shall always remember a visit I paid my friend Don Blas, a few weeks before the outbreak of the Madero revolution. His plantation, the Hacienda Tlalocan, lies among the tropical foothills of Orizaba, and was in those days a charming example of the old benevolent paternalism — now gone forever. Six generations of the family had lived like kings among the full-blooded Aztecs, speaking their language, and knowing them as few educated men will again. The house was built of plastered stone, with roofs of tile. Gates of native wrought-iron work gave on the cobbled *patio*, three hundred feet long and a hundred wide, where a fountain played and girls poured water into jars, lingering to laugh and pass the time of day. Near the gate was the general store and canteen, and along the arched galleries one found representatives of the useful trades: saddler, blacksmith, butcher, baker, and dipper of tallow candles.

It was Saturday evening. The bookkeeper had moved his desk out into the court and was paying off. Don Blas and I stood nearby, watching the people file in. The bookkeeper spoke Aztec with fascinating ease, reading to each man the total of his earnings for the week as well as the amount of his purchases at the store, and handing him the balance in silver coin. Mutual trust made the transaction perfunctory; the Indians were as little likely to suspect Don Blas as he to take advantage of their confidence. Each worker, before he turned to the canteen for his *aguardiente*, took off his hat, bowed, and raised Don Blas's hand to his lips. Smile if you will; I assure you there was nothing servile

in what was simply the greeting of friends — one small, the other great, but friends nevertheless.

When the last Indian had been paid, a young woman came and stood before us, awaiting permission to speak. Two men were lounging near the gate, one holding a rope which bound the other's arms; they chatted together pleasantly, the guard helping his prisoner to light a corn-husk cigarette. Don Blas nodded and the woman broke into a flood of swift speech, the words merging sibilantly, musical with lingual sounds. Strange to think that here in the twentieth century one heard the old *Nahuatl* *tolli*, — the language of Montezuma, — scarcely changed in the long years since Cortez first marched inland from the coast! The woman grew more vehement, made motions of tearing off her cotton *huipil*, and pointed to her back and shoulders. Finally, with a stamp of her foot, she turned accusingly toward the prisoner, who shifted about uneasily and did not meet her eyes. Don Blas spoke soothingly in Aztec.

"This woman," he said to me with a chuckle, "is the wife of Juan Elotlan yonder — he has been beating her. You have heard how she talks; one can scarcely blame him, eh? She had the *alguazil* tie him up and wants me to punish him. What shall I do?"

I shook my head; I am no Solomon. Don Blas thought for a moment.

"Listen, thou," he told the guard in Spanish; "give the woman a strap and let her beat Juan until she is content."

Half an hour later I saw the pair shuffling homeward: it was evident that neither bore a grudge.

We dined that night in the family dining-room. The furniture of native mahogany, hand-carved a century or two before, was beautiful beyond price. Don Blas sat at the head of the table, a clear-eyed man of sixty, straight and slender, bearded like a caliph of the Moors. Felipe, the superintendent, came in after we were seated and slipped into

a chair opposite my host. Once or twice during the meal I spoke to him, but got no answer save a courteous yes or no. When he had finished, he rose, stood behind his chair, and bowed. Don Blas glanced up with a careless nod; Felipe bowed again and left the room.

When I expressed interest in the old-time customs of the place, my host shook his head a little sadly.

"In a few years it will be gone," he said; "the old life ends with my generation. My son does not care to live here — he prefers the animation of the capital. There he has his horses, his motors, his friends at the Jockey Club. There is money enough; why should he not live the life he enjoys? As for me, I am a countryman, I like to hear the birds sing, to ride through the damp forest at sunrise. But sometimes I fear for my people; the little Indians need one who understands, to look after them. On any street-corner in Mexico one may hear whispers of the change to come. Our future depends on you Americans of the north, and all Latin-America will be watching. Let us hope that in those trying days you will deal with us tolerantly — making an effort to see the good which exists in the Mexican people."

Don Blas was an educated and a thoughtful man. As I think of his words, a more recent incident comes to mind. It was at the ranch of a border cattleman. We had come in at dusk, leaving our horses in the corral. Walking toward the house, we met the Mexican chore-boy, a pleasant-faced lad, fresh from Sonora. The cattleman stopped him and pointed to the corral.

"You *vamos* down yonder," he ordered, "and drive them *caballos* over to the creek for a drink. *Pronto* now!"

The boy listened respectfully, his intelligent eyes bright with the striving to understand. Finally he shook his head.

"No entiendo, señor," he said.

The American looked at me in disgust.

"Can you beat it?" he remarked; "that Mexican don't even understand his own language!"

WITH ARMY ANTS "SOMEWHERE" IN THE JUNGLE

WILLIAM BEEBE

PIT number five had become a shambles. Number five was one of a series of holes dug along the Convict Trail to entrap unwary walkers of the night — walkers or hoppers, for frogs and toads of strange tropical sorts were the most frequent victims. It was dug wide and deep on the slope of an ancient dune of pure white sand, a dune deep hidden in the Guiana jungle, which had not heard the rush and slither of breaking waves for centuries untold. All around this quiet glade was an almost pure culture of young *cecropia* trees. Day after day the pit had entrapped big beetles, rarely a mouse of some unknown species, more frequently a frog.

Now I stood on the brim, shocked at an unexpected sight. A horde of those Huns of the jungle, army ants, had made their drive directly across the glade, and scores of fleeing insects and other creatures had fallen headlong into this deep pit. From my man's height it was a dreadful encounter, but squatting near the edge of it became even more terrible; and when I flattened myself on the sand and began to distinguish individuals and perceive the details from an ant's point of view, I realized the full horror and irresistibility of an assault by these ants.

One is not strongly affected by the dying struggles of a single grasshopper captured by a cuckoo or flycatcher. An individual roach being torn to pieces moves one but slightly. A batrachian, however, has more claim on our emotions, and my sympathy went out to a small, sandy-white frog who was making a brave fight for his life. The pit was alive with a host of the army ants, and wherever the little frog hopped, some soldier or heavy-jawed worker soon found

him and sank jaws into his soft skin. With frantic scratching the frog would brush it off and leap again, only to be again attacked. The most horrible thing about these ants is their leaping ability. The hop of a bird or the jump of a toad when going about their usual business of life, if we think of it at all, is only amusing. But the sudden leap of a bulldog or tarantula, and the corresponding vicious attack of these ants, is particularly appalling. I saw a soldier leap a full inch and a half toward the landing thud of the frog and bite and sting at the instant of contact. I did not dare go into the pit. No warm-blooded creature could have stood the torture for more than a few seconds. So I opened my umbrella and, reaching down, scooped up the sand-colored frog. A half-dozen ants came up in the same instrument, but I evaded them and tied up the tormented batrachian in my handkerchief.

My next glance into the pit showed a large toad, squatted on a small shelf of sand, close to the edge of a crowded column of ants. He was a rough old chap, covered with warts and corrugations, and pigmented in dark gray, with mottlings of chocolate and dull red and occasional glints of gold. He was crouched flat, with all his fingers and toes tucked in beneath him. His head was drawn in, his eyes closed, and all his exposed surface was sticky with his acid perspiration — the sweat of fear. He knew his danger, — of that there was no doubt, — and he was apparently aware of the fact that he could not escape. Resignedly he had settled on the very line of traffic of the deadly foe, after intrenching himself and summoning to his aid all the defenses with which nature had endowed him. And he was winning out — the first vertebrate I have ever known to withstand the army ants. For a few minutes he would be ignored and his sides would vibrate as he breathed with feverish rapidity. Then two or three ants would run toward him, play upon him with their antennæ, and examine him suspiciously. Dur-

ing this time he was immovable. Even when a soldier sank his mandibles deep into the roughened skin and wrenched viciously, the toad never moved. He might have been a parti-colored pebble embedded in its matrix of sand. Once, when three bit him simultaneously, he winced, and the whitish, acrid juice oozed from his pores. Usually the ants were content with merely examining him. I left him when I saw that he was in no immediate danger.

One other creature was quiescent in the pit and yet lived: a big, brown, hard-backed millipede. Like the frog, he fully realized his danger and had sunk his bulk partly into the sand, bending down head and tail and presenting only mailed segments. A mob of ants were trying vainly to bite their way into this organic citadel.

For the dozens of grasshoppers, crickets, roaches, beetles, spiders, ants, and harvest men, there was no escape. One daddy-long-legs did a pitiful dance of death. Supported on his eight long legs, he stood high out of reach of his assailants. He was balanced so exactly that the instant a feeling antenna touched a leg, he would lift it out of reach. Even when two or three were simultaneously threatened, he raised them, and at one time stood perfectly balanced on four legs, other four waving in air. But his *kismet* came with a concerted rush of half a dozen ants, which overbore him, and in a fraction of time his body, with two long legs trailing behind, was straddled by a small worker and borne rapidly away.

I now flattened myself on an antless area at the edge of the pit and studied the field of battle. In another half-hour the massacre was almost over. Five double, or often quadruple, columns were formed up the sandy cliffs, and the terrific labor of carrying out the dead victims began. The pit was five feet deep, with perfectly straight sides, which at the rim had been gutted by the rain, so that they actually overhung. Yet the ants which had half-climbed, half-

tumbled and rolled their way to the bottom in the wake of their victims, now set themselves to solving the problem of surmounting these cliffs of loose, crumbling grains, dragging loads which, in most cases, were much heavier than themselves. Imagine a gang of men set to carrying bundles of one to two hundred pounds up perpendicular cliffs twelve hundred feet in height, and the task of the army ants is made more vivid. So swiftly did they work and so constantly shift their formations and methods of meeting and surmounting difficulties, that I felt as I used when looking at a three-ring circus. I could perceive and record only a small part of the ingenious devices and the mutual assistance and sharing of the complicated conditions which arose at every step.

Among the frightened victims, even for those endowed with excellent eyesight and powerful flight, there was only hopeless confusion and blind terror. Instead of directing their flight upward, they drove from side to side. Those whose leaps should have carried them out, simply kicked out blindly and brought up against the sandy walls. If leaf-cutting ants had been at work here, there would have been a certain amount of coöperation. Certain ones would have cut leaves, other individuals would have picked them up and transported them. But with the army ants this mutual assistance was sublimated, developed to a quintessence of excellence. If I, seated on the rim, overlooking the whole, had been an all-powerful spirit, gifted with the ability to guide by thought simultaneously all the ants within sight, such guidance could not have bettered the cunning coöperation, the unexpectedly clever anticipation of trouble, the marvelous singleness of purpose and manifold effectiveness exhibited by these astounding creatures.

First, as to the personnel of the army ants. Roughly I divided them into two categories, white-heads and black-heads. The latter were by far the more numerous and, as a

rule, were smaller, with less powerful jaws. But this did not mean that the white-heads were all soldiers. Most of them, indeed, were the hardest workers. Between the great extremes of size in each of these two types, there seemed to exist only a difference of degree. The smallest black-head laborers, only a little more than one fifth of an inch long, did their bit, flew like bull pups at any prey which showed signs of life, and staggered bravely along with any piece of loot which their short legs could straddle.

The white-heads, twice as large, were the strong men of the community, putting all their activity into the labor, shouldering, pushing, dragging, lifting, singly or in unison. These persons had powerful jaws, but jaws which were stout and scissor-edged. The largest of the white-heads were armed with reaping-hooks, long inwardly pronged jaws, curved like the tushes of ancient mammoths, too specialized for carrying loads, but well adapted for defense of the most powerful character. Yet, as we shall see, even these were not too proud to work, when occasion demanded it. But their jaws were so enormous that they had to carry themselves very erect, and they could not make quite as good time as the other castes.

All had reddish-brown abdomens, with darker thoraxes and white or black heads. These heads bulged on each side like the domes of observatories. Exactly in the centre of each dome, looking like the jet-black head of a tiny pin, was the single remaining facet of the eye, the degenerate residue of the hundreds which were present in their ancestors, and which the perfect males and females still possess and look through. Even this single eye is a sham, for its optic nerve dies out before the brain ganglion is reached; so we come to the astounding realization that these ants are totally blind, and carry on all their activities through the sense or senses residing in those marvelous quivering antennæ. Here are beings spending all their lives in ceaseless changing activi-

ties, meeting and coping with constantly new conditions, yet wholly blind. Their sense of smell dominates their judgment of substance, and the moment an army ant reached my moccasin he sank jaws and sting deep into the fabric as instinctively and instantly as when he executed the same manœuvres more effectively on my hand.

Keeping this handicap in mind, the achievements of these little creatures assumed a still greater significance, and with renewed interest and appreciation I again surveyed the scene in the amphitheatre before me. When the majority of the pit victims had been slain, the process of carrying them up to the surface began. The hordes of ravening ants resolved themselves, as I have said, into five distinct columns of traffic which, inch by inch, fought for a footing up three of the four sides.

Half of the bottom of the pit was a sort of flat table-land several inches higher than the rest, and the first thing the ants did was to carry all their booty to this steppe, in pieces or bodily, some of the unfortunate creatures still protesting weakly as they were dragged along. In fifteen minutes the lowest part of the pit bottom was deserted, and after much hesitation I vaulted down and found a footing reasonably safe from attack.

Two traffic columns had already reached the summit, and the others were forging rapidly ahead. All used a similar method of advance. A group of mixed castes led the way, acting as scouts, sappers, and miners. They searched out every slope, every helpful step or shelf of sand. They took advantage of every hurdle of white grass-roots as a welcome grip which would bind the shifting sand grains. Now and then they had to cross a bare, barren slope with no natural advantages. Behind them pressed a motley throng, some still obsessed with the sapper instinct, widening the trail, tumbling down loose, dangerous grains. Some bore the first-fruits of victory, small ants and roaches which had

been the first to succumb. These were carried by one, or at most by two ants, usually with the prey held in the jaws close beneath the body, the legs or hinder-part trailing behind. In this straddling fashion the burden was borne rapidly along, an opposite method from the overhead waving banners of the leaf-cutters.

With these came a crowd of workers, both white- and black-headed, and soldiers, all empty-jawed, active, but taking no part in the actual preparation of the trail. This second cohort or brigade had, it seemed to me, the most remarkable functions of any of the ants which I saw during my whole period of observation. They were the living implements of trail-making, and their ultimate functions and distribution were so astounding, so correlated, so synchronized with the activities of all the others that it was difficult not to postulate an all-pervading intelligence, to think of these hundreds and thousands of organisms as other than corpuscles in a dynamic stream of life, controlled by some single, outside mind.

Here, then, were scores of ants scrambling up the steep uneven sides, over ground which they had never explored, with unknown obstacles confronting them at every step. To the eye they were ants of assorted sizes, but as they advanced, numbers fell out here and there and remained behind. This mob consisted of potential corduroy, rope-bridges, props, hand-rails, lattices, screens, fillers, stiles, ladders, and other unnamable adjuncts to the successful scaling of these apparently impregnable cliffs. If a stratum of hard sand appeared, on which no impression could be made, a line of ants strung themselves out, each elaborately fixing himself fast by means of jaws and feet. From that moment his feverish activity left him: he became a fixture, a single unit of a swaying bridge over a chasm; a beam, an organic plank, over which his fellows tramped by hundreds, some empty, some heavily laden. If a sudden ascent had to be

made, one ant joined himself to others to form a hanging ladder, up which the columns climbed, partly braced against the sandy wall.

At uncertain, unguarded turns a huge soldier would take up his station, with as many functions and duties as a member of the Broadway traffic squad. Stray, wandering ants would be set right by a single twiddle of antennæ; an overburdened brother would be given a helping jaw and assisted for some distance to the end of his beat. I was especially interested in seeing, again and again, this willingness to help bear the burdens. It showed the remains of an instinct, inhibited by over-development, by ultra-specialization of fighting paraphernalia, still active when opportunity gave it play. At the first hint, by sound or smell, of danger, the big soldier whirled outward and, rearing high on his legs, brandished his mighty blades in mid-air. Here was an ideal pacifist, who could turn his sword into a ploughshare at will, and yet keep the former unsheathed for instant use.

When I watched more closely, I detected more delicate gradations of mutual aid. At the same level in two columns of ascent, the same stratum of hard sand was encountered. To one columnn the sand presented a rough surface which gave good foothold. Here the single line of ants which was ranged along the lower edge of the trail, in lieu of hand-rail, all faced downward, so that the ants passing above them walked partly on the abdomens and partly on the hind legs of their fellows. In the second column, the surface of the sand was smooth, and here the burdened ants found great difficulty in obtaining a foothold. In this instance the supporting gang of ants faced upward, keeping their place solely by their six sturdy legs. This left head and jaws free, and in almost every case they helped the passage of the booty by a system of passing from jaw to jaw, like a line of people handing buckets at a fire. The rightful carriers gave up their loads temporarily and devoted their attention to their own precarious footing.

I learned as much from the failures of this particular formation as from its successes. Once a great segment of a wood-roach was too much for the gallant line clinging to the sides of the pit, and the whole load broke loose and rolled to the bottom. Of the hand-rail squad only two ants remained. Yet in four minutes another line was formed of fresh ants, — ants who had never been to the spot before, — and again the traffic was uninterrupted. I saw one ant deliberately drop his burden, letting it bounce and roll far down to the bottom of the pit, and instantly take his place in the line of living guard-rails. The former constituents of the line had clung to the roach segment through all its wild descent, and until it came to rest at the bottom. Without a moment's pause, they all attacked it as if they thought it had come to life, then seized it and began tugging it upward. In a fraction of time, without signal or suggestion or order, the hand-rails had become porters. The huge piece of provender had rolled close to an ascending column on the opposite side of the pit, and up this new trail the bearers started, pulling and pushing in unison, as if they had been droghers and nothing else throughout the whole of their ant-existence.

One climax of mutual assistance occurred near the rim of the pit on a level with my eyes, where one column passed over a surface which had been undermined by heavy rain, and which actually overhung. I watched the overcoming of this obstacle. All the ants which attempted to make their way up at this point lost their footing and rolled headlong to the bottom. By superformicine exertions a single small worker at last won a path to the rim at the top. Around the edge of the pit innumerable ants were constantly running, trying, on their part, to find a way down. The single ant communicated at once with all which came past, and without hesitation a mass of the insects formed at this spot and began to work downward. This could be done only by

clinging one to the other; but more and more clambered down this living ladder, until it swayed far out over the vastness of the pit, three inches in length. I had never lost sight of the small worker, who had turned on his tracks and was now near the bottom of the ladder, reaching wildly out for some support — ant, grass, or sand. I was astonished to see that, as the length and consequent weight of the dangling chain increased, the base support was correspondingly strengthened. Ant after ant settled itself firmly on the sand at the top, until a mat of insects had been formed, spread out like animate guy-ropes.

At last the ultimate ant in the rope touched the upraised jaws of a soldier far below. The contact acted like an electric shock. The farthest ant in the guy-rope gang quivered with emotion, a crowd of ants climbed down and another up, and bits of insect and spider prey began to appear from the depths of the pit, over the living carpet suspended from the brim. For an inch the droghers climbed over the bodies braced against the cliff. Then, where the surface became smooth, the dangling chain came into use. Before the rim of the pit was reached, the chain had become a veritable hollow tube of ants, all with heads inward, and through this organic shaft passed the host from the ascending column. But it was far more than any mechanically built tube. When an extra large piece of loot came up, the tube voluntarily enlarged, the swelling passing along until the booty and its bearers emerged at the top.

Within five minutes after this last column was completed, there passed over it, out of the pit, a daddy-long-legs with legs trailing, perhaps the same one which I had seen in the tragic little dance of death. There followed two silvery-gray ants, a wood-roach in two installments, part of a small frog, three roaches, and two beetles. These latter gave a great deal of trouble and tumbled down the cliff again and again.

When all the columns were established and the provision trains in full movement, I leaped out and scouted round for the rest of the army. I found that the pit was only an incident. In all directions lines of ants poured past, carrying booty of all sizes and descriptions. Here and there the huge soldiers walked slowly along the outskirts, directing stragglers, looking for danger, snapping at any roach or strange ant which rushed frantically by, and holding it until it was carried off by nearby workers.

I followed a column over logs and leaves to where it ascended a cecropia tree. A harvest of small arboreal insects was being gleaned high overhead. As I watched, there came a heavy downpour of rain, a typical shower of the tropics, with a scattering of heavy drops out of the full sunshine and then a sudden clouding and a straight deluge for a few minutes. The reaction of the ants was interesting. They did not like the water, and it was comical to see them tumble over one another to get under shelter. Like the doorways of city shops in a shower, every curled-up leaf was packed, and from every crevice of bark projected sundry abdomens and hind legs for which there was no room inside. When the bearer of a large bag of booty found a convenient corner, he backed into it and left his meat sticking out in the rain.

After the shower all came forth at full speed, but for some minutes there was considerable confusion. The sluice of water had evidently washed away much of the scent which stood for guide-posts, directing signs, and pointing hands along the trail. Only after many false starts were the old pathways discovered and again traversed. In one place the ants climbed a huge log and marched along the top for six or seven yards. I timed them carefully and found that on this straightaway track their average speed was two and a half feet in ten seconds. So they covered a mile in three hours and a half, and in all the army ants I have ever

watched this rate of speed never slackens; in fact, it frequently greatly increases. When hot on the scent of prey they double their usual gait.

There are as many ludicrous sights to be seen in the ranks of army ants as there are among the banner-decked processions of the leaf-cutters. Along the tree-trunk track came three big white-heads straddling an inch-worm — in this case an inch-and-a-half worm. They leaned forward and downward, the heads of those behind overlapping the abdomens in front, and they looked for all the world like the riders of an old-fashioned three-seated bicycle, spurting along the trail. Another simile, even more vivid, evoked the vision of some weirdly constructed, elongated myriopod with four-and-twenty legs. After a hard fight, in the course of which I was stung twice, I unseated the trio and took the measuring worm away from them. As I lifted it from where it had fallen, at least fifty ants hurled themselves at the spot, jaws snapping, trembling with violent rage. I walked ten feet away and dropped the worm in the midst of another column, and within an equal number of seconds three new white-heads had mounted it and were hustling it along — the replicas in appearance and method of the first team.

Many species of stranger ants were killed and carried off as food, but now and then I noted a most significant exception. In three different parts of the glade I saw good-sized, pale, flesh-colored ants which walked unharmed in the very ranks of the terrible host. Unharmed they were, but not wholly above suspicion, and their progress was not an easy one. For every unburdened ant which passed leaped at the pale one, antennæd it fiercely for a moment and reluctantly released it. One could read their indecision as they slowly loosened their hold, turning again and again and waving their antennæ as if to make sure that it was not better to act on their suspicion and slay at once. Fin-

ally, they always passed on. The pale ones had some strange inaudible password, some sensory parole which protected them. And their total lack of fear showed their knowledge of their immunity. Even with the added sense of sight which they possessed, they chose voluntarily to accept this dubious, reluctantly accorded friendship. But it was probable that, even if they lived in the very community or nest of the army ants, theirs was the hard-earned dependence of neutrals who were liable to be knocked down at a moment's notice, and searched for any strange, inimical scent which would spell instant death.

In one place the army column made a slight *détour* round a hillock of sand-grains upon which a host of tiny brown ants were laboring. I thought it remarkable that such immunity should be accorded these dwarfs, and I sought the reason. It was forthcoming at once when I gingerly lifted a big soldier with the forceps and dropped him on the ant-hill. What occurred was a replica of the usual army-ant scene, but enacted as if viewed through the large end of an opera-glass. Scores of the minute brown chaps rushed forth and for a moment fairly overbore the white-headed giant. Indeed, before he could recover he was dragged partly down a sandy hole. His jaws brandished and champéd, but his assailants were so small that they slipped through them unharmed. Many actually seized the jaws themselves and were hurled through the air as these snapped together. Regaining his feet, the great army ant staggered off and, fortunately for him, rolled down a slope into another column of his own kind. Here he freed himself little by little, scraping off the minute fighting browns with the help of two very small workers, whose jaws, being much less in size, were better able to grip the diminutive furies. Their assistance was half-hearted, and the odor of the dead and dying pygmies was distinctly disliked by them. They were apparently well aware of the capabilities of these small cousins, and held them in high respect.

This outburst of successful defense on the part of the small ants was unexpected. I glanced back at their hill and saw them unconcernedly piling up grains as if nothing had occurred to disturb them. I wondered if, with senses perfectly attuned, with an enlarging-glass ability of observation, one might not find still lesser communities which would in their turn consider the little brown ants as giants, and on the space of a pin's head attack them and fly at their throats.

A species of silvery-gray ant which was abundant in the glade was an object of special enmity, and even after one of these was killed and being carried along, passing army ants would rush up and give it a vicious, unnecessary nip. One such ant made its escape from the hold of a small worker; but before it had taken ten steps it was actually buried under a rolling mass of army ants. The flying leap with which these athletes make their tackle would delight the heart of any football coach, although their succeeding activities belong rather to savage warfare. Termites, or so-called white ants, are, curiously enough, immune from attack. Yet these slow-moving, fat-bodied creatures would seem first-rate food, and the fight they could put up would not stand an instant before a concerted rush of battling army ants. The saving character is doubtless odor or taste. I dropped a tunneful of these insects in the path of the army ants and they were quite ignored, although the black- and white-headed fellows were terribly angry and excited.

I coveted a small beetle of peculiar pattern which the ants were hurrying along, and in taking it from them I accidentally cut an army ant in two. His abdomen rolled down a small slope and caused considerable panic among his fellows. They formed a ring round it and waved their antennæ in mid-air, the scent of the blood of their own kind causing them to forget hurry and burdens and their normal activities. The front part of the ant seemed but little incon-

venienced and endeavored to seize and carry the load it had dropped. Little by little it began to realize that all was not right, and after one or two attempts to turn and investigate, it ran rapidly down the trail. I made a dab at it to put it out of what seems better called inconvenience than misery, but succeeded only in bisecting the thorax, so that there remained the head and front pair of legs. These lost nothing in activity, and by means of the single pair of legs the head rowed itself rapidly along, its antennæ twiddling vigorously those of every ant it met. This was uncanny, a little too much, and I ground the fraction of ant to powder.

One could study for hours the interactions among the army ants themselves. More than once I saw a good-sized ant transporting one of its fellows, exactly as it would carry a bit of booty. I tried to examine this ant, and to my surprise, both attacked me ferociously. The one which was carried was neither dead, ill, nor disabled, but very much alive. I cannot even suggest an explanation of this phenomenon, as it did not seem an attempt to aid a comrade in distress.

As dusk began to settle down, I found a column of ants which must have discovered and sacked the city of some stranger ants. They were laden with ant-booty: eggs, larvæ, and dead ants by the hundred. This was comprehensible, but what I did not at first understand was a dense line of ants moving solidly in one direction, all laden with large eggs and immature ants, which they were carrying with great care. A large number of the huge soldiers patrolled the outer flanks of the column, more than I had seen with all the other traffic lines together. I realized at last that I was looking at an actual moving of a portion of the army-ant household itself. It was guarded and transported with all the care of which these insects were capable. The infant ants rested safely in the great jaws, the same jaws which all day had been busy slashing and biting and tearing, and carrying food for these same infants.

And now the tropical night began to close down and I made my way back to the sand-pit. The last of the columns were making their way out, systematically from the bottom up, each ant following in turn. The moment the last bit of prey passed up the column, by some wonderfully delicate and subtle sense, every ant knew of it, and the corduroy rose, the hand-rails unjointed themselves, the ropes unspliced, the embankments dislodged of their own volition, and stepping-stones took to themselves legs. After hours of total inactivity, these sentient paraphernalia of the *via formica* became, once more, beings surcharged with ceaseless movement, alert and ready to become a useful cog in the next movement of this myriad-minded machine. I jumped down into the pit. The great gold-spotted toad stretched and scratched himself, looked at me, and trembled his throat. I was not an army ant! The millipede cautiously reared its head from the sand and felt timidly about.

I looked out and saw the last of the mighty army disappearing into the undergrowth. I listened and heard no chirp of cricket, nor voice of any insect in the glade. Silence brooded, significant of wholesale death. Only at my feet two ants still moved, a small worker and a great white-headed soldier. Both had been badly disabled in the struggles in the pit, and now vainly sought to surmount even the first step of the lofty cliff. They had been ruthlessly deserted. The rearing of new hosts was too easy a matter for nature to have evolved anything like stretchers or a Red Cross service among these social beings. The impotence of these two, struggling in the dusk, only emphasized the terrible vitality of their distant fellows. As the last twilight of day dimmed, I saw the twain still bravely striving, and now the toad was watching them intently. A poor-me-one called mournfully from a distance, and I walked slowly toward home.

WHICH CLASS?

MARY C. ROBINSON

THE Teachers' Convention is always in session. The sun never sets on its deliberations. It has been ever thus in this land of public schools. Whether you pull an old newspaper of *ante-bellum* days out of the red chest in the garret or open the morning's issue, wet from the press, column to column with the latest murder and the oldest joke, is an account of the meeting of a body of educators, somewhere, everywhere, in this broad land.

My way of life, from my youth up, has carried me annually, semi-annually, or even oftener, into such meetings, and I have been unable to escape observing that certain words of wisdom are uttered at each convention with the regularity and emphasis of a standard advertisement. They come from the mouths of different educators, great guns or small guns, indigenous or imported, in nearly the same form and to exactly the same purport. One of these oracular sayings is this: "The spirit of the class exactly reflects the spirit of the teaching."

We teachers are told, not once but a hundred times, that a wise observer need only study briefly the class before us, — nay, some artless speakers say that the observer need only listen outside the door, — in order to learn, without a glance at the teacher, whether she (the feminine pronoun in the educational world does duty for both sexes) is alert, enthusiastic, conscientious, hard-working, well-informed, and in vigorous health, or a dragged out, ignorant, soulless, and thoroughly unpedagogic specimen of the profession.

At the tender age of sixteen, when I began my pedagogic career, I accepted without question this doctrine and everything else that was thundered at me *ex cathedra*. After ten

years of teaching I believed no word of it; after ten years more I am moved to inquire, "Which class?"

For my work calls me either to teach or to superintend six different classes daily, and I find that each has an individuality of its own. Gladly would I believe that some of these individualities are reflections of my own; but the unction is so flattering that my common sense refuses to lay it to my soul. That same common sense — a quality which exists in embryo even in public-school teachers — also forbids me to imagine that other less delightful classes reflect the image of my own *ego*. Doubtless my faults are many, and apparent to the most superficial beholder, but reason quails at regarding them as exactly those faults which I discern in the happy-go-lucky band of young barbarians occasionally given me to train, who cannot be taught to speak the truth and already know how to shoot straight.

Consider with me the various classes which are exposed to the contagion of my spirit during a typical day in my school. My first duty is to supervise a room containing one hundred and ten young men and women between the ages of fourteen and nineteen, during a period of forty-two minutes. (The missing three minutes are devoted to getting somewhere from somewhere else.) The entire one hundred and ten are solely and strenuously occupied in studying throughout this time. Whether I watch them severely from the desk or patrol the room with eagle gaze, nothing more disorderly happens than the whispered query of an industrious student, who thrusts a French book under my eyes and asks deprecatingly, "*Could* you tell me whether *va* is a noun or a preposition?" or that of another, no deprecator he, who demands offhand, "Please tell me the date when the Pentekosiomedimni were established, and how long they lasted."

Of course, I am too old and too wise a bird to suppose that all this quiet means absolutely what it appears to mean on

the surface. I, too, have sat in study-rooms in the days of long ago, and am familiar with various underground railroads for notes, and with other subways for matters of immediate and non-educational importance; but for all that, the atmosphere of the room is overwhelmingly one of intense and even greedy intake of knowledge. I may write on the blackboard or review my own lessons for the day, without disturbing it in the least. Would not a visitor, who believed that the spirit of a class mirrored that of its teacher, be sure that my spirit was that of the unmitigated grind? That nothing but the pursuit of knowledge in and for itself would satisfy me?

An explanation not so agreeable to my intellectual vanity, but in strict accord with the facts, is that the industrious among these boys and girls — both the seekers after rank and the seekers after education — consider the first period the very best time in the day to study, while the lazy and idle study at no other time, but concentrate all their mental application in a frenzy of intellectual effort during this (almost) three quarters of an hour. All of the latter doubtless absorb something: the quick, enough to “get through” on; the untalented, a strange mixture of French, “literature,” and mathematics — choice extracts from which, when quoted in the daily papers as examples of what the pupils learn in our public schools, horrify the general public.

Now follow me into my next class. This is “College English” and no drowsy land of enchantment. Before me, in a pleasant, well-ventilated room, sit twenty-eight boys of about eighteen, most of them bright, all strung on wires, hardly one studious, and yet all determined to enter college at the end of the year. That is the only consideration which tames their hearts of fire. So far as I can observe, they have no desire to know anything correctly, not the slightest bend toward literature, and a determination, unitedly and sever-

ally, to be as trying as possible; but this, bear in mind, without the least personal malice toward their teacher. It is not etiquette in this class to show the slightest interest in the lesson. It is unwritten law of the strictest not to answer a question that someone else has failed on. The united ambition seems to be to learn as little as possible, to elude the teacher as much as possible, and yet ultimately to "pass." Judge how highly I appreciate the ability of these boys when I say that I have no doubt they will be as successful in the last of these purposes as they eminently are in the other two.

But, after all, elude they never so wisely, the teacher sits in the seat of the mighty. Moreover, she is an old war-horse and knows a few tricks of her own. If the first boy can't answer her question she puts a different and equally obnoxious one to the next boy. Once upon a day she essayed to write on the blackboard. Festive sounds of combat assailed her ears. Flying chalk hurtled through the air and rattled against every hard surface. When she turned suddenly all was silent, except that Buster Coombs, who giggles easily and who doubtless had had nothing to do with the disturbance, was nearly bursting with merriment, and little Gehigan, who doubtless was chief offender, was preternaturally solemn, but with his collar unfastened behind and scraping the back of his earnest and attentive head. Thereafter members of the class, selected by her who must be obeyed (when the worst comes to the worst), write on the blackboard when such work is necessary. How they hate it! The victim in question is regarded as the butt of ridicule. He is facetiously supposed to be that contemptible creature, the teacher's pet. Hard is his lot, but inevitable.

Yet I would not have you suppose that the rapscallions are without good points. They have more than one, the most endearing of which is that they show off well. I would rather receive a visitor in this class than in almost any other.

Listening at the door is a different matter, and ought to be ruled out of the game. But let a visitor enter openly and above-board, especially one who looks like a college professor in disguise — and see the change. My twenty-eight boisterous young barbarians are transformed instantly into twenty-eight polished young gentlemen, serious-minded, deeply interested in literature. From stray nooks and corners of their resourceful minds they draw forth bright questions and anecdotes which they bring forward engagingly to cover their ignorance of the lesson in hand; and I, knowing only too well the depths of that ignorance, shamelessly give them their head, follow their lead, politely ignore anything that they have been told to learn and doubtless have not learned, and allow them to exploit themselves so successfully that at the close of the period the visitor invariably congratulates me on the privilege of training such delightful students. The boys, be it said, are dead-game sports. As they file out quietly, in regular order, as if they had never heard of crowding or pushing or punching, they overhear the conversation, but give me no look of partnership in crime. They are too old hands for that.

When, for the discipline of my soul, I ask myself if this class reflects my personality; if I, therefore, have taught them to be shallow, shifty, and unscrupulous, but preternaturally bright, reason and conscience entirely acquit me of that particular responsibility; but they add that I, on the other hand, reflect the class, and might, if I associated with them exclusively, before long become quite as bad as they. What upside-down pedagogics!

I pick up my books and go to my next class. Here are twenty-five boys and girls, whose object seems to be to learn as much as they can and enjoy the process. Though somewhat deficient in originality, they possess all other classroom virtues. Polite, interested, appreciative, and always prepared with exactly what they have been told to

learn, these pupils are so restful that if all teaching were like teaching them, our profession would be overcrowded, and our salaries, by the law of supply and demand, would shrink to nothing at all. Does this class reflect its teacher's personality? I wish I thought so; but the aforesaid reason and conscience answer uncompromisingly, "It does not; tractable you may be; without originality you are; but restful, never!"

After the fifteen minutes of recess comes the pendant and complement of my class of the second period, namely, twenty-four girls in "College English," and one boy. Rather, one might say, a potential boy, for Cuthbert Vanderbeek is seldom objectively present. Three mornings a week, on an average, he brings a note from his mother requesting that he be dismissed at recess; the other two he either has a severe pain in his stomach which necessitates his going home even earlier, or else he has forgotten to feed the horse or to look after the furnace. His mother, meanwhile, haunts at eventide the residence of the principal, in sad explanation of her son's delinquencies, or else, perchance, in search of advice and encouragement. The days when he dismisses himself she cheerfully lies for him, telling in what distress he came home, or enlarging upon the urgent needs of the horse or the furnace — though it may be well known to all concerned that Cuthbert did not go home till noon, but spent the time in question in the park, smoking cigarettes. It is believed by his instructors that the horse is a mythical animal, and as for the furnace — who can imagine Cuthbert in the act of handling a coal-shovel? But let that pass. Mrs. Vanderbeek's strongest argument used to be to raise her handkerchief to her sad eyes and say pathetically, "If Cuthbert only had a father it might be different!" Imagine the principal's surprise, one evening, when a man who announced himself as Mr. Vanderbeek, father of Cuthbert, called, accompanied by a quite different Mrs. Vander-

beek. He, too, regretted the absence of paternal authority quite as much as the boy's mother, but he said, "The court gave her the control of him, so what can I do?" So the matter of Cuthbert's attendance stands.

Besides the potential Cuthbert the twenty-four are the dearest little damsels in the world. They study and learn their lessons, and have a pretty little wit of their own. But one serious fault mars their personality as a class: they do not like to recite before visitors. Indeed, some of them, in the presence of a stranger, — be it the meekest of parents or the most terrified of candidates for a position, — refuse to say anything at all, but simply slump into their seats in unhappy little heaps; the rest become monosyllabic or reply in so soft a voice that it is practically nonexistent. Did they learn this traditional womanly grace from their teacher? Or is it their everyday intelligence and general loveliness that reflects her? If you knew me you would smile derisively at either question.

The class that occupies my time and attention during the fifth period is composed of hopeless cases, considered grammatically. Time was when I cherished the hope of teaching them not to say, or at least not to write, "*He done*" and "*He seen*." I no longer cherish that hope. Each day, in the intervals of Byron or Shelley, Holmes or Emerson, we consider the subject of grammatical agreement, and once a week we have a regular set-to at it; but these boys and girls remain unconvinced both in theory and in practice. A few weeks ago they conceived the bright idea that if "done" is not to be used with a singular subject, it must therefore need a plural one, and to prove their point brought me a Physics textbook which contained the phrase, "*Things done in this way*." With troubled countenances they listened to my explanation, and evidently still cling to the idea that I am trying to sneak out of something that I ought to admit, for did not the book say, "*Things done*"?

These young folks, as you see, are argumentative and persistent; but they are also stylish in the extreme. It is difficult to rate their mental powers with justice, because the judgment is involuntarily influenced by their attire. I do not know which to admire most, the hose, the shoes, and the cravats of the boys, or the frightfully up-to-date costumes of the girls, which have more than once made me speechless. Nay, in recent days the exiguity of some of these latter has caused the descendant of the Puritans to cast down her eyes in very shame!

Now we come to the last hour of the session—the period of hunger and weariness. A little disorder, or at least lassitude, might be pardonable, might it not? But who are these who come thronging into my room with the step and bearing of young gods and goddesses? In truth, they are mentally and physically of the elect. Led by two six-footers who plant themselves absurdly in the front seats to be nearest the firing line, they begin the fray. The gray old fortresses and bastions of Latin grammar give way to the assault as if they were walls of butter. All is zest and eagerness. Nothing but absolute perfection satisfies the critical taste and abounding vitality of this class. Scarcely a day passes that I do not disgrace myself by a false quantity or a doubtful rule in syntax, but a half-a-dozen at once of the conquering band good-naturedly set me right again, and in the pleasant excitement of the *mêlée* overlook my mistake. Do they reflect my spirit? About as much as a group of young race-horses reflect that of an old work-worn hack. I can barely keep them in sight as they prance up the hill of knowledge.

Next week comes the State Teachers' Convention. When some eminent and sententious educator says, as he is sure to do, "The spirit of the class always reflects that of the teacher," I shall not quarrel with him if he will only allow me to choose which class to be judged by.

WHAT DO BOYS KNOW?

ALFRED G. ROLFE

"ALL men are liars," said the Psalmist, in his haste. It was a rash statement, which, doubtless, he had cause later to regret. Were he living now, and a teacher of youth, he might well be tempted to say in his wrath, "All young people are fools"; and again he would be wrong, at least so far as boys are concerned. Girls I must leave to those who know them better than I. They look intelligent; but appearances are deceitful, and their conversation, while picturesque, is not always reassuring.

Once there was a girl who, through all the courses of a long dinner, entertained her neighbor with sprightly talk. At the time he thought that he had never enjoyed a conversation more; but when he meditated upon it, in the cold night watches, he realized that he had done all the talking, her share being confined to two words, "rippin'" and "rather." The rest was "charm." That is, however, another story.

I have a theory that girls know better than boys how to make a little information, as well as a limited vocabulary, go a long way. It is a theory the truth of which it is difficult for me to establish, and I shall not attempt to do so. Boys, on the other hand, seem at times to glory in their ignorance. They wear it as a garment; they flaunt it in one's face. "The world is still deceived with ornament," but not by them. Knowledge is theirs, but "knowledge never learned of schools," hidden below the surface. This makes them a fascinating, if baffling, subject of study, and gives point to the query, "What do boys know?"

For some years it has been part of my job as master in a large preparatory school for boys, to make out each year

two "information tests," and to superintend the correction of the papers. Each test contains one hundred questions, and presupposes on the part of the pupil a bowing acquaintance with the masterpieces of English literature, including the Bible, some knowledge of the political doings of the day at home and abroad, and a smattering of what is politely, but vaguely, styled "general information," which comes from the habit of keeping open the eyes and ears.

The boys who take the tests range from twelve to nineteen years of age and are, for the most part, sons of wealthy parents. They have enjoyed all the advantages that money can buy. Many have traveled widely. Not a few have been exposed to the society of refined and cultured persons.

The tests are anticipated with an interest that amounts almost to enthusiasm. There are book prizes for the winners, and the successful ones receive from their fellows plaudits not usually given in this day and generation to those whose wits are nimbler than their heels.

After reading some hundreds of these "general information" papers, I am forced to conclude that the average boy's ignorance of literature, especially of the Bible, is profound, not to say abysmal. The unplumbed depth of the abyss may, perhaps, be assigned to the youth who gave as his version of the third commandment, "Thou shalt not commit Deuteronomy!" but he will not lack company. The question, "Who led the children of Israel into the Promised Land?" brought out an amazing array of candidates for that high honor, beginning with Noah, embracing all the prophets, major and minor, and ending with "Moses, the Baptist." Answers to the question, "What book of the Old Testament has no mention of God?" ranged impartially from Genesis to Malachi, with a strong bias toward the former, in spite of its opening words, "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth."

It is only too evident that in many modern households

family worship is unknown. No longer does "the priest-like father read the sacred page," while "the children round the ingle form a circle wide." As a matter of fact, one would have to look far to find an ingle in a modern apartment; the father, quite unpriestlike in garb and conversation, is on the links, or snuggling with pipe and paper in his easy chair; the children are swinging wide in quite another sort of circle, and the family Bible, if there be one, is lying, neglected, on the table, hidden from sight by *The New Republic*, *Vanity Fair* (not Thackeray's), and the *Golfer's Companion*.

How, then, is the boy to become acquainted with "the only book," as Walter Scott would have it? In Church and Sunday School? Many a boy never has attended either of them. In the public school? The Bible was banished from it long ago.

There remains the private school, in whose curriculum, may be found a brief course in "Bible," which, in the boy's mind, takes its place with his other lessons, to be learned, recited, and joyfully forgotten as soon as possible. Why should he know who pulled down the temple of Dagon, or who slew a thousand men with the jawbone of an ass? These tragic happenings mean no more to him than the death of Baldur, the exploits of Asurbanipal, or many other "old unhappy far-off things and battles long ago."

Clearly, then, the fault lies not with the boy. Teacher and parent must share the blame, and it would ill become one who views the matter from the standpoint of the teacher only, to say which is the more culpable.

Unfortunately, the boy's ignorance of the great English masterpieces is not limited to the Bible. Profane literature receives but little better treatment at his hands. Every boy has a few favorite authors, whom he holds responsible for all that has been written in prose or verse since Shakespeare's day. Longfellow heads the list, with Tennyson and

Kipling following closely; and many are the crimes that are committed in their names. There is some reason for attributing "The Vision of Sir Launfal" to Lord Tennyson, for he sang of knights and their visions; but why should he be made to father "Two Years before the Mast," "Westward Ho!" and "The Ancient Mariner"? Evidently, in the minds of many boys, "the sea is his, and he made it." There are, however, two poems which every boy hails with joy as his very own. These are "Hiawatha" and "The Raven." Few boys have read them, and fewer could quote a line of them, but the majority identify without difficulty quotations from either. How the boy knows them, I cannot tell, nor can he. It is one of the curiosities of literature.

"The proper study of mankind is man," but it is evident that boykind has not greatly concerned itself with the study of boy: for we learn that the centre of the nervous system is the spine, spleen, lungs, pancreas, and "diafram"; the bones of the forearm are the elbow, biceps, forceps, and habeas corpus; the normal temperature of the human body varies from fifty to two hundred and twelve degrees, Fahrenheit; and one element in the atmosphere essential to the support of human life is gasoline, the other being, presumably, "Mobiloil."

The female of the species, if not more deadly than the male, is, in the boy's mind, more pervasive, for the feminine of ram is doe, dam, yew, roc, nannygoat, and she-ram; while the feminine of farmer — hardly a fair question, that — is milkmaid, old maid, *farmeuse*, husband-woman, and Mrs. Farmer.

It has long been maintained that no English word rhymes with window, but one test brought to light several such rhymes, among them widow, Hindu, akimbo, shadow, billow, and potato!

When the history and geography of the United States are in question, the answers are equally astounding. The

largest city of Ohio is Detroit, St. Louis, "Sinsinnatah," and "Omerhaw." (The average boy refuses to be a slave to orthography.) Washington, Lincoln, Garfield, McKinley, and Roosevelt were all *impeached*, Farragut was admiral in the Spanish War, and Mr. Taft was the *third* President of the United States. In the youthful mind "a hundred years are as a day," and it matters little whether Lee surrendered at Appomatox or at Yorktown.

There is, however, a brighter side of the picture. Mother-wit often comes to the aid of ignorance, and the task of the examiner is lightened by many a gleam of humor. What, for instance, could be better than the answer which one boy gave to the question, "Who discovered the Pacific Ocean?" His natural answer would have been, "You can search me"; but flippancy is not encouraged; so he replied, "The natives who lived along the shore." Another defined *conjunctivitis* as "the knack of getting along with people"; and a third would have a *barracuda* "a feast where oxen are roasted whole."

"How many legs has a Kaffir?" was a staggerer. Conjecture ranged from two to twelve, the majority favoring three, without making it clear what the unfortunate creature could do with the odd leg.

What is the conclusion of the whole matter? May we say in our haste that all boys are fools? Prithee, not too fast. These are out-of-doors boys, living in a world of motor-cars, air-planes, and wireless. Many a boy who could not for his life name a member of Mr. Harding's Cabinet, can, by the sound of the engine, "spot" every motor-car made in this country, improvise an aerial from the springs of his bed, or draw a model of a gasoline engine that would do credit to a mechanical engineer. Children of Martha, "they are concerned with matters hidden — under the earth-line their altars lie."

Perhaps they have chosen the better part. Who can say? At any rate, they are content to leave letters to those who love them; to let their secretaries do their spelling, and politicians manage the government, "while they finger death at their gloves' end."

I, who can distinguish but two makes of automobiles without giving a furtive glance at the hub-caps, am thankful that it is mine to ask the questions, not to answer them. I know full well that many boys who cannot say whether Keats is a poet or a breakfast food could make out a test that would put their masters to shame.

Times have changed, and those who aspire to ride the whirlwind have neither time nor inclination to trudge along the dusty paths of learning that their fathers trod.

Talents differ; all is well and wisely put;
If I cannot carry forests on my back,
Neither can you crack a nut,—

and he who judges a quarrel between the mountain and the squirrel has no easy task.

DAYS OUT

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

I HAD followed up her advertisement, and she stood before me in the dim hallway to which she had given me entrance. As she fingered the front door-knob she told me her qualities. "Yes, mum," she concluded, "I does my work, mum. I don't never have company, and I don't never want days out."

I protested. "I always give my cook one day a week, afternoon and evening."

"Yes, mum, I know. But when I gets my work done, I likes to set right down in the kitchen. I don't want to go nowhere. If there's somethin' I need, — a spool o' cotton, or some stockin's, — why, I most gen'ally tells the lady, two-three days ahead, and then I runs out of Saturday evenin', mebbe, fer an hour or two."

"And Sundays?" I asked faintly — "I let my cook and waitress both go out on Sunday afternoon."

"No, I don't never go out on Sundays at all. Ye' see, I likes to do my work, and when I gets through I likes to rest. That's the kind I am."

I sighed. Undoubtedly hers was a good kind, but undoubtedly I did n't want her. I had had one experience of that kind. She stayed with me two years, and in all that time was never away over a meal-hour. She was as good a creature as ever lived, but when she left, I said to myself, "Henceforth I shall *insist* on days out."

The fact is, I have an unconquerable love for my own kitchen and pantries. When I was a child they were to me realms of bliss, where I was often tolerated, often even welcomed. They still seem this to me, and — not to be tolerated at all — it is too much!

Perhaps that is an exaggeration. My cooks have usually tolerated me. They have even been polite to me. When I slink half apologetically into the kitchen, to have a finger, so to speak, in the pie, they bring me dishes, and materials, and clear tables for me, and try to make believe I am not in the way — at least, the nice ones do. But they watch me furtively. If they are self-righteous, their attitude is slightly critical, if they are self-distrustful, it is apprehensive: what am I going to find out about their pantry? And as I am idiotically sensitive to my cook's attitude, I am conscious of this, and it spoils the fun. I slip out of my kitchen — their kitchen — and hie me to other parts of the house, that seem more truly mine.

But, on the days out — ah, those delicious days out! For the cook's outings are my innings. She is happy, too. How she works! The luncheon dishes are whisked out of the way, the kitchen is "red up," and she flies to her room to dress. I slip out, glance up the back-stairs, go to the range and poke the fire, change the draughts, shift the kettle a little, then hastily retreat to the parlor, and play the piano, with the soft pedal down, until I hear the back-door shut. Then! No more piano for me! I can play the piano any time.

I walk swiftly and boldly out into the kitchen — my kitchen — MY kitchen. I perch on a table and swing my feet, in a glory of possession. What shall I make? I go over to the range again. Good fire — good oven. I can make anything, anything! A feeling of power comes over me. I go to the pantry and scan its contents. I am always careful to have it well stocked on these days, that my creative impulses, no matter how freakish, may suffer no thwarting by reason of a lack of materials. I pick up the cook-book and resume my perch. I am in no special hurry. It is not yet four, and one can do almost anything between four and half-past six.

The telephone rings. I go, with my thumb in the cooky recipes. I lay the book open on the table beside me, and my eye runs down the page as I take down the receiver.

"Yes? Yes, this is Mrs. — Oh, Mrs. Grundy, good afternoon. — What? Another bridge? Aren't you a gay lady! — Oh, I'm so sorry. I don't play well, of course you know, but I suppose I *would* come to fill up, only you see I can't. It's my cook's day out. (I'm so glad I ordered molasses this morning!) — No, I can't change, she's gone already. (Would sugar-cookies be better, I wonder.) — Yes, of course, it *is* inconvenient sometimes, but they do want their days out, don't they? — Thank you, I'm sorry too. I hope you'll find somebody, I'm sure you will. — Yes, good-bye." I hang up the receiver with a sigh of relief. — Yes, I think — ginger cookies. Hester and Tom will be in soon — and they're so good when they're just out of the oven.

I go back, get into my big apron, give another look to my fire and my oven, and plunge in. There arises a delicious odor of spices and molasses and butter — an aroma of cooking, in short.

The front door opens and shuts, there is a stampede of feet up and downstairs. Then the kitchen door bursts open. "Oh, GOOD! It's Sarah's day out! Hester! Come on. It's Sarah's day out!"

Hester arrives. "May we make the toast?" "May I set the table?" "What do I smell?" "May I stir?" "May we scrape the bowl?" "May we make griddle-cakes?"

It is like a frog-chorus in spring.

Perhaps I try to be severe.

"Griddle-cakes? Nonsense! Who ever heard of griddle-cakes at night? Ginger cookies are queer enough. Besides, they don't go well together."

"No matter! Who cares! We always do nice, queer things when Sarah is out. And we can eat up all the cookies as soon

as they're done, and then they won't interfere with the cakes."

It makes really very little difference how it turns out, what things finally get cooked. The important thing is, that the cooking goes merrily on, and joy reigns.

It is, I maintain, a joy to rejoice in. I am heartily sorry for people who never do their own cooking. Cooking is an art, not only creative, but social. It takes the raw materials and converts them into a product that is every way pleasing, and that brings the people who enjoy it into social harmony. The immediate products do not abide: the better they are, the more quickly they vanish; but they leave behind something spiritual and permanent. A busy mother, who was a wonderful cook, once said to me, "Sometimes it hardly seems worth while to cook things when they go so fast; but then, I think, after all, they leave behind them a memory of a jolly home-table that does last, so perhaps it pays."

I am sure she was right. The memory of that home-table has lasted forty years and more, and does not yet seem to be fading.

There are other things to remember about that home, there are other things that are worth while in any home, but I think that in our modern conditions we lose too much of the pleasure that comes through doing practical things together. Almost all the physical work of our daily lives is delegated. Life is being systematized on that basis, and though there are great gains, there are also losses. The change is deeply affecting the character and quality of our hospitality. This is a big subject, and I am not going to be drawn into it too deeply. All I want to say is, that I believe we are letting ourselves be so involved in the machinery of our hospitality that we are cheated of some of its pleasures. We have submitted to certain conventions of "entertaining," and if we cannot satisfy these, we do not "entertain."

What a pity! And yet, while I say this, I am aware that I too am enslaved. There are many people whom I have not the courage to invite to my house — *except* on my cook's day out. Then I am emancipated. There is no one whom I dare not invite, if I want her, when I am my own cook. Mrs. Grundy herself may come and welcome. And I believe Mrs. Grundy would have a good time. She might not ask to scrape the bowl, but I fancy she would be delighted to turn the griddle-cakes, or run out for the hot toast.

It is irresistible, this charm of doing things one's self, of doing things together. People have talked about the simple life until we are sick of the name. But we are not sick of the thing, the real thing. And our present conditions are not satisfying us. They need to be shaken up and recombined. We cannot go backward, but we can, perhaps, while accepting what is good in the new order, try to hold fast to what was good in the old. Probably it is best for me not to do all my own housework, but it would, I am convinced, be little short of a calamity if I never did any. To feel that my cook is doing her work contentedly, that she needs her wages and I need my time — this is all very well. But, like Antæus, I must touch earth often. I yearn for the poker, I hanker for the mixing-bowl, I sigh for the frying-pan. Man does not live by bread alone, but neither does he live by taking thought alone. I love to think, and talk, and feel, but I cannot forget that I have hands which clamor to be put to use, arms which will not hang idle. It does not satisfy me to do make-believe work that does not need to be done: picture-puzzles and burnt-wood and neckties. I want real work, primitive work. Hurrah for the coal-hod! Hurrah for the tea-kettle! Hurrah for the Day Out!

RAIN

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

Is there any other force in nature that has so varied and changing a beauty as rain? Anywhere in town or country one can take sheer delight in watching those drifting, swaying threads of liquid which make all sorts of fantastic angles. Sometimes the heavy rains come down with perpendicular directness, falling insistently in exact parallels; sometimes the lines are slanting and follow the direction of the wind with singularly plastic movement, veering and shifting until they are almost vertical; sometimes all uniformity of movement vanishes, and the rain is blown in sharp gusts until its delicate filaments become entangled in intricate, bewildering complexities of moisture.

Rain keeps to the straight line and to the angle when in action; it seldom, if ever, yields to the curve. It is only when rain ceases and becomes mere drops that linger on the eaves, or fall with inconceivable slowness from the edge of glistening green leaves, that we see gracious and trembling curves. The size of a raindrop may vary from a tiny bead of light to the more palpable globes in which one could easily study liquid geometry. I have seen, on icy days, raindrops clinging to bare bushes, making them in the distance look like pussy-willows.

Rain has color. The Quaker gray of a hard rain has a soft vanishing quality far less durable and tangible than the filmy cobweb. Sometimes almost white, often blue, most frequently rain responds with unusual sensitiveness to its environment, and shadows back the green of apple-tree leaves or the sombre brown of a dusty highway. Most beautiful is the silvery sheen of rain on warm summer days when the descent is intermittent and one has the pleasure of

speculating on the quality of the rain to be. The poets have a great deal to say about golden rain, but that falls only in the Golden Age; we see only that clear crystalline rainfall against a glowing golden sunset in April.

All the world knows the poignant smell accompanying a summer shower, when dust is moistened, when parched grass yields a certain acrid scent under the stress of storm. The fresh vigor and brilliancy of roses and of yellow lilies, after rain, is proverbial; but for exquisite beauty of fragrance I know nothing that compares with the aromatic, mystical influence of a blossoming balm-of-gilead, rain-swept.

The soft thud and patter of rain upon the roof are as musical to the imaginative listener as is any symphony. Monotonous dripping on thick-leaved trees soothes one's weariness, and makes the importunities of life seem easily resisted. One can be lulled to fair visions during a transient spring shower, and gain the sense of sharing the destiny of nature. But, sometimes, the storm brings moods far from serene when it sweeps along with a kind of fury. Heavy clouds make noon as dark as night, the air is thick and ominous, rain pours in sheets of gray that gusts of wind shake into fine mist. Trees bow to the ground under the rush of the whirlwind, and thunder reverberates continually, while often a sharp flash of lightning gives a sudden golden tint to the heavy rain and shows the blackness of the sky. There is something startling and fearful in the tumult of the storm; it is as if the laws of nature had broken loose and left the titanic elements to have full swing. Still it is beautiful, a picture in chiaroscuro, illuminated by the unearthly flame of lightning. There is a wild and awful sublimity in the tremendous power which has wrought such darkness and floods of water, such breathless silence and responding crash and whirl.

PACE IN READING

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

A COMMON and trivial excuse given by those who read little is that they have no time for reading. One may have no time for eating or sleeping, but hardly no time to make love or to read. It is good will, concentration, and the habit of dispatch, not leisure or unlimited opportunity, which have always performed the greatest wonders in both of these useful pursuits. Many persons in mature life are conscious of a gentle and luxurious sentiment in favor of reading, which comes to nothing because they do not know how to read. With all the good will in the world, they lack concentration and the habit of dispatch. The good will was not applied early enough, or not applied at all to any other end than the lazy diversion of a moment. This naturally resulted in the formation of the newspaper habit, by which I do not mean simply the habit of reading newspapers, but the habit of mind which makes it possible for men to spend an evening in going through motions. There is no more reason for spending two hours in reading the newspaper than in having one's boots blacked. Some people never make their way into the great Establishment of Letters farther than the vestibule, where they spend their lives contentedly playing marbles with the hall-boys. Of course, we do not call the newspaper worthless simply because some other things are worth more. The best reading is both intensive and extensive; one reads a little of everything, and a great deal of some things. The good reader takes all reading to be his province. Newspapers, periodicals, books old and new, all present themselves to him in their proper perspective; they are all grist to his mill, but they do not go into the same hopper or require the same process. On the contrary,

one of the main distinctions of the clever reader is that without varying as to intensity, he varies almost indefinitely as to pace. This power of reading flexibly comes mainly, of course, with practice. For those who have lacked an early experience of books, the manipulation of them is never likely to become the perfect and instinctive process of adjustment which it should be. People often achieve a certain degree of education and refinement late in life, but seldom, I think, the power of the accomplished reading man. It is simply not to be expected. An adult who takes up the violin may get much amusement and profit from his instrument, but he cannot hope to master it. A certain increase of facility, however, the belated reader may surely expect to gain from some sort of observance of this simple principle of adjustment.

This anxious but unskilled reader is too likely to have a set gait, so many words to the minute or lines to the hour. An essay, an editorial, a chapter in a novel or in the Bible, a scientific article, a short story, if they contain the same number of words, take up just the same amount of this misguided person's time. No wonder reading becomes an incubus to him, with the appalling monotony of its procession of printed words filing endlessly before him. He really has time enough, if he knew how to make use of it. Eben Holden keeps him busy for a week or more; it should be read in a few hours. He plods methodically through Sir Walter, and finds him slow; the happy reader who can get *Quentin* and his *Isabelle* satisfactorily married in six hours does not. The trained reader readjusts his focus for each objective. *Milton* may be read in words or lines, *Macaulay* in sentences, *Thackeray* in paragraphs, *Conan Doyle* in pages. The eye, that is, readily gains the power of taking in words in groups instead of separately. How large a group the glance can manage varies with the seriousness of the subject. With the same degree of concentration eye and mind will take

care of a page of the *Prisoner of Zenda* as easily as they can absorb a line of *Macbeth*, or one of Fitzgerald's quatrains.

Of course, this disposes of the indolent, lolling style of reading — or, rather, makes a rare indulgence of it. When one occasionally comes upon the novel of his heart, or the poem he has waited for, he may well afford to consider it at his luxurious leisure, minimizing labor by dilatoriness. But, as a rule, the widely reading man is not an indolent person. Not that he is to be always keeping his nose in a book. By regulating his pace, he not only covers an astonishing amount of ground in reading, but makes room for other things. He knows how to get the most for his time, that is all. The bee does not eat the flower to get the honey out of it. The eye of the skilled reader acts like a sixth sense, directing him to the gist of the matter, in whatever form it may appear. Twenty minutes yields all that there is for him in the book which his neighbor, knowing that it would mean a week's spare hours, is careful to avoid.

This, it may be said, sounds very much like an advocacy of skimming. Skimming and rapid reading are different processes, but skimming is at times a good thing, too; even skipping becomes, on occasion, a sacred duty. We may go a step farther, for skimming implies cream, and skipping, a foothold somewhere; and many books deserve neither of these less and least complimentary modes of treatment. The eye brushes a page or two, and the mind is hardly called in to assist in a damnatory verdict which is informal, but summary. The experienced reader, in short, is an artist, and, like other artists, attains his highest powers only when he has learned what to subordinate, to slight, even to omit. The poor fellow whose conscience will not let him refuse an equally deliberate consideration to every six inches of black and white which comes in his way may be an excellent husband and father, a meritorious lawyer or merchant, and a model citizen; he is certainly not a good reader.

WORDS THAT SING TO YOUR POCKETBOOK

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

I MAKE my living with words — none of your literary gentlemen turning out odes to Olympus, problem-plays, magazines stories where the innocent heroine commits indiscretions indiscreet enough to titillate the most fastidiously exclusive readers — nothing so fine as that! I make my living weaving words into a song to serenade your pocketbook.

There are hundreds of us golden troubadours, and our music comes to you from every side. "Dawn-glow Silks have hues like the twilight"; "Buy an Hour-glass Clock and your time will be as faithful as the Tides of the Ocean"; "Breakfast without Wine-rich Coffee is a disappointment"; "Sunlight — the soap that could wash away the sins of the world." You sit there after supper reading your newspaper or the latest issue of your magazine. You are interested in the ridiculous news schemes of "the best mayor our town ever had," "the railroad strikers' demands," or "the last revolution in Russia." It makes no difference to you that Golden Glow Tea is waiting on the shelves of the nearest grocer to be bought. But something has happened! A few weeks ago Mr. Bouncing, owner of the Golden Glow Tea Company, decided that it should make a difference. He has determined that you are to prefer it to every other drink; and so he hires me — yes, sometimes a little of the money that he pays finds its way down to me — to tell you how delicious, how fragrant, how utterly irresistible is Golden Glow Tea.

What is tea, anyway — ugly, shriveled, dried leaves which color hot water a yellowish brown, which make it taste unpleasant and keep you awake, unless you are used

to drinking them! You don't sell a man an auger, you sell him the hole. My problem is not to sell you tea. That would be difficult, indeed. I've got to sell you that magic spell which is brewed nowhere else but in a teapot; I've got to make you think of that spell as a part of Golden Glow Tea.

So I sit at my desk trying to recall all the delightful associations I ever had with tea. I draw in my breath and bring back to my nostrils ghostly odors of the fragrance of by-gone tea-parties. There's a certain cosy fire, a green tea-set, and the snow falling heavily outside; a cold tramp, that ended with red cheeks — and a steaming cup of tea. There steals the memory of a woman sitting in a tall chair like a duchess, behind the richness of the silver pot and shining cups. Oh, there are a thousand such memories! Breakfasts, splendid sunset times and midnight madresses. Tea — the very thought of it begins to drug me with its enchantments, with its fragrance. Haunting pictures of Japanese hillsides, and sunshine, and blue skies are winnowed back and forth by soft winds.

And so I grip my pencil and begin to weave the echoes of my memories into a song of tea. By and by, if I'm lucky and have sweated hard enough, I have written a piece of copy that reflects the witchery of my memories, that sings out to you to stop reading about the President, and stocks, and German perfidy, and take a moment to hear how tempting Golden Glow Tea is, to realize what you are missing until you have some yourself.

Or it may not be tea that Mr. Bouncing sells. It may be just something like a steel monkey-wrench. Then my mind feels the thunder of the mighty hammers, pulses with the roar of industry, and sees the "Niagaras of hot sparks" leaping from the burning steel. I spend three days talking with smudged-faced mechanics about round-shouldered nuts, brittle edges, and barked knuckles; and instead of a delicate legend of tea, a chorus of endurance, strength, accuracy, tough steel, and service rings out from the page. I

can't choose my subject, you know — and I've got to make my song echo all the way down to your pocketbook, or it's no good.

I don't waste my time getting a preponderous mass of reasons, making lucid arguments flawless. Not if I am wise. There may be a hundred reasons, but a beautiful syllogism never pushes your hand into your pocket. I've got to break down that solid wall of inertia which surrounds us all, so I grasp a far more potent weapon than pure logic. When I write my song, I strive to use a power that has moved the world since its beginning — the language of the poets.

Someone has said that writers of advertisements are the poets who have failed. Perhaps, from the advertisements you have read, you are inclined to think them the poets who never were. A real poet once said to me that they were the poets who had succeeded. However, be that as it may, young as the advertising profession is, the experts at it have learned the power that lies in poetry to make us act, and it is toward poetry that the advertising of the future and the best advertising of to-day are tending.

Of course, at first you will disagree with me. You will quote advertisements which are mere execrable blots on human consciousness. You will feel offended that poetry should be linked up to turn the Wheels of Trade. Gentle reader, there is a power in poetry; and cunning Trade — like a seductive mistress — uses whatever she may to further her ends. Has she not gone into the hidden depths of the mountain? Has she not shackled the lightning, and wrested homage from the very breath of the winds? Do you think she will ignore the flame that burns in the human heart?

Somehow in poetry, as nowhere else, there flows along, side by side with words skillfully used, a current that carries us beyond the intrinsic value of the sense. Where there

is poetry, we don't need elaborate reasons. A little poem can say more than volumes. A little poem can wind itself about our hearts. Shelley says, "The poets are the unacknowledged legislators of the world." To move a people to morality were indeed a great task; but if poetry can do that, how much simpler to use it to persuade a man that for a dollar he can have hours of pleasure and thrills with Mr. Swashbuckle's latest novel, that he can sleep until the last minute and always be sure of waking up with a FUGIT alarm-clock!

Amy Lowell has said that words are sword-blades and poppy-seeds. You can cut, or you can drug with them. Personally, I have a pleasant habit of falling in love with words. Not long ago, for a whole morning I was thrilled with the sonorous tragedy of the word "plangent." I remember a child once who was completely fascinated by "murmuring." She went around the house repeating it over and over. A Broadway producer told me that the reason Granville Barker dressed the fairies in his production of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* in gold and gilded them, was because "golden" is the most beautiful word in the English language. Think of the joy of reading Keats — the words he uses, somehow, seem to sparkle and glisten like jewels in moonlight, half shedding the very hues of the rainbow. And long after we have laid him down, long after we have let the sense slip away, the glowing still remains.

And there, gentle reader, you have the secret of the most intelligent advertising. It glows in your memory long after you have forgotten the sense, long after you have forgotten that you ever read an advertisement. If it was touched with poetic fire, somewhere in your memory glows a phrase, a word — or perhaps the mere atmosphere of some emotion that comes floating back at the recollection of a name. So you instinctively associate the idea of elegance and luxury with this automobile; the idea of purity with that soap.

An automobile is no longer a collection of steel and rubber that moves enveloped in a cloud of unpleasant smells. Soap is not just a pungent mixture of oils. Your imagination has touched them. They become like a country lane glorified by sunset, or a bit of water that mirrors the sky, or a necklace that once adorned the throat of Francesca da Rimini. A spell has settled over them.

By this time you are thinking, "All that you say is very good in theory, but for the life of me I can't think of a single case."

Very well, gentle reader, here is the first one that comes into my mind: —

A SKIN YOU LOVE TO TOUCH

What a monument of argument! What a poetic figure! Could anything be more delicately alluring! The phrase sings itself into your memory. It even scans.

Here is a passage from an advertisement which has run in dozens of current magazines. Where in all literature will you find more magnificent cadence or a greater atmosphere of loftiness?

HE WALKED WITH KINGS

He could not know, standing there in his bare feet and his rough clothes, with his little schooling, that kings would do him honor when he died, and that all men who read would mourn a friend.

He could not dream that one day his work would stand in Chinese, in Russian, in Hebrew, in Hungarian, in Polish, in French, in many languages he could not read — and from humble doorman to proudest emperor, all would be gladdened at his coming.

He could not know that through it all he would remain as simple, as democratic, as he was that day as a boy on the Mississippi.

These are but two. There are hundreds of examples calling to you from every side.

As for the crass, dull advertisements — of course, they predominate. Probably they always will! It may console your æsthetic sense to know that, as a rule, they are not so profitable as the others.

I am not defending the use of poetry in advertising. I am not extolling advertising. The short of it is, good advertising makes the public buy, and most good advertising has a touch of poetry. Many a starving Chatterton to-day is making a comfortable living. Artists are no longer penniless, but grow opulent decorating the advertising pages of magazines. While this is not artistically ideal, it is humanly more comfortable for men of doubtful muses.

But that is a personal matter. All about us Trade has usurped the cloak of Euterpe. 'T is a strange and potent camouflage, and one which those who love the muse and her eight sisters must find a striking aspect of the age, and interesting enough to be observed. And as for observing it, surely that is easy, for impudent Trade has slipped right in between the pages of this book — nay, whether you will or not, she has crept into your Holy of Holies. Who, then, may deny her entrance?

A SKETCH FROM LIFE

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

I ALWAYS think of him as the general countryside directory, for, if in need of information in regard to anything within a radius of twelve miles around my summer home, I turn to Henry True. When the fickle appetite of an invalid member of the household demanded potatoes in the early summer, he told me confidentially that I could get some of those, at that time extremely precious, vegetables from a farmer on Green Prairie. He assured me that it was nothing to him whether I bought of his friend or not.

During the hot days of July, when unexpected guests suddenly descended from their automobiles on us in alarming numbers, I flew to the telephone, and asked Henry if he knew anybody anywhere who would and could help in our kitchen.

"Why, yes," he answered, "there's a newcomer girl staying with the Ole Olsens on the Barberry Road. She can't talk much English, but I guess she can peel vegetables and wash dishes all right enough. I'm supervising the new macadam over there; and if you want me to, I'll tell Ole to have her ready when you come for her, any time you say. Of course, it's nothing to me whether you take her or not. I don't care one way or the other."

I thanked him and said warmly that it was a great deal to me.

Henry can always find a man to do an odd job on our place. He knows those who can best spade a garden and those who dabble in cement. He always urges me not to employ anyone on his say-so, and he never fails to declare that it is nothing to him, one way or the other.

One autumn when our middle-aged cook expressed a

desire to stay in the country during the winter, he knew of just the place for her as working housekeeper, with a delightful old couple in a village ten miles from us. He did not forget to say that it was nothing to him whether she went to the retired country banker and his wife or not; but Matilda went, and had a happy winter.

Although he is vice-president of the woollen-mill company, owns a large farm, which he farms with a shareman, is roadmaster of the township, and teaches singing-school in the district-school community centres, Henry yet has time to raise small fruits for market in his home yard. He often brings his luscious berries to our door, and as I stand by his little car, wondering how many boxes I can use, for I am sorely tempted to buy him out, he tells me that he does n't expect to make money on them, that he raises them for pastime mostly, but as long as he has them he thinks he might as well sell some.

"It's nothing to me whether you buy or not. Take them or leave them. I just come round this way when I'm out with a crate or two, so if you do want some you can have them. Now these red caps are extra fine. If I was recommending any, it would be them, but it's nothing to me, one way or the other, whether you buy them or not. There's plenty that do want them, and even if there were n't it would n't make any difference to me, for Sarah can put them up all right. I guess really it's her patriotic duty to can them now, you know. Well, yes, of course, you can have eight boxes or more if you want them. The folks down the other end of the lake will probably be a little disappointed if I don't have any left for them, but it's nothing to me, one way or the other, who gets them. I guess Sarah won't have many to can to-day."

"Henry," I said, "I hear that you and Sarah are going to have your silver wedding on the seventeenth. I'm sorry that I shall not be here at that time. I have to go to the city for a few days just then."

"Well, of course, we'd like to have you come to the blow-out all right, but it's nothing to me, one way or the other. We've got along and prospered all right, and I'm perfectly satisfied to keep still about it; but the children want to have a party, and I guess Sarah thinks she'll gather in a little solid silver, maybe. Steel knives and forks are good enough for me. I'm not proud myself. I told Sarah this morning that anyone who really wanted to give me a present could just hand me a silver dollar. I'd rather have a collection of them than any other pieces of silver I know of."

For a moment I thought he was joking, but I never had heard him joke, and glancing into my purse, which I had not closed since buying the berries, I saw two silver dollars. I proffered them rather timidly, I must confess, with my best wishes.

"Well, as my boys say, you came across pretty quick. Thank you kindly." He pocketed the coins, and then looking at me with a sudden thought, added, "I suppose one of these is for Sarah."

"No," I laughed, "I shall get a little keepsake in the city for her, in memory of our long friendship. But it's just like you, Henry, to want to divide with her."

"Oh, well, it's nothing to me, one way or the other, which of us has the money, she or me."

There are people who say that Henry is mean, and some of his ways are strange and may be misunderstood by those who don't know his great justness. It is true that, when asked to have a cigar or a drink, he has been heard to reply that he does n't smoke or use alcohol, but that he would take the price. He always has money to lend. He charges interest, of course, but he is never hard on his debtors. I knew of his canceling an unfortunate farmer's note for a load of pumpkins one autumn, when his own cellar was full of the golden fruit, for which there was no market. Every child who wanted a jack o' lantern, every housewife who

wanted a pie, was welcome to them, for, as he said to me when I went for my share, it was nothing to him, one way or the other, whether the neighbors took them or he threw them out for the cattle.

At the dance in celebration of the completion of a large new barn on the True farm, Henry came across the floor in my direction, towing a youth taller and lankier than himself. Dispensing with superfluous formal introduction he said, "This young fellow saw you across the room, and he thinks he wants to dance the fox-trot or something with you. I never saw him dance. I don't know whether he's a good dancer or not, but I told him I knew you, and I'd bring him over, and if you wanted to try him you could. But you need n't take him on my say-so. It's nothing to me, one way or the other."

At the end of the fox-trot, when my partner had left, Henry turned to me with a questioning look. "He was all right, was n't he? His father used to waltz and polka harder than anyone round here, so I thought dancing must come easy to him. But of course I could n't recommend him, because it was nothing to me whether you danced with him or not."

"Why don't you speak for yourself, Henry? Are n't you going to ask me to dance?"

"Well, I'm not dancing much to-night. I've got on new shoes and they're kind of stiff. See those shoes." He pushed forward a large, broad foot in a shiny shoe, for my inspection. "Is n't that a pretty good-looking shoe for nothing?"

"Yes, indeed. Were they a present to you?"

"Well, sort of a present. Anyway, I got them free. You see I took some of my grapes and pears over to the Butterworth County fair to exhibit, and there was a firm over there offering a pair of shoes to the man on the grounds who had the biggest feet. I got them."

"Just for the size of your feet!"

“Yes; but I did have to walk round the fair grounds all the rest of the day carrying two signs, one in front and one behind, telling how I got the shoes.”

“Why, Henry!” I cried, somewhat aghast at the thought of my old friend as a sandwich-man.

“Oh, I did n’t mind that. The signs were n’t heavy. It was nothing to me, one way or the other.”

MACARIUS THE MONK

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY

IN the old days, while yet the church was young,
And men believed that praise of God was sung
In curbing self as well as singing psalms,
There lived a monk, Macarius by name,
A holy man, to whom the faithful came
With hungry hearts to hear the wondrous Word.
In sight of gushing springs and sheltering palms,
He lived upon the desert; from the marsh
He drank the brackish water, and his food
Was dates and roots — and all his rule was harsh,
For pampered flesh in those days warred with good.

From those who came in scores a few there were
Who feared the devil more than fast and prayer,
And these remained and took the hermit's vow.
A dozen saints there grew to be; and now
Macarius, happy, lived in larger care.
He taught his brethren all the lore he knew,
And as they learned, his pious rigors grew.
His whole intent was on the spirit's goal:
He taught them silence — words disturb the soul;
And warned of joys, and bade them pray for sorrow,
And be prepared to-day for death to-morrow;
To know that human life alone was given
To test the soul of those who merit heaven;
He bade the twelve in all things be as brothers,
And die to self, to live and work for others.
“For so,” he said, “we save our love and labors,
And each one gives his own and takes his neighbor's.”

Thus long he taught, and while they silent heard,
He prayed for fruitful soil to hold the word.

One day, beside the marsh they labored long, —
For worldly work makes sweeter sacred song, —
And when the cruel sun made hot the sand,
And Afric's gnats the sweltering face and hand
Tormenting stung, a passing traveler stood
And watched the workers by the reeking flood.
Macarius, nigh, with heat and toil was faint;
The traveler saw, and to the suffering saint
A bunch of luscious grapes in pity threw.
Most sweet and fresh and fair they were to view,
A generous cluster, bursting rich with wine.
Macarius longed to taste. "The fruit is mine,"
He said, and sighed; "but I, who daily teach,
Feel now the bond to practise as I preach."
He gave the cluster to the nearest one,
And with his heavy toil went patient on.

As one athirst will greet a flowing brim,
The tempting fruit made moist the mouth of him
Who took the gift; but in the yearning eye
Rose brighter light: to one whose lip was dry
He gave the grapes and bent him to his spade.
And he who took, unknown to any other,
The sweet refreshment handed to a brother.
And so, from each to each, till round was made
The circuit wholly — when the grapes at last,
Untouched and tempting, to Macarius passed.

"Now God be thanked!" he cried and ceased to toil;
"The seed was good, but better was the soil.
My brothers, join with me to bless the day."
But, ere they knelt, he threw the grapes away.

THE FOOL'S PRAYER

EDWARD ROWLAND SILL

THE royal feast was done; the king
Sought some new sport to banish care,
And to his jester cried, "Sir Fool,
Kneel now, and make for us a prayer!"

The jester doffed his cap and bells,
And stood the mocking court before:
They could not see the bitter smile
Behind the painted grin he wore.

He bowed his head, and bent his knee
Upon the monarch's silken stool;
His pleading voice arose: "O Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!

"No pity, Lord, could change the heart
From red with wrong to white as wool;
The rod must heal the sin; but, Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!

"'T is not by guilt the onward sweep
Of truth and right, O Lord, we stay;
'T is by our follies that so long
We hold the earth from heaven away.

"These clumsy feet, still in the mire,
Go crushing blossoms without end;
These hard, well-meaning hands we thrust
Among the heart-strings of a friend.

"The ill-timed truth we might have kept —
Who knows how sharp it pierced and stung?
The word we had not sense to say —
Who knows how grandly it had rung?

“Our faults no tenderness should ask,
The chastening stripes must cleanse them all;
But for our blunders — oh, in shame
Before the eyes of Heaven we fall.

“Earth bears no balsam for mistakes;
Men crown the knave and scourge the tool
That did his will; but thou, O Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!”

The room was hushed; in silence rose
The king, and sought his gardens cool,
And walked apart, and murmured low,
“Be merciful to me, a fool!”

THE LAST WATCH

BLISS CARMAN

COMRADES, comrades, have me buried
Like a warrior of the sea.
With the flag across my breast
And my sword upon my knee.

Steering out from vanished headlands
For a harbor on no chart,
With the winter in the rigging,
With the ice-wind in my heart,

Down the bournless slopes of sea-room,
With the long gray wake behind,
I have sailed my cruiser steady
With no pilot but the wind.

Battling with relentless pirates
From the lower seas of Doom,
I have kept the colors flying
Through the roaring drift and gloom.

Scudding where the shadow foemen
Hang about us grim and stark,
Broken spars and shredded canvas,
We are racing for the dark,

Sped and blown abaft the sunset
Like a shriek the storm has caught;
But the helm is lashed to windward,
And the sails are sheeted taut.

Comrades, comrades, have me buried
Like a warrior of the night.
I can hear the bell-buoy calling
Down below the harbor light.

Steer in shoreward, loose the signal,
The last watch has been cut short;
Speak me kindly to the islemen,
When we make the foreign port.

We shall make it ere the morning
Rolls the fog from strait and bluff;
Where the offing crimsons eastward
There is anchorage enough.

How I wander in my dreaming!
Are we northing nearer home,
Or outbound for fresh adventure
On the reeling plains of foam?

North I think it is, my comrades,
Where one heart-beat counts for ten,
Where the loving heart is loyal,
And the women's sons are men.

Where the red auroras tremble
When the polar night is still,
Lighting home the worn seafarers
To their haven in the hill.

Comrades, comrades, have me buried
Like a warrior of the North.
Lower me the long-boat, stay me
In your arms, and bear me forth;

Lay me in the sheets and row me,
With the tiller in my hand;
Row me in below the beacon
Where my sea-dogs used to land.

Has your captain lost his cunning
After leading you so far?
Row me your last league, my sea-kings;
It is safe within the bar.

Shoulder me and house me hillward,
Where the field-lark makes his bed,
So the gulls can wheel above me
All day long when I am dead;

Where the keening wind can find me
With the April rain for guide,
And come crooning her old stories
Of the kingdoms of the tide.

Comrades, comrades, have me buried
Like a warrior of the sun;
I have carried my sealed orders
Till the last command is done.

Kiss me on the cheek for courage,
(There is none to greet me home),
Then farewell to your old lover
Of the thunder of the foam;

For the grass is full of slumber
In the twilight world for me,
And my tired hands are slackened
From their toiling on the sea.

IN MEMORY OF JOHN GREENLEAF
WHITTIER

December 17, 1807 — September 7, 1892

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

THOU, too, hast left us. While with heads bowed low,
And sorrowing hearts we mourned our summer's dead,
The flying season bent its Parthian bow,
And yet again our mingling tears were shed.

Was Heaven impatient that it could not wait
The blasts of winter for earth's fruits to fall?
Were angels crowding round the open gate
To greet the spirits coming at their call?

Nay, let not fancies, born of old beliefs,
Play with the heart-beats that are throbbing still,
And waste their outworn phrases on the griefs,
The silent griefs that words can only chill.

For thee, dear friend, there needs no high-wrought lay,
To shed its aureole round thy cherished name, —
Thou whose plain, home-born speech of *Yea* and *Nay*
Thy truthful nature ever best became.

Death reaches not a spirit such as thine, —
It can but steal the robe that hid thy wings;
Though thy warm breathing presence we resign,
Still in our hearts its loving semblance clings.

Peaceful thy message, yet for struggling right, —
When Slavery's gauntlet in our face was flung, —
While timid weaklings watched the dubious fight
No herald's challenge more defiant rung.

Yet was thy spirit tuned to gentle themes
Sought in the haunts thy humble youth had known.
Our stern New England's hills and vales and streams, —
Thy tuneful idyls made them all their own.

The wild flowers springing from thy native sod
Lent all their charms thy new-world song to fill, —
Gave thee the mayflower and the goldenrod
To match the daisy and the daffodil.

In the brave records of our earlier time
A hero's deed thy generous soul inspired,
And many a legend, told in ringing rhyme,
The youthful soul with high resolve has fired.

Not thine to lean on priesthood's broken reed;
No barriers caged thee in a bigot's fold;
Did zealots ask to syllable thy creed,
Thou saidst "Our Father," and thy creed was told.

Best loved and saintliest of our singing train,
Earth's noblest tributes to thy name belong.
A life-long record closed without a stain,
A blameless memory shrined in deathless song.

Lift from its quarried ledge a flawless stone;
Smooth the green turf and bid the tablet rise,
And on its snow-white surface carve alone
These words, — he needs no more, — *Here Whittier Lies.*

HARMONIES

M. A. DEWOLFE HOWE

THOU instrument of many strings
For men to play on, slaves and kings,
Let me but keep thee, Life, in tune,
That fall what may, by night or noon,
Still in the heart shall sing for me
One clear and constant melody.

Too oft the clamor and the strife
Of living quench the notes of life
Too oft they lose their customary way,
In alien sequences to stray.
Yet ever stealing back, they fall
Into the cadence sought through all.

Then grief and gladness, love and pain
Blend all their harmonies again;
The heavens uplift a shining arch
Spacious above the soul's brave march:
*If I but keep thee, night and noon,
Ever and truly, Life, in tune —
Strange instrument of many strings
For slaves to play on, and for kings.*

THE SEA-SHELL

GEORGE EDWARD WOODBERRY

My love o'erflows with joy divine
The ocean-girdled hills,
And with my breath each blowing pine
And combing breaker fills;
The shadows of my spirit move
The far, blue coast along,

Where of wild beauty first I wove
The rainbow woof of song;
On these great beaches of the North
My voices shoreward roll,
And when the blessed stars come forth
All heaven is made my scroll.

I take the wings of morn; I soar
Above the ocean plain;
From fountains of the sun I pour
My passion's golden rain;
And when black tempest heaven shrouds,
On eastern thunders far
I show the rainbow in the clouds,
And give the West her star;
Soft blow the winds o'er fallen showers,
And, cool with fragrance, sleep
Lies breathing through the chambered hours;
I only wake and weep.

O mystic Love! that so can take
The bright world in thy hands,
And its imprisoned spirits make
Murmur at thy commands;
As if, in truth, this orb of law
Were but thy reed-hung nest,
Woven by Time of sticks and straw
To house the summer guest;
And so to me the starry sphere
Is but love's frail sea-shell;
Oh, might she press it to her ear,
What would its murmurs tell!

VISTAS OF LABOR

"How long, O Lord, how long!"

RICHARD BURTON

I

THE STEAMSHIP STOKER

SWEAT-DRENCHED, and blinded by the heat, he reels
Back from the furnace, crawls on deck to win
A cooling breath or two, ere plunging down
Into his torture-house of Steam.

In truth,
He earns his heaven, for, fierce hour by hour,
He knows the bitterness and bite of hell.
What more could heaven do for any soul
Than fan a burning brow with airs as bland
As those of Arcady, and soothe the eyes
With touch of winsome waters, at whose call
The seeming dead grow light and labor-strong!

II

THE MINER

Up creaks the car; he leaves his ghastly dream
Of flickering, strange lights and caverns gloomed,
Grim fears of death-damp and the rumblings deep
Of an inferno whence the damned come back
Daily to taste of Paradise, before
The Devil bids them down; up creaks the car
Disgorging men and mud indifferently.

How sweet the lingering sun, and yonder, look,
The cabin lights are beckoning fondly, where
Warm love awaits him; for a little space

He's no machine but human, and his God
Our God, — no mid-earth Devil, but a power
Benign and near. . . .

But now the nether pit
Reclaims these children of a double world,
And once again Life is a nightmare dream.

III

IN A SWEATSHOP

Pent in, and sickening for one wholesome draught
Of air, — God's gift that cities sell so dear,
They stitch and stitch. The dim lights fall upon
Bent bodies, hollowed bosoms and dead eyes.
Their very mirth is horrible to hear,
It is so joyless! Every needle-stroke
Knits into dainty fabrics that shall go
Where Fashion flaunts, the protest and the pain
Of ravaged lives, of souls denied their food.

At last the clock-stroke! From the beetling shop
The prisoners file, and up and down the street
Scatter to hutches humorists call Home,
To sin, to die, or, if it may be, clutch
Some pleasure fierce enough to drown the thought
That on the morrow they must meet again.

IV

FACTORY CHILDREN

Here toil the striplings, who should be a-swarm
In open, sun-kissed meadows; and each day
Amid the monstrous murmur of the looms
That still their treble voices, they become
Tiny automata, mockeries of youth:
To her that suckled them, to him whose name

They bear, mere fellow-earners of Life's bread:
 No time for tenderness, no place for smiles, —
 These be the world's wee workers, by your leave!

Naught is more piteous underneath the sky
 Than at the scant noon hour to see them play
 Feebly, without abandon or delight
 At some poor game; so grave they seem and crushed!
 The gong! and foulness sucks them in once more.

Yet still the message wonderful rings clear
 Above all clang of commerce and of mart:
Suffer the little children, and again:
My Kingdom is made up of such as these.

SATURDAY NIGHT

JAMES OPPENHEIM

THE lights of Saturday night beat golden, golden over the pillared
 street;
 The long plate-glass of a Dream-World olden is as the footlights
 shining sweet.
 Street-lamp — flambeau — glamour of trolley — comet-trail of
 the trains above,
 Splash where the jostling crowds are jolly with echoing laughter
 and human love.

This is the City of the Enchanted, and these are her Enchanted
 People;
 Far and far is Daylight, haunted with whistle of mill and bell of
 steeple.
 The Eastern tenements loose the women, the Western flats release
 the wives
 To touch, where all the ways are common, a glory to their sweated
 lives.

The leather of shoes in the brilliant casement sheds a lustre over
 the heart;
 The high-heaped fruit in the flaring basement glows with the tints
 of Turner's art.

Darwin's dream and the eye of Spencer saw not such a glorified
race

As here, in copper light intenser than desert sun, glides face by
face.

This drab washwoman dazed and breathless, ray-chiseled in the
golden stream,

Is a magic statue standing deathless — her tub and soap-suds
touched with Dream.

Yea, in this people, glamour-sunnied, democracy wins heaven
again;

Here the unlearned and the unmoneyed laugh in the lights of
Lover's Lane!

O Dream-World lights that lift through the ether millions of miles
to the Milky Way!

To-night Earth rolls through a golden weather that lights the
Pleiades where they play!

Yet — God? Does he lead these sons and daughters? Yea, do
they feel with a passion that stills,

God on the face of the moving waters, God in the quiet of the hills?

Yet — what if the million-mantled mountains, and what if the
million-moving sea

Are here alone in façade and fountains — our deep stone-world of
humanity —

We builders of cities and civilizations walled away from the sea
and the sod

Must reach, dream-led, for our revelations through one another —
as far as God.

Through one another — through one another — no more the
gleam on sea or land

But so close that we see the Brother — and understand — and
understand!

Till, drawn in swept crowd closer, closer, we see the gleam in the
human clod,

And clerk and foreman, peddler and grocer, are in our Family of
God!

THE TRUMPET-CALL

ALFRED NOYES

I

TRUMPETER, sound the great recall!
Swift, O swift, for the squadrons break,
The long lines waver, mazed in the gloom!
Hither and thither the blind host blunders!
Stand thou firm for a dead Man's sake,
Firm where the ranks reel down to their doom,
Stand thou firm in the midst of the thunders,
Stand where the steeds and the riders fall,
Set the bronze to thy lips and sound
A rally to ring the whole world round!
Trumpeter, rally us, rally us, rally us!
Sound the great recall.

II

Trumpeter, sound for the ancient heights!
Clouds of the earth-born battle cloak
The heaven that our fathers held from of old;
And we — shall we prate to their sons of the gain
In gold or bread? Through yonder smoke
The heights that never were won with gold
Wait, still bright with their old red stain,
For the thousand chariots of God again,
And the steel that swept thro' a hundred fights
With the Ironsides, equal to life and death,
The steel, the steel of their ancient faith!
Trumpeter, rally us, rally us, rally us!
Sound for the sun-lit heights!

III

Trumpeter, sound for the faith again!
Blind and deaf with the dust and the blood,
Clashing together we know not whither
The tides of the battle would have us advance!
Stand thou firm in the crimson flood,

Send the lightning of thy great cry
Through the thunders, athwart the storm,
Sound till the trumpets of God reply
From the heights we have lost in the steadfast sky,
From the Strength we despised and rejected. Then,
Locking the ranks as they form and form,
Lift us forward, banner and lance, .
Mailed in the faith of Cromwell's men,
When from their burning hearts they hurled
The gaze of heaven against the world!
Trumpeter, rally us, rally us, rally us,
Up to the heights again.

IV

Trumpeter, sound for the last Crusade!
Sound for the fire of the red-cross kings,
Sound for the passion, the splendor, the pity
That swept the world for a dead Man's sake,
Sound, till the answering trumpet rings
Clear from the heights of the holy City,
Sound till the lions of England awake,
Sound for the tomb that our lives have betrayed;
O'er broken shrine and abandoned wall,
Trumpeter, sound the great recall,
Trumpeter, rally us, rally us, rally us;
Sound for the last Crusade!

V

Trumpeter, sound for the splendor of God!
Sound the music whose name is law,
Whose service is perfect freedom still,
The order august that rules the stars!
Bid the anarchs of night withdraw,
Too long the destroyers have worked their will,
Sound for the last, the last of the wars!
Sound for the heights that our fathers trod,
When truth was truth and love was love,
With a hell beneath, but a heaven above,
Trumpeter, rally us, rally us, rally us,
On to the City of God.

THE HOTEL

HARRIET MONROE

- THE long resounding marble corridors, the shining parlors with shining women in them.
- The French room, with its gilt and garlands under plump little tumbling painted loves.
- The Turkish room, with its jumble of many carpets and its stiffly squared un-Turkish chairs.
- The English room, all heavy crimson and gold, with spreading palms lifted high in round green tubs.
- The electric lights in twos and threes and hundreds, made into festoons and spirals and arabesques, a maze and magic of bright persistent radiance.
- The people sitting in corners by twos and threes, and cooing together under the glare.
- The long rows of silent people in chairs, watching with eyes that see not while the patient band tangles the air with music.
- The bell-boys marching in with cards, and shouting names over and over into ears that do not heed.
- The stout and gorgeous dowagers in lacy white and lilac, bedizened with many jewels, with smart little scarlet or azure hats on their gray-streaked hair.
- The business men in trim and spotless suits, who walk in and out with eager steps, or sit at the desks and tables, or watch the shining women.
- The telephone girls forever listening to far voices, with the silver band over their hair and the little black caps obliterating their ears.
- The telegraph tickers sounding their perpetual *chit* — *chit-chit* from the uttermost ends of the earth.
- The waiters, in black swallow-tails and white aprons, passing here and there with trays of bottles and glasses.
- The quiet and sumptuous bar-room, with purplish men softly drinking in little alcoves, while the barkeeper, mixing bright liquors, is rapidly plying his bottles.

The great bedecked and gilded café, with its glitter of a thousand mirrors, with its little white tables bearing gluttonous dishes whereto bright forks, held by pampered hands, flicker daintily back and forth.

The white-tiled, immaculate kitchen, with many little round blue fires, where white-clad cooks are making spiced and flavored dishes.

The cool cellars filled with meats and fruits, or layered with sealed and bottled wines mellowing softly in the darkness.

The invisible stories of furnaces and machines, burrowing deep down into the earth, where grimy workmen are heavily laboring.

The many-windowed stories of little homes and shelters and sleeping-places, reaching up into the night like some miraculous, high-piled honeycomb of wax-white cells.

The clothes inside of the cells — the stuffs, the silks, the laces; the elaborate delicate disguises that wait in trunks and drawers and closets, or bedrape and conceal human flesh.

The people inside of the clothes, the bodies white and young, bodies fat and bulging, bodies wrinkled and wan, all alike veiled by fine fabrics, sheltered by walls and roofs, shut in from the sun and stars.

The souls inside of the bodies — the naked souls; souls weazen and weak, or proud and brave; all imprisoned in flesh, wrapped in woven stuffs, enclosed in thick and painted masonry, shut away with many shadows from the shining truth.

God inside of the souls, God veiled and wrapped and imprisoned and shadowed in fold on fold of flesh and fabrics and mockeries; but ever alive, struggling and rising again, seeking the light, freeing the world.

A JAPANESE WOOD-CARVING

AMY LOWELL

HIGH up above the open, welcoming door
It hangs, a piece of wood with colors dim.
Once, long ago, it was a waving tree,
And knew the sun and shadow through the leaves
Of forest trees, in a thick eastern wood.
The winter snows had bent its branches down,
The spring had swelled its buds with coming flowers,
Summer had run like fire through its veins,
While autumn pelted it with chestnut burrs
And strewed the leafy ground with acorn cups.
Dark midnight storms had roared and crashed among
Its branches, breaking here and there a limb;
But every now and then broad sunlight days
Lovingly lingered, caught among the leaves.
Yes, it had known all this, and yet to us
It does not speak of mossy forest ways,
Of whispering pine trees or the shimmering birch;
But of quick winds and the salt, stinging sea!
An artist once, with patient, careful knife,
Had fashioned it like to the untamed sea.
Here waves uprear themselves, their tops blown back
By the gay, sunny wind, which whips the blue
And breaks it into gleams and sparks of light.
Among the flashing waves are two white birds
Which swoop, and soar, and scream for very joy
At the wild sport. Now diving quickly in,
Questing some glistening fish; now flying up,
Their dripping feathers shining in the sun,
While the wet drops like little gleams of light,
Fall pattering backward to the parent sea;
Gliding along the green and foam-flecked hollows
Or skimming some white crest about to break, —
The spirits of the sky deigning to stoop
And play with ocean in a summer mood.

Hanging above the high, wide-open door,
It brings to us in quiet, firelit room,
The freedom of the earth's vast solitudes
Where heaping, sunny waves tumble and roll,
And sea-birds scream in wanton happiness.

DO YOU REMEMBER?

MARGARET PRESCOTT MONTAGUE

Do you remember, from the dim delight
Of long ago, the dreamy summer night,
So full, so soft, when you, a sleepy child,
Lay in your faintly star-light room, and smiled
Responsive to the laughter of the folk
Who sat upon the porch below and spoke
From time to time, or sang a snatch of song?
Do you remember still, across the long
Years' way the perfume from the flower beds
Wafted in gusts of sweetness, as the heads
Of drowsy blooms were shaken by the wind?
And wistful, do you still hold in your mind
The myriad doings of the summer night?
The tree-toads, and the cricket's chirp, the flight
Of fire-flies, those burglars of the dark,
Who flash their lantern light, then veil its spark:
The breathless calling of the whip-poor-wills,
A sobbing screech-owl off among the hills?
Then — cobweb visions over dreamy eyes —
Do you remember how in mystic guise
Sleep 'gan to wave her mantle o'er your head?
Now far, now near, the shadowy folds she spread,
Slow, and more slow, until at last they fell
And wrapt you in their slumb'rous heavy swell —
And so, close gathered into happy rest,
Sleep caught you fast against her fragrant breast,
Then set her velvet pinions wide in flight
And bore you through the wonder of the night.

IN MEMORIAM

LEO: A YELLOW CAT

MARGARET SHERWOOD

IF, to your twilight land of dream, —
 Persephone, Persephone,
Drifting with all your shadow host, —
Dim sunlight comes with sudden gleam,
And you lift veiled eyes to see
Slip past a little golden ghost,
That wakes a sense of springing flowers,
Of nesting birds, and lambs new-born,
Of spring astir in quickening hours,
And young blades of Demeter's corn;
For joy of that sweet glimpse of sun,
O goddess of unnumbered dead,
Give one soft touch, — if only one, —
To that uplifted, pleading head!
Whisper some kindly word to bless
A wistful soul who understands
That life is but one long caress
Of gentle words and gentle hands.

NOVEMBER IN THE CITY

EDITH WYATT

TO-NIGHT the rain blows down from misty places
Above the roof-tops where the pigeons fly;
And quick the steps, intent the city's faces
That say that we must hurry — you and I.
Oh, why? So much speeds through this twilight rain-time,
That's not worth keeping up with. By-and-by
We'll wonder why we always knew the train-time,
And yet knew not November — you and I.

In quiet let us hark. Not till we listen
Shall any song arise for you and me:
Nor ever this broad-stippling music glisten
Twice-told at twilight down the city sea.
The fog-horns call. The lake-winds rush. Just lately
I watched the city lights bloom star on star
Along the streets, and terrace-spaced and stately
Touch moated height and coronet afar.
November's winds blow towards the garnered grain-land.
Blue-buoyèd all the shepherd whistles bay;
And flocking down Chicago's dusk-barred mainland,
The steam and fog-fleeced mists run, buff and gray.
Silence and sound; wide echoes; rain-dropped spaces;
Deep-rumbling dray and dripping trolley-car;
Steps multitudinous and countless faces
Along the cloudy street, lit star on star.

Oh, had you thought that only woods and oceans
Were meant to speak the truth to you and me —
That only tides' and stars' immortal motions
Said we are part of all eternity?
The rains that fall and fly in silver tangent,
The passing steps, the fogs that die and live,
These chords that pale and darken, hushed and plangent,
Sing proud the praise of splendors fugitive.
For fleet-pulsed mists and mortal steps and faces
More move me than the tides that know no years —
And music blown from rain-swept human places
More stirs me than the stars untouched with tears.
I think that such a night as this has never
Sung argent here, before; and not again
Will all these tall-roofed intervals that sever
These streets and corners, etched with lamp-lit rain
Tell just this cool-thrilled tale of midland spaces,
And lake-born mists, that black-lined building's prow
That cuts the steam, this dream in peopled places
That sings its deep-breathed beauty, here and now.

November winds wing towards the garnered grain-land.
 The city lights have risen. Proud and free,
 Far music swinging down the dusk-barred mainland
 Cries we are part of all eternity.
 Let me remember, let me rise and sing it!
 For others may the mountains be the sign,
 Sun, stars, the wooded earth, the seas that ring it,
 Of melody immortal. Here is mine.
 This night, when rain blows down through midland spaces
 And lake-born mists; a black-lined building's prow
 That cuts the steam; a dream in peopled places
 That sings its deep-breathed beauty here and now.

PANAMA HYMN

WENDELL PHILLIPS STAFFORD

WE join to-day the east and west,
 The stormy and the tranquil seas.
 O Father, be the bridal blest!
 The earth is on her knees.

Thou, Thou didst give our hand the might
 To hew the hemisphere in twain
 And level for these waters bright
 The mountain with the main:

In freedom let the great ships go
 On freedom's errand, sea to sea, —
 The oceans rise, the hills bend low,
 Servants of liberty.

The nations here shall flash through foam
 And paint their pennons with the sun
 Till every harbor is a home
 And all the flags are one.

We join to-day the east and west,
The stormy and the tranquil seas.
O Father, be the bridal blest!
Earth waits it on her knees.

YELLOW WARBLERS

KATHARINE LEE BATES

THE first faint dawn was flushing up the skies,
When, dreamland still bewildering mine eyes.
I looked out to the oak that, winter-long, —
A winter wild with war and woe and wrong, —
Beyond my casement had been void of song.

And lo! with golden buds the twigs were set,
Live buds that warbled like a rivulet
Beneath a veil of willows. Then I knew
Those tiny voices, clear as drops of dew,
Those flying daffodils that fleck the blue,

Those sparkling visitants from myrtle isles —
Wee pilgrims of the sun, that measured miles
Innumerable over land and sea
With wings of shining inches. Flakes of glee,
They filled that dark old oak with jubilee,

Foretelling in delicious roundelays
Their dainty courtships on the dipping sprays,
How they should fashion nests, mate helping mate,
Of milk-weed flax and fern-down delicate,
To keep sky-tinted eggs inviolate.

Listening to those blithe notes, I slipped once more
From lyric dawn through dreamland's open door,
And there was God, Eternal Life that sings
Eternal joy, brooding all mortal things,
A nest of stars, beneath untroubled wings.

AT NIGHT

LAURA SPENCER PORTOR

Is my heart ordered, clean, and sweet,
For my loved Master's hasting feet?

Is my heart warm, that, when He stands
Chilled, He may stoop and warm his hands?

And quiet that He may be blest —
Tired from all turmoil — and have rest?

And lighted, that He may forget
The rough road, and the storm and wet?

Garnished with fragrant flowers, that might
Recall dear joys across black night?

And is there bread? and wine? lest He
Should thirst — or should be hungry?

Hark! Who is there? Oh, enter in!
Enters a man bowed down with sin.

Behind him, bent, is one who stands,
A broken heart within her hands;

And back of them (oh, shut the wild
Night out!) a shrinking starvèd child.

.

A step! O Master, do not wake
Thy friends who sleep here for thy sake!

Disturb them not, O Mighty Guest!
They sleep! They have such need of rest!

The Master smiles, then He and I
Go softly; speak but whisperingly.

ONLY A MATTER OF TIME

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

DOWN-SLIPPING Time, sweet, swift, and shallow stream,
Here, like a boulder, lies this afternoon
Across your eager flow. So you shall stay,
Deepened and dammed, to let me breathe and be.
Your troubled fluency, your running gleam
Shall pause, and circle idly, still and clear:
The while I lie and search your glassy pool,
Where, gently coiling in their lazy round,
Unseparable minutes drift and swim,
Eddy and rise and brim. And I will see
How many crystal bubbles of slack Time
The mind can hold and cherish in one *Now!*

Now, for one conscious vacancy of sense,
The stream is gathered in a deepening pond,
Not a mere moving mirror. Through the sharp
Correct reflection of the standing scene
The mind can dip, and cleanse itself with rest,
And see, slow spinning in the lucid gold,
Your liquid motes, imperishable Time.

It cannot be. The runnel slips away:
The clear smooth downward sluice begins again,
More brightly slanting for that trembling pause,
Leaving the sense its conscious vague unease,
As when a sonnet flashes on the mind,
Trembles and burns an instant, and is gone.

TO N. S., WHO DIED IN BATTLE

EDITH RICKERT

I KNEW you glad to go; I envied you.
To pour the glory of your young life forth
In one libation — what more happy lot?
Be spared the slow, sad drip of dreams and hopes,
Of loves and memories, that leaves us dry
And bitter, seared and bleared with creeping age —
Who would not die in battle? Life cut short?
Nay, blossomed in a moment, rich with fruit,
Blossom and fruit together, which the years
Might never ripen, uneventful years
Of nursery-gardening one small, precious self,
Which seeds and dies and none knows why it was.

I knew you glad to go; you knew not why —
The sting of high adventure in your blood,
The salt of danger savoring nights and days;
And in your heart the wave of some unknown
Deep feeling shared with comrades, that bore you on
The tideways that the coward never knows,
Nor he who hoards his life for his own ends.

O happy boy, you have not lost your years!
You lived them through and through in those brief days
When you stood facing death. They are not lost:
They rushed together as the waters rush
From many sources; you had all in one.

You filled your little cup with all experience,
And drank the golden foam, and left the dregs,
And tossed the cup away. Why should we mourn
Your happiness? You burned clear flame, while he
Who treads the endless march of dusty years
Grows blind and choked with dust before he dies,

And dying goes back to the primal dust,
And has not lived so long in those long years
As you in your few vibrant golden months
When like a spendthrift you gave all you were.

THE ROAD NOT TAKEN

ROBERT FROST

Two roads diverged in a yellow wood,
And sorry I could not travel both
And be one traveler, long I stood
And looked down one as far as I could
To where it bent in the undergrowth;

Then took the other, as just as fair,
And having perhaps the better claim
Because it was grassy and wanted wear,
Though as for that the passing there
Had worn them really about the same,

And both that morning equally lay
In leaves no step had trodden black.
Oh, I marked the first for another day!
Yet knowing how way leads on to way
I doubted if I should ever come back.

I shall be telling this with a sigh
Somewhere ages and ages hence:
Two roads diverged in a wood, and I,
I took the one less traveled by,
And that has made all the difference.

THE LETTER

O. W. FIRKINS

LITTLE enough the letter said.
What could they say but, "He is dead"?

It was sealed and stamped and the name engrossed;
They gave it to the maid to post.

As she dropped the note in the teeming square,
She jested with the idlers there.

As it went to the car, the truckmen joked;
The agent sat on the bag and smoked.

The carrier sped from door to door,
Gurgling over the batsman's score.

As he mounted the steps which the creepers roof,
He whistled a catch from an opéra bouffe.

It lay in the hall on a silver tray,
'Twixt a bill and a card for a déjeuner.

The girl came laughing down the stair;
The feet danced, danced the lips and hair.

And the mother smiled as she turned her head,
And gave her the note: "For you," she said.

MESSMATES

HENRY NEWBOLT

HE gave us all a good-bye cheerily
At the first dawn of day;
We dropped him down the side full drearily
When the light died away.
It's a dead dark watch that he's a-keeping there,
And a long, long night that lags a-creeping there,
Where the Trades and the tides roll over him,
And the great ships go by.

He's there alone, with green seas rocking him
For a thousand miles round;
He's there alone, with dumb things mocking him,
And we're homeward bound.
It's a long, lone watch that he's a-keeping there,
And a dead cold night that lags a-creeping there,
While the months and the years roll over him,
And the great ships go by.

I wonder if the tramps come near enough,
As they thrash to and fro,
And the battleship's bells ring clear enough
To be heard down below;
If through all the lone watch that he's a-keeping there,
And the long, cold night that lags a-creeping there,
The voices of the sailor-men shall comfort him
When the great ships go by.

SAFE

OLIVE TILFORD DARGAN

MY dream-fruit tree a palace bore
In stone's reality,
And friends and treasures, art and lore
Came in to dwell with me.

But palaces for gods are made;
I shrank to man, or less;
Gold-barriered, yet chill, afraid,
My soul shook shelterless.

I found a cottage in a wood,
Warmed by a hearth and maid;
And fed and slept, and said 't was good, —
Ah, love-nest in the shade!

The walls grew close, the roof pressed low,
Soft arms my jailers were;
My naked soul arose to go,
And shivered bright and bare.

No more I sought for covert kind;
The blast bore on my head;
And lo, with tempest and with wind
My soul was garmented.

Here on the hills the writhing storm
Cloaks well and shelters me;
I wrap me round and I am warm,
Warm for eternity.

LOVE IN THE WINDS

RICHARD HOVEY

WHEN I am standing on a mountain crest,
Or hold the tiller in the dashing spray,
My love of you leaps foaming in my breast,
Shouts with the winds and sweeps to their foray;
My heart bounds with the horses of the sea,
And plunges in the wild ride of the night,
Flaunts in the teeth of tempest the large glee
That rides out Fate and welcomes gods to fight.
Ho, love! I laugh aloud for love of you,
Glad that our love is fellow to rough weather;
No fretful orchid hothoused from the dew,
But hale and hardy as the highland heather,
Rejoicing in the wind that stings and thrills,
Comrade of ocean, playmate of the hills.

TWO SONNETS

WILFRID WILSON GIBSON

I. THE PAISLEY SHAWL

WHAT were his dreams who wove this colored shawl —
The gray, hard-bitten weaver, gaunt and dour,
Out of whose grizzled memory, even as a flower
Out of bleak winter, at young April's call,
In the old tradition of flowers breaks into bloom,
Blossomed the old and intricate design
Of softly glowing hues and exquisite line —
What were his dreams, crouched at his cottage loom?

What were her dreams, the laughing April lass
Who first in the flowering of young delight,
With parted lips and eager, tilted head

And shining eyes, about her shoulders white
 Drew the soft fabric of kindling green and red,
 Standing before the candle-lighted glass?

II. HANDS

Tempest without: within the mellow glow
 Of mingling lamp and firelight over all —
 Etchings and water-colors on the wall,
 Cushions and curtains of clear indigo,
 Rugs, damask-red, and blue as Tyrian seas,
 Deep chairs, black oaken settles, hammered brass,
 Translucent porcelain and sea-green glass,
 Color and warmth and light and dreamy ease.
 And I sit wondering where are now the hands
 That wrought at anvil, easel, wheel, and loom, —
 Hands, slender, swart, red, gnarled, — in foreign lands
 Or English shops to furnish this seemly room;
 And all the while, without, the windy rain
 Drums like dead fingers tapping at the pane.

SOLWAY FORD

WILFRID WILSON GIBSON

HE greets you with a smile from friendly eyes,
 But never speaks, nor rises from his bed.
 Beneath the green night of the seas he lies,
 The whole world's waters weighing on his head.

The empty wain made slowly over the sand;
 And he, with hands in pockets, at its side
 Was trudging, deep in dream, the while he scanned
 With blue unseeing eyes the far-off tide:
 When, stumbling in a hole, with startled neigh,
 His young horse reared; and, snatching at the rein,
 He slipped: the wheels went over him where he lay;

Then, turning-turtle, over him the wain
Fell, clattering, as the plunging beast broke free,
And made for home: and pinioned, and half-dead,
He lay, and listened to the far-off sea;
And seemed to hear it surging overhead
Already; though 't was full an hour or more
Until high tide, when Solway's shining flood
Should sweep the shallow firth from shore to shore.
He felt a salty tingle in his blood;
And seemed to stifle, drowning. Then again,
He knew that he must lie a lingering while
Before the sea should close above his pain,
Although the advancing waves had scarce a mile
To travel, creeping nearer, inch by inch,
With little runs and sallies over the sand.

Shut in close dark, he felt his body flinch
From each cold wave as it drew nearer-hand.
He saw the froth of each oncoming crest;
And felt the tugging of the ebb and flow,
And waves already breaking over his breast;
Though still far-off they murmured, faint and low;
Yet creeping nearer, inch by inch; and now
He felt the cold drench of the drowning wave,
And the salt cold of death on lips and brow;
And sank, and sank . . . while still, as in a grave,
In the close dark beneath the crushing cart,
He lay, and listened to the far-off sea.
Wave after wave was knocking at his heart,
And swishing, swishing, swishing ceaselessly
About his ears — cold waves that never reached
His shriveling lips to slake his hell-hot thirst . . .
Close by him suddenly a barn-owl screeched . . .
He smelt the smell of oil-cake . . . when there burst
Through the big barn's wide-open doors, the sea —
The whole sea sweeping on him with a roar . . .
He clutched a falling rafter, dizzily . . .
Then sank through drowning deeps, to rise no more.

Down, ever down, and down, and down he sank
Through cold green night, ten thousand fathoms deep.
His fiery lips deep draughts of cold sea drank
That filled his body with strange icy sleep,
Until he felt no longer that numb ache,
The dead weight lifted from his legs at last:
And yet he gazed with open eyes awake
Up the green, glassy glooms through which he passed;
And saw far overhead the keels of ships
Grow small and smaller, dwindling out of sight;
And watched the bubbles rising from his lips;
And silver salmon swimming in green night;
And queer big golden bream with scarlet fins
And emerald eyes and fiery-flashing tails;
Enormous eels with purple-spotted skins;
And mammoth unknown fish with sapphire scales
That bore down on him with red jaws agape,
Like yawning furnaces of blinding heat;
And when it seemed to him as though escape
From those hell-mouths were hopeless, his bare feet
Touched bottom: and he lay down in his place
Among the dreamless legions of the drowned,
The calm of deeps unsounded on his face,
And calm within his heart; while all around
Upon the midmost ocean's crystal floor
The naked bodies of dead seamen lay,
Dropped, sheer and clean, from hubbub, brawl and roar,
To peace too deep for any tide to sway.

The little waves were lapping round the cart
Already, when they rescued him from death.
Life cannot touch the quiet of his heart
To joy or sorrow, as, with easy breath
And smiling lips, upon his back he lies,
And never speaks, nor rises from his bed;
Gazing through those green glooms with happy eyes,
While gold and sapphire fish swim overhead.

A CHANT OF LOVE FOR ENGLAND

HELEN GRAY CONE

A SONG of hate is a song of hell;
Some there be that sing it well.
Let them sing it loud and long,
We lift our hearts in a loftier song;
We lift our hearts to heaven above,
Singing the glory of her we love —
ENGLAND!

Glory of thought and glory of deed,
Glory of Hampden and Runnymede;
Glory of ships that sought far goals,
Glory of swords and glory of souls!
Glory of songs mounting as birds,
Glory immortal of magical words;
Glory of Milton, glory of Nelson,
Tragical glory of Gordon and Scott;
Glory of Shelley, glory of Sidney,
Glory transcendent that perishes not —
Hers is the story, hers be the glory,
ENGLAND!

Shatter her beauteous breast ye may;
The Spirit of England none can slay!
Dash the bomb on the dome of Paul's —
Deem ye the fame of the Admiral falls?
Pry the stone from the chancel floor —
Dream ye that Shakespeare shall live no more?
Where is the giant shot that kills
Wordsworth walking the old green hills?
Trample the red rose on the ground —
Keats is Beauty while earth spins round!

THE TWO PORRINGERS

Bind her, grind her, burn her with fire,
 Cast her ashes into the sea —
 She shall escape, she shall aspire,
 She shall arise to make men free:
 She shall arise in a sacred scorn,
 Lighting the lives that are yet unborn,
 Spirit supernal, Splendor eternal,
 ENGLAND!

THE TWO PORRINGERS

JOHN FINLEY

When Brother Amazialbene of the Convent of Saint Francis of Assissi died, Brother Juniper felt such sorrow that he wished to have two porringers made of the head of Amazialbene in memory of him and for devotion's sake. The wish has new occasion.

BRAVE fellow, who hast died for other's sake
 In some wet, fetid trench or blasted field,
 I beg of earth thy skull, that it may be
 A deathless symbol of thy fortitude.
 I'd make of this, thy crown, two porringers,
 One for my food and one for drink, that I,
 Touching in hunger or in thirst their rims,
 Might learn to face without complaint my ills,
 Shun softness, luxury, and paunched ease,
 Know the close comradeship of fearless men
 In such democracy as cheers the fit,
 Endure misfortune without bitterness,
 And fight as fiercely for my troubled land
 As thou, O valiant one, hast fought for thine.

I'd scour the battle-fields of France to find
 Such cups in which to pledge my country's life.

A NOSEGAY OF SPRING POETS

LEONARD HATCH

THE VERY HUMBLE LEIT MOTIF

*Mud and raindrops and elm boughs gray,
Grass blades free of their wintry pall,
The note of a far-away robin's call,
And the thrill of fresh young life in the day.*

How Alexander Pope might have Expressed Himself

Now all the Zephyrs sound the call to Spring,
As o'er the heaven's ethereal plain they wing;
Now all the Graces trip with stately mien
The wide enameled lawns' new-tinted green.
The radiant orb of Heaven blazes hot,
And pierces every shady forest grot;
While dwellers of the glades relax their throats,
To trill in feathered rivalry their notes;
Now every cloud weeps crystal tears of rain
For Man's proud foot to spurn in mire again.

Thus Nature's art is ever lavish spent
To make the earth Man's chiefest ornament:
So vilest Man may revel in the sight,
And learn the truth, What must be, must be right.

What Austin Dobson might Indite

You need not far a-hunting go
A Triolet of Spring to seek;
For all about fresh blossoms grow,
You need not far a-hunting go,
Here at your feet there sprout the cro-
cuses and blue violets meek;
You need not far a-hunting go
A Triolet of Spring to seek.

After Lyly, Jonson, and Others

Now Spring her fairest garlands strewed, —
 Across the meadow and the wood, —
 Of fragrant breezes, saffron morns,
 Daisies and roses without thorns,
 And daffodils and lilies white
 That sleep like virgin maids all night.

The lambs curvet o'er stones and grass.
 And sweet desire claims the lass.
 And on that day within the shade
 Cupid and my Corinna played:
 The game was cards, and in good part;
 The stake was fair Corinna's heart.

At last Corinna lost the prize,
 And April showers drowned her eyes;
 But Cupid in his wanton glee
 Gave my chaste lady's heart to me;
 And when Corinna saw 't was mine,
 With April sun her eyes did shine.

What Rudyard Kipling might Dash off

Ye have moiled and babbled and boasted
 Of the Spring so far away;
 Come, — leave your threshing of what has been,
 For the Spring of the Great To-day.

Ye may maunder about the morrow,
 Ye may christen it Golden Age;
 But the Gold lies snug in its rift to-day,
 For you if ye pay the wage.

Ye need not sweat to gain it;
 Ye need no gems to pay:
 For *now* ye may find the golden Spring,
 The Spring of the Great To-day.

How Robert Browning might have Written

Do you not see? (Ay, off swings my trick again.)
 "By all Rome's cassocks, I have eyes!" you say.
 Good Wink-eye! Look then: — mirror framed below! —
 So! Well enough for you, — for me, poor churl,
 I need not scourge my port-beclouded brain
 (Ill-omened port) to point the vista home.
 So, win or lose, I — *solus* — up-perched there,
 A-squat within the window's mullioned frame
 Fused (whack! whang!) by smithcraft of some Florentine.
 — You're with me yet? Troll me no lies, I pray! —
 I gazed me down upon the rubble pave
 Muddy, but a-sweetening in the April sun
 Which shines (How know I? — God save the mark — I guessed)
 Spring-wise upon these cobbles "*ad infinitum*"
 (Meaning "forever" in the Briton's vernacular).
 Then, with a tilt o' the eyelid, on buttress point
 I glimpsed (Mark you the vista well, my friend!)
 Two Spring-sprung pigeons, — carrier, belike.
 So, gazing starward, whisked along my veins
 The call of Spring. — (Think you I babble, sir?)

What Walt Whitman might have had to say on the Subject

I feel that the Spring has at last come.

I, Walt Whitman, feel this:

For I can hear the chirp of the robin, — the male robin, the female robin, the robin flying to the nest with a bit of string in his bill, the baby robins, their mouths distended eager for the worm;

The cat-bird, the bobolink, the whip-poor-will, the red-winged black-bird, the oriole, the vireo, the junco, the scarlet tanager, the cuckoo, the pewee, the finch, the lark, the ibis, and the nightingale.

I can hear them all.

Did you ever try to hear a robin sing?

I can also hear the factory whistle, the boom of the surf, the vibrant thrill of a trolley-car rounding its curve, the splash of a river among its reeds, the oath of a gin-soaked stevedore, the cry of a baby pricked by a safety-pin.

Did you ever try to beat an egg with a crocus stalk?

Try it!

You may enjoy it.

Then again you may not.

I feel the April mud on my ankles.

I do not feel it alone.

Others feel it.

The little boy feels it as he hurries to the kindergarten; the type-writer girl feels it squunch round her new Oxford ties; the greasy immigrant feels it as he slouches with his dinner-pail toward the quarry; the broker — his lips still warm with the good-by kiss of his wife — feels it.

I feel the Spring in every atom of my terrestrial being:

I feel it in my eyelashes; in my finger-nails;

In my left elbow; in a wen on the right-hand side of my nose, I feel it;

In my ten toes; in my nine fingers, — for one finger I lost on a buzz-saw when a boy.

In every particular and separate scintilla of me, myself, I feel the Spring.

Do you also feel it?

I hope so!

As William Wordsworth might have Sung

I found a ragged peasant boy

Asleep upon the lea;

I said to him, "My peasant boy,

Now tell how this can be!"

Said he: "My father ploughs the fields,

My sister darns the stocking,

My mother scrubs the pots and pans, —

But sir, I fear you're mocking.

“So here upon this grassy hill
I tend the parish sheep;
You did not find me wide awake
Because I was asleep.”

“My boy,” cried I, “you thrill my heart
With joy this very minute,
Since you can spend your time in sleep
Or listen to the linnet.

“You win a greater blessing here
Than any sage can bring,
Or any dried philosopher, —
For here you breathe the Spring.”

But as I spoke he fell asleep
Beneath that budding tree;
I turned away again, and, oh,
The difference to me!

Edgar Allan Poe's Idea of Spring

An isle, like a leaf on a stagnant tarn,
Sleeps on the liquescent sea;
The brooding waters around it crawl
Like gnawing worms o'er a tree;
Like the writhing blood-red worms of Spring
At feast on a Spring-time tree.

The filmy air enshrouds this isle,
The woodlands are dank and cool;
No Zephyr fondles the cypress boughs,
Nor sweeps the scum from a pool;
No bird-note wakes the putrescent marsh,
There is only the laugh of a Ghoul
In his Spring-time sport with a Will o' the Wisp, —
A chuckling, midnight Ghoul;
In his dalliance here with a Will o' the Wisp, —
A blood-bedabbled Ghoul.

As Robert Louis Stevenson might have Sung

At morning first I raise my head,
Then sit up in my little bed,
Look out my window toward the sky
Where great white clouds go trundling by.

I see the fields all bare and brown,
The muddy roads which lead to town,
The bobbing white-caps on the sea,
The tattooed sailors by the quay;

I hear a Robin Red-breast sing,
I smell the pleasant smells of Spring;
And then I dress and go to play
Out in the sunshine all the day.

THE BELLS OF PEACE

JOHN GALSWORTHY

LILIES are here, tall in the garden bed,
And on the moor are still the buds of May;
Roses are here—and, tolling for our dead,
The bells of Peace make summer holiday.

Listening? They, who in their Springtime went?
The young, the brave dead, leaving all behind,
All of their home, love, laughter, and content,
The village sweetness and the Western wind.

Leaving the quiet trees and the cattle red,
The Southern soft mist over granite tor —
Whispered from life, by secret valor led
To face the horror that their souls abhor.

Here in the starlight to the owl's "To-whoo!"
They wandered once — they wander still, maybe,
Dreaming of home, clinging the long night through
To sound and sight fastened in memory.

Here in the sunlight and the bracken green —
Wild happy roses starring every lane —
Eager to reach the good that might have been,
They *were* at peace. Are they at peace again?

Bells of remembrance, on this summer eve
Of our relief, Peace and Goodwill ring in!
Ring out the Past, and let not Hate bereave
Our dreaming dead of all they died to win!

“STARS IN THEIR COURSES”

(*A Pilgrim by the Sea*)

ROBERT BRIDGES, “DROCH”

Oh, how the stars glow there in the offing —
Steadfast, serene on the highways of God!
Oh, how my heart aches here in its scoffing —
Weary, I challenge the path I have trod.

Somewhere I missed it — the joy and the sadness —
The fingerboard pointing the way of the heart;
Lured by the song of a bird in its gladness —
The gleam of a wing that led me apart.

Or maybe the wild roses blinded my seeing —
I stooped to their perfume but found not the trail;
The highway was broad, the daylight was fleeing,
And singing youth's lyrics I passed down the vale.

But I lost it! And now there is no more returning;
Lighthearted and joyful I went to my fate;
I followed the lure while the false lights were burning.
Then woke from my day-dream, — but outside the gate.

Oh, how the stars in their courses are swinging —
Steadfast, serene in the grip of the law!
And I, foolish pilgrim, grope on but keep singing —
Yea, baffled, I live by the vision I saw.

Lo, there from the zenith a bright star is falling! —
A pathway of glory that ends in the dark;
I see, though I've lost — and the vision's enthralling
One law for the planet, or star-dust, or lark!

ON A SUBWAY EXPRESS

CHESTER FIRKINS

I, WHO have lost the stars, the sod,
For chilling pave and cheerless light,
Have made my meeting-place with God
A new and nether night —

Have found a fane where thunder fills
Loud caverns, tremulous; — and these
Atone me for my reverend hills
And moonlit silences.

A figment in the crowded dark,
Where men sit muted by the roar,
I ride upon the whirring Spark
Beneath the city's floor.

In this dim firmament, the stars
Whirl by in blazing files and tiers;
Kin meteors graze our flying bars,
Amid the spinning spheres.

Speed! speed! until the quivering rails
Flash silver where the head-light gleams,
As when on lakes the Moon impales
The waves upon its beams.

Life throbs about me, yet I stand
Outgazing on majestic Power;
Death rides with me, on either hand,
In my communion hour.

You that 'neath country skies can pray,
Scoff not at me — the city clod; —
My only respite of the Day
Is this wild ride — with God.

THE WIND AND THE STREAM

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

A BROOK came stealing from the ground;
You scarcely saw its silvery gleam
Among the herbs that hung around
The borders of that winding stream, —
A pretty stream, a placid stream,
A softly gliding, bashful stream.

A breeze came wandering from the sky,
Light as the whispers of a dream;
He put the o'erhanging grasses by,
And gayly stooped to kiss the stream, —
The pretty stream, the flattered stream,
The shy, yet unreluctant stream.

The water, as the wind passed o'er,
Shot upward many a glancing beam,
Dimpled and quivered more and more,
And tripped along a livelier stream, —
The flattered stream, the simpering stream,
The fond, delighted, silly stream.

Away the airy wanderer flew
To where the fields with blossoms teem,
To sparkling springs and rivers blue,
And left alone that little stream, —
The flattered stream, the cheated stream,
The sad, forsaken, lonely stream.

That careless wind no more came back;
 He wanders yet the fields, I deem;
 But on its melancholy track
 Complaining went that little stream, —
 The cheated stream, the hopeless stream,
 The ever murmuring, moaning stream.

ABOUT TOOLS

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

I LIKE a knife that makes a good
 Clean shaving when you whittle wood.
 However sharp a knife may be,
 It's not a bit too sharp for me.
 And if I cut myself somewhere,
 I guess that is my own affair.

My mother says I take real pride
 To have a thumb or finger tied
 Up with a rag and piece of string,
 And am as happy as a king.

I am *not* proud; but I would hate
 For fear of pain to hesitate
 At any job I had to do,
 Although I cut myself in two.

The kind of tools they make for boys
 Are nothing in the world but toys.

The kind of tools they make for men —
 Of course, they cut you now and then.

HAPPINESS

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

WING-FOOTED! thou abid'st with him
That asks it not: but he who hath
Watched o'er the waves thy fading path
Will never more, on ocean's rim,
At morn or eve behold returning
Thy high-heaped canvas shoreward yearning:
Thou only teachest us the core
And inmost meaning of No More,
Thou, who first showest us thy face
Turned o'er the shoulder's parting grace,
And whose sad footprints we can trace
Away from every mortal door!

PROSPICE

ROBERT BROWNING

FEAR death? to feel the fog in my throat,
The mist in my face,
When the snows begin, and the blasts denote
I am nearing the place,
The power of the night, the press of the storm,
The post of the foe;
Where he stands, the Arch Fear in a visible form,
Yet the strong man must go:
For the journey is done and the summit attained,
And the barriers fall,
Though a battle's to fight ere the guerdon be gained,
The reward of it all.
I was ever a fighter, so — one fight more,
The best and the last!
I would hate that Death bandaged my eyes, and forebore,
And bade me creep past.

No! let me taste the whole of it, fare like my peers
The heroes of old,
Bear the brunt, in a moment pay glad life's arrears
Of pain, darkness, and cold.
For sudden the worst turns the best to the brave,
The black minute's at end,
And the elements' rage, the fiend-voices that rave,
Shall dwindle, shall blend,
Shall change, shall become first a peace, then a joy,
Then a light, then thy breast,
O thou soul of my soul! I shall clasp thee again,
And with God be the rest!

BIOGRAPHICAL AND INTERPRETATIVE NOTES

STORY

A Bird Out of the Snare. — Dorothy Canfield Fisher, whose home is in Arlington, Vermont, has won distinction both as a writer of short stories and as a novelist. "The Squirrel-Cage" and "The Bent Twig" are the best-known of her novels, but her later book, "Home Fires in France," reflecting the impressions of that country which the author's three years in war work make significant, has added largely to her reputation.

What means does the author employ to give the reader a clear idea of what precedes the action of the story?

What is the first significant act of Jehiel? Why significant?

How is the atmosphere of the surroundings created? How definite, geographically, is the place of the story?

What effect is gained by having the neighbor speak in dialect?

Indicate the ways in which the author reveals the deeper emotional life of Jehiel. Notice how definitely the story is woven about the single strand of Jehiel's longing.

Locate the quotation, "Surely He shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler."

How are we made to know of Jehiel's attitude toward the fate that imprisons him?

What traits in the character of Deacon Bradley are revealed by the author? And how are these portrayed?

Analyze the feelings that impel Jehiel to liberate his nephew from the snare. What part had his sister played in his life? Is that why he sacrificed his dream for her son?

What are the most significant ways in which the author makes nature contribute to the interest and the theme of the story? What does Jehiel's final appreciation of the beauty and vitality of the old pine reveal?

The Two Looks. — Galsworthy's name, as familiar in the United States as it is in England, is recognized as that of one of the most distinguished of modern writers. His reputation as a novelist is only second to that as a dramatist. His plays are significant in their discussion of social problems. The sympathy and clear-sighted justice with which he treats controversial subjects are remarkable.

The art of the story "The Two Looks" rests in the air of guarded mystery that is created in the opening paragraphs and that continues to hover over the whole — even after the author has ended the written narration. How is this effect produced?

Are the data sufficient for us to centre our sympathies intelligently? Or do we fail to sympathize with either woman? What is our attitude toward the dying man?

Is anything gained by setting the story a score of years back? And how is the connection between the past and the present established?

Is there enough told for us to assert with confidence what emotion was expressed in each of *the two looks*?

Three Commandments in the Vulgar Tongue. — Sir Gilbert Parker's name is known to every reader of contemporary fiction. He is the author of a vast number of short stories, poems, plays, and novels. He has also been interested in directing the film production of some of his stories.

What are the advantages or the disadvantages of telling this story in the first person?

How is the setting immediately suggested? Notice in this instance and elsewhere the delicate use of subordinate words and phrases.

Why did the sick man "put up his hand, motioning for silence," at the exact place in the reading?

Study the description of Fawdor. Does it give a definite impression? What one detail is most suggestive?

Contrast the methods of describing Fawdor and Pierre. Sketch the appearance and character of the latter.

Study the action of the dog and comment upon the use of the episode.

Think over Pierre's "three commandments." Can you give others worthy to rank with them, or are these all-inclusive? What is the difference in psychological reaction between these constructive laws and those of the Ten Commandments which are merely negative? State two biblical commandments from the New Testament that might be placed beside these.

Study Fawdor's story for vividness of detail, emotional element, artistry of expression. List the steps in the action.

Characterize the brother. Was the parting gift of the pearl scarf-pin consistent with his character as you interpret it?

What do you think of the poem and the passage relating to the Scarlet Hunter? Does this add to the significance of Pierre's expression "mad — or a saint"? Are such visions physical or spiritual phenomena? Read the wa poem written by Robert Haven Schauffler, "The White Comrade."

Was Fawdor's reaction to his banishment — the determination never to ask for mercy — justifiable? How did he in later years endure the loneliness?

Where do you find the dénouement? What minor facts add to the poignancy of the story's sadness? Is the conclusion artistic? inevitable?

Discuss the use of the three commandments throughout the story. Did they, in the author's consciousness, develop from the story or the story from them?

As you think over the narrative, would you say that the interest is chiefly in the setting, in the plot, or in the character? Or is there such an artistic blending that all these interests merge into one harmonious effect?

The Return of Mr. Squem. — Arthur Russell Taylor was during the last part of his life Rector of the Episcopal Church at York, Pennsylvania. His stories of the irrepressible Mr. Squem are almost his only fiction.

The significance of the title is at once apparent to those who are familiar with Mr. Taylor's preceding story, "Mr. Squem," published in the "Atlantic Monthly" and reprinted in the volume of "Atlantic Narratives," First Series.¹ Do you consider this a good title?

Note that in this story there is really no plot at all; the interest is centred in character — the character of Mr. Squem and the reactions of the others in the party to this unique personality. Analyze each of these reactions and discuss Mr. Squem's counter attitudes.

How is the unity of the story secured?

Try to formulate the opinion that you would have of Mr. Squem if you met him in real life — as perhaps you have.

There are phrases and incidents which in an interesting way reveal culture and the lack of it. Note and discuss each of them.

Imagining yourself an editor to whom this story has been submitted, write a note to the author telling him frankly why you accept it — or why you reject it.

The Skeleton in My Closet. — John D. Long has a distinguished record of public service, having been Governor of Massachusetts, and Secretary of the Navy during the Spanish War. His works include a history of the New American navy, a history of the Republican party, and a translation of the *Æneid*.

Mr. Long says of this story: —

"The centennial of Poe recalled the fascination which he had for me in my youth. Under its spell, nearly forty years ago, I wrote this story, which at least attests its influence, and which has been lying tucked away in an old scrap-book.

"Poe was so intense a writer that whoever reads his stories and attempts

¹ Published by the Atlantic Monthly Press.

to write one, is apt consciously or unconsciously to follow, *longo intervallo*, after him."

In what way does the author make the weather contribute to the atmosphere of the story?

How are the sweeter and tenderer experiences of family life here used as a foil to the more savage and passionate emotions?

Comment on the slight character interest here developed. How is the reader compensated for this loss? Is this treatment typical of Poe?

Are you throughout the story swept on by a sense of reality, or do you at any moment feel a lack of verisimilitude? What are some of the means employed to create the feeling of reality? When is this feeling most intense?

Would you, being familiar with Poe, know that he had not written the story?

Comment on the close of the narrative.

The Canvasser's Tale. — Mark Twain, the greatest American humorist, needs no introduction, but for us who meet him chiefly in red-leather sets, it is interesting to realize that he was once a frequent contributor to the pages of the "Atlantic Monthly."

Try to analyze the humor of the story. Is it exaggeration, cleverness of diction, whimsicality of simile, absurdity of situation, farcical happenings — or what? Contrast it with "The Return of Mr. Squem," and decide which type of humor makes the stronger appeal.

What is the effect of having the canvasser use a highly poetic style?

Select the phrases that in themselves are most humorous.

What biblical quotation is used in the story? Is it effectively employed, or does its introduction seem irreverent?

Do you regard "The Canvasser's Tale" as a story difficult to write? Contrast it in this regard with others in this collection.

The Ladder. — Ernest Poole, who is a resident of New York City, traveled during the World War through France, Germany, and Russia, as a correspondent for various magazines. His reputation as a novelist was achieved by "The Harbor" and is undoubtedly increased by his war-novel, "Blind."

State in one sentence the theme of this story.

What do you think of the characterization? Are the people individuals or types? Which is best delineated? Which the strongest?

Does the story give a unified impression? What makes for unity?

Study the development of the character of Bess and of the theme. Are they identical, or in what way are they related? Select passages that illustrate the technique of the author in gradually building up a definite conception of the character of Bess and of the dominating motive of the story.

Comment on the author's use of character contrast.

What is the instinct that finally triumphs? Between what forces is the final conflict?

A Pretty Quarrel. — Lord Dunsany is one of the greatest of modern men of letters. He is particularly famous as a dramatist, and has done much toward creating the dawning conception of Ireland as the home of poets and playwrights. Dunsany Castle is situated in County Meath, Ireland.

What is the setting of this story? How does it contribute to the atmosphere? Notice the names of localities; why were they chosen? Is the Bleeks of Eerie suggestive?

Notice the beginning and the ending of the story? What place has the eagle in the narrative?

The character of the demigods and the dwarfs is interestingly discussed. How did they differ? Do you despise the demigods because they "dreamed of the courts of heaven"? Is not the chief difference that the demigods, even though they were weak, felt spiritual aspiration, and the dwarfs "were contemptuous of everything that was even partly divine"?

Why were the dwarfs defeated in the battle?

Does this story have any meaning besides the obvious? Is it a parable? How do you yourself interpret it?

The Master-Weaver. — Maude Radford Warren is the author of several books and a number of magazine stories. The charm of her insight and imagination is clearly discernible in the story included in this volume. Mrs. Warren's home is in Ithaca, New York.

Does this story seem to you true to life? Has Mrs. Warren caught for you the Celtic atmosphere? Discuss the various means by which she attains it, if you think she succeeds.

Do you think the title a good one? Suggestive? Appropriate? Imaginative? Suggest others that might have a more direct appeal.

Is the primary charm of the story in plot, character, or setting? Suggest picturesque scenes, incidents, expressions, particularly those which create the Celtic feeling.

Discuss the ethics of Aileen's decision to redeem her long-ago pledge to Michael, in spite of her later obligation to her son's happiness.

Study the artistry of the ending. How is it in harmony with the whole atmosphere of the story?

Semaphore. — Joseph Husband has had many varied experiences since his graduation from Harvard in 1907. It is a question whether there is greater adventure in the industrial life of the coal mines or in the navy in war time. Mr. Husband has tried both,

and both furnish delightful material for his writings. He is now engaged in business in Chicago.

With what one word would you characterize the style of this sketch?

Study the ways in which Mr. Husband achieves his effects. Notice the figures of speech — list and analyze them. Observe also the sense of rapid movement; how created in ways other than the obvious?

To many the passage of a train across the country would seem a hum-drum and uninspiring subject, but the author is conscious of the “adventure of the commonplace.” Suggest other subjects ordinarily regarded as mechanical or matter-of-course which would lend themselves to this sort of treatment.

Explain the allusions to Mary and Martha, and interpret the author’s thought. What was the original story of which he is thinking?

Do you regard this as a powerful narrative? In what lies its charm?

Little Kaintuck. — Margaret Prescott Montague lives among the hills of West Virginia and writes delightfully of the Southern mountain people. Since the war she has treated deeper themes: “England to America,” “Uncle Sam of Freedom Ridge,” and “The Gift” are some of the most exquisite and touching stories resulting from the spiritual influence of the conflict.

Would this story told in conventional English have the charm that it now possesses. What does the use of dialect accomplish?

Think back to the opening scene in the store. Could you paint from memory an illustration suitable for use with the story? What do you think of Miss Montague’s skill in suggestion?

Discuss the quality of the character portrayal. Sketch the characters of the store-keeper, Adrian Blair, and Little Kaintuck. Does the interest of the story lie chiefly in character, plot, or setting? Discuss the method of character presentation; do we obtain our insight through conversation, description, or revealing action?

Outline the plot. Technically speaking, is there a plot or merely a narrative thread?

If this story makes an appeal to you, try to analyze the source of that appeal.

Jean Louis. — “Jean Louis” is the only contribution to the “Atlantic” from the pen of A. Hugh Fisher, an English writer.

Note in the first paragraph the author’s use of contrast. What purpose is served?

What is gained by the descriptive detail of the figure on Calvary?

Comment on the rather detailed attention directed toward the pipe and tobacco. Does it seem to you effective?

What character traits are revealed in the conversation between the old

man and the stranger? Comment on the plot interest which the dialogue develops.

The ending is inconclusive and exceedingly abrupt. Is it effective? Why, or why not?

It is apparent that this story is decidedly different from any of the others printed in this volume. It is obviously designed as a bit of realism — a mere sketch. Consider it as you would a painting, and point out both its virtues and its defects. Then try to express very frankly your liking for the selection or your distaste for it. Look up the meaning of the word *genre* and decide whether the term could be applied to this. Compare this story to any French story with which you are familiar.

A Parable for Fathers. — Julia Francis Wood is a teacher of Latin in New York City. Her sympathetic interpretation of young people in "A Parable for Fathers" speaks well for her success in her profession.

As you study the way in which the author brings before us the typical family dinner, what comment can you make concerning the method employed? And what significant character traits are shown?

What are some of the traces of humor early in the story? Are they ever made keener by irony or satire?

Was Mrs. Henderson justified in her insistence that Jean and Murray abandon their plans for the evening dance? What would have been Mr. Henderson's attitude had he known all the circumstances?

What details in the story most interestingly reveal the youthful attitude of Jean and Murray? Is this sympathetically or critically portrayed?

What, besides the successful speech, made the children see their father in a new light? What is there wrong in the general scheme of family life that frequently darkens the correct point of view of both parents and children.

Why did Jean hate the speakers that preceded her father? How does the author bring out the nervousness of the father and the children just before and at the beginning of the father's narration of the events at Fort Blakely?

What was the most important effect of the evening's experience?

The Discontented Engine

Comment upon the way in which the author secures the intimate personal note in the objects of nature about him.

How is the personal note intensified in the author's treatment of the engine? Does he succeed in making the story sufficiently realistic?

What character traits in the engine most impress you?

Comment on the author's use of contrast. Be specific in enumerating the points.

The Light-Hearted. — Will Payne, who lives in Paw Paw, Michigan, is a journalist of many years' standing, and a frequent contributor to magazines.

Consider carefully the whole plot of *The Light-Hearted* and decide in your own mind whether the material is adequate for expansion into a novel or whether the author did better to concentrate it into a short story.

Comment on the appropriateness or the inappropriateness of the title; the proper names employed.

What artistic advantage is secured at the outset by our view of the ease and luxury with which the Eldons are surrounded? Study the ways in which the author brings out this atmosphere of content and prosperity. How is the atmosphere disturbed?

As the story progresses, note the masterly use of details — details that in themselves are minor, yet combine to produce significant effects. Illustrate.

From the rather brief view that we get of Mitchell Hanford, what opinion do you form of his character? What satirical light does his presence incidentally shed upon American politics?

In the interview between Judge Eldon and Mr. Smoot do we feel that one of the men completely dominates the other? Is one more frank than the other? What is the net result of the interview?

What thought is uppermost in the Judge's mind in his desire to have Mrs. Eldon take the trip to California? Do you admire him for his design?

Why does the Judge make his confession to his daughter rather than to his wife? What effect does this confession produce upon Anne?

Do we sympathize with Mrs. Eldon in her attitude toward the Bunnery? Why, or why not?

How does Mrs. Bunner secure the documentary evidence against Mr. Eldon?

What precipitates Anne's decision to seek an interview with Edmond Bunner?

What is Smoot's design in making his plan for a motion to discharge the prisoner so feeble and illogical?

Who is the real hero of the story?

Does the dénouement seem to you inevitable? Can you think of ways in which the story could be more effectively ended?

Is it natural that Mrs. Bunner and Smoot should silently accept the issue?

What is the ethical truth that dominates the story?

Comment on the closing paragraphs of the story.

ESSAY

Athletics and Morals. — Ellery Sedgwick is the editor of the "Atlantic Monthly," having succeeded Mr. Bliss Perry in 1908.

Horatii: The historian Livy tells how in the early days of Rome the three brothers, the Horatii, fought the three Alban brothers, the Curiatii; how the last of the Horatii, pretending to run away, separated the three Curiatii who followed, met each singly, and thus killed them.

What sentences contain the central thoughts of the essay? Do these thoughts follow each other in logical and effective sequence?

What specific illustrations can you give either supporting the argument here advanced or tending to refute it?

Do we have different standards of honor for different games: *e.g.*, do the standards of the tennis player differ from those of the baseball player? Have we one standard of morals for golf and another for basket ball?

What different causes have led players to use unfair methods in contests with other schools? What effect has the coach in forming the moral attitude of the players? What effect has school opinion? What effect has the opinion of the crowd on the bleachers? What suggestions can you offer for improving or for keeping clean and pure the tone of athletics in the schools?

"A Pack of Gumps." — Robert M. Gay has written many delightful essays for the "Atlantic Monthly." He was formerly Professor of English in Goucher College, Baltimore, and now holds a similar position in Simmons College, Boston. He has recently written a notable text on English composition, "Writing through Reading."

The essay is replete with allusions and references, most of which can easily be traced in the dictionary. Most of the books and authors mentioned, with the exception of Goethe's "Faust," Poe's "Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque," and the somewhat similar stories written a generation earlier than Poe by the German Hoffmann, may be found in any history of English literature. Maeterlinck's dramas have been translated into English by Richard Hovey, the first three here mentioned appearing as "The Intruder," "The Blind," and "The Seven Princesses."

Shelley's "Queen Mab," Tennyson's "Locksley Hall," and Byron's "Childe Harold" are alike in depicting young manhood at variance with the world. The first quotation from William E. Henley, friend of Stevenson and rebel against society, appears in his poem "Invictus." The second two lines quoted form the beginning of one of his significant poems.

Of the numerous other literary allusions that to the "Devil on Two Sticks" may be found in the large dictionaries under "Asmodeus"; the

essay by Hazlitt here referred to is his delightful "On the Feeling of Immortality in Youth." The reader versed in English literature will discover other echoes of the poets such as the use of the line,

"The music yearning like a god in pain,"

from the "Eve of Saint Agnes," by Keats. It is perhaps not necessary to master all the various allusions to enjoy the essay; they offer, however, interesting and tempting suggestions for widening one's mental horizon, and the enthusiastic student will be eager to trace each to its source.

What justification can you offer for the rambling structure of the essay?

Characterize the author's present attitude toward his former self and his friends of college days; his attitude toward his instructors.

What passages show especially clear understanding of the nature of young people? Are there any of his statements concerning them which you would challenge?

Have you ever made any literary discoveries similar to the discovery of Maeterlinck by the group here portrayed?

Do you believe that the student who stands at the head of a class is more highly regarded by his fellow students than the one who can write a good story? by the teachers?

Frequently those who talk about themselves are tiresome. How does the author here escape this pitfall? Should you fancy him a good teacher? Give reasons for your answer.

Where is the attractiveness of the humor due to exaggeration of absurdity, where to clever phrasing of the idea expressed?

The Author Himself. — During his years as professor and president at Princeton University, Woodrow Wilson contributed a number of valuable essays to the "Atlantic Monthly." Many of these have been assembled in a volume entitled "Mere Literature."

Something of the author's tastes and of the range of his reading is here suggested by his references to books and authors. Such, for example, is his reference to the writings of Montesquieu, the French political philosopher of the eighteenth century, who has had a marked influence upon Mr. Wilson's conceptions of government. "The most natural and stimulating of English critics," from whom quotation is made toward the close of the essay, is Walter Bagehot. The paragraph here quoted is taken from the first volume of that writer's "Literary Studies" and may be found in the essay on Hartley Coleridge. In another of the delightful essays in that same volume, "The Edinburgh Reviewers," appears an incisive discussion of the works of Francis Jeffrey.

“April Hopes” is a story by William Dean Howells, one of the leading American champions of realism in fiction.

In what famous book for boys does Dr. Arnold of Rugby appear?

Express in a single sentence the central thought of this essay. How is the opening sentence of the essay related to this thought? the closing sentence?

What should you say are the advantages and what the disadvantages of an author's passing his early years in a small community and securing his education there?

Do you discover any general statements here made the truth of which is concretely illustrated in the life and writings of Roosevelt; of Lincoln; of Carlyle; of Burns; of Dr. Johnson; of Tennyson?

Point out some instances where the author has used vivid, concrete illustrations of the thought he advances. What writers and their works can you name as specific illustrations of the statements made in the third paragraph?

Through the use of what rhetorical device has the author given a noticeable unity to the structure of the third paragraph? What device is employed in the closing sentence of the second paragraph? Can you here find other illustrations of the use of excellent methods of presenting the thought clearly and forcefully?

How does the tone of this essay differ from that of some of the other essays included in this collection?

What different characteristics of this author himself are here revealed?

High Adventure. — Early in the World War, James Norman Hall, of Colfax Iowa, went abroad as a war correspondent, but soon joined the British army and later the Lafayette Escadrille, a flying squadron of Americans fighting for France. Afterward, he was transferred to the American aerial service, where he proved himself one of our best air-men. Later, he was brought down within the enemy's lines and was for a time a prisoner of war.

In his “Kitchener's Mob” Mr. Hall has written very interestingly of the first English army, and in his “High Adventure” he has given us a fascinating account of his experiences above the clouds. This account first appeared in the “Atlantic Monthly” as a series of eight articles, of which the installment here given is the seventh. This series has since been published in book form.

While many of the war terms here used will be easily understood, a few may require a word of explanation: —

cocardes: the red, white, and blue cockades distinguishing the French planes from the German, which bore black crosses.

reglage: range-finders; planes to direct the artillery fire.

avions de chasse: battle planes, manned by *pilotes de chasse*.

tonneau: "a barrel turn" of the plane.

coups: shots.

chasseurs: light infantry.

renversement: turn over on the wing.

Albatross: the German patrolling planes.

ligne de vol: line of flight.

Spad: a swift, flexible French monoplane with a powerful engine.

bessonneau hangars: hangars made of canvas.

From time to time the writer gives his picture a dash of local color by using such foreign phrases as the following: —

compte rendu: report.

comme une fleur: like a flower.

Ich glaube: I believe.

Bonsoir, messieurs: Good evening, gentlemen.

Qu'est-ce-que, etc.: What are you doing there? Get out in a hurry.

Cà va, etc.: What is it, sir? Nothing wrong?

Vous êtes, etc.: Are you a Frenchman?

Mais oui, etc.: Yes, indeed, old fellow! yes, indeed!

Alan Seeger, whose poem "I have a Rendezvous with Death" is one of the best evoked by the war, was born in New York in 1888, and was killed on the French front, July 5, 1916.

Summarize what you have here learned about the art of war aviation. Select several illustrations of the author's use of small but significant details. Which details bring out most clearly the horrors of the war?

What different devices has the author here used in presenting his thought clearly and forcefully? Point out some illustrations of the effective use of dialogue and quotation. What words here used have been introduced into our everyday speech by the war? What is the effect upon the narrative of the introduction of these numerous French words?

Describe the character of the author as you judge it from reading this essay. What qualities marking a good aviator does he exhibit? Which of his qualities do we like to believe are especially characteristic of Americans?

Love's Minor Frictions. — Frances Lester Warner has written a delightful volume of essays entitled "Endicott and I." She was formerly a teacher at Wellesley College, and has now joined the "Atlantic's" permanent staff.

This charming specimen of the informal essay furnishes a good illustration of how materials drawn from common experiences of everyday life may be interpreted with insight, sympathy, and humor. The essay is almost devoid of literary allusions, though one might notice such slight but

apt quotations as that from Rabindranath Tagore, the East Indian poet and mystic, or the phrase "to the manner born," from "Hamlet," I, iv.

Despite this sparing use of literary references, why do we feel that the writer is a woman of culture? Do you fancy that she has here drawn upon her own experience?

Can you think of any other causes of "minor friction" not here included, or of other good illustrations of any of the author's four classes?

Write a brief essay upon some subject suggested by reading this essay.

Point out two devices by the use of which the author has given this essay a noticeable unity.

Characterize the nature of the humor of this essay. Compare it with that in some other essays. Cite some passages where the humor lies largely in the manner of phrasing the thought; some where the humor comes unexpectedly.

In Belshazzar Court. — Simeon Strunsky is a writer for one of the great New York daily newspapers. He is also a frequent contributor to the magazines and has published several excellent books of essays. "In Belshazzar Court" was first published in the "Atlantic Monthly"; it has since appeared as the title essay in a delightful volume picturing "village life in New York City."

Comment upon the author's choice of a name for the apartment building and for the essay.

Why does he choose to begin the essay with a paragraph concerning the elevator?

Has the essay been carefully and logically planned, or does it rather resemble good talk, passing to new topics as they rise in the mind of the talker?

Do you fancy that the writer is here picturing an actual apartment house? Defend your answer. What details bring out most clearly and forcefully the appearance of Belshazzar Court? If you are acquainted with other apartment buildings, which details here introduced should you say are common to many of them? which are distinctive of Belshazzar Court?

Characterize the writer's attitude toward his neighbors; toward Harold. Does he show a father's prejudices in favor of Harold? What different qualities characteristic of the small boy does Harold exhibit?

Make a collection of the general observations about life. Which do you consider the best? which the most cleverly phrased?

Give several reasons why this essay is easy reading.

Which details here introduced seem to you the most humorous? Characterize the nature of the humor. Is it ever tinged with irony or satire?

Notice the many paragraphs each beginning with a short sentence. Effect?

Point out some good illustrations of skilful paragraph transition.

The Evolution of a Gentleman. — Samuel McChord Crothers, pastor of the First Church at Cambridge, Massachusetts, since 1894, ranks as one of the leading American essayists. His wide and varied interests, his keen joy in life, his fine insight and kindly humor, and his command of happy phrases and sparkling epigram, all make him a worthy successor to the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table.

While most of the numerous references and allusions here made to authors and books may be traced easily in the secondary school dictionary a few, perhaps, require annotation: —

Watt Tyler was the leader of the peasant revolt in England in 1381.

A number of quotations are taken from Tennyson's "Idylls of the King": —

"And in the lowest beasts are slaying men"
 "Thick with wet woods and many a beast therein"
 "His tent beside the forest. And he drave"
 ". . . whose name, a ghost"
 "Beat down the heathen and upheld the Christ."

Shakespeare's "springing, brave Plantagenet" alludes to "Richard III," I, 4, 227.

The lines here ascribed to Scott, "One crowded hour —" appear as a heading to chapter xxxiv of "Old Mortality."

Pollock's "Course of Time" is the long-winded, tiresome, nineteenth-century relative of the eighteenth-century "Night Thoughts," by Young.

In his "Don Quixote" Cervantes "smiles Spain's chivalry away." The quotation as here given appears in Canto xiii of Byron's "Don Juan."

Goldsmith has written a very interesting life of that king of eighteenth-century fops, Beau Nash.

The Rollo books are a once-popular series of stories for instructing the young, by Jacob Abbott (1803-1879).

The two quotations beginning "The calm Olympian heights" and "What hope" are from Lowell's "The Cathedral." The quotation closing the essay may be found in Milton's "Apologia against a Pamphlet called a Modest Confutation."

Has the author any purpose beyond entertainment in writing this essay? Does he anywhere in the essay define a gentleman? What qualities sometimes thought characteristic of a gentleman does he maintain are not essential? Which of the characters here portrayed should you call gentlemen? which "genteelmen"? which "gents"? Have you known any men who, you felt, were gentlemen but whom the world did not recognize as such? What ideas stated early in the essay are later developed and elaborated? Formulate your own definition of a gentleman. Compare

your definition with those made by other members of the class and decide which is the best.

Select several passages which show shrewd, true observation of life. Indicate several paragraphs with clear, definite topic sentences.

Study the nature of the author's humor: where does it arise from an unusual or incongruous association of ideas? where from playful exaggeration? where from the manner of phrasing the thought? Illustrate his power of putting an idea quaintly but forcefully.

What evidence from the essay itself would lead you to suspect that the writer is a minister? Should you fancy him a popular preacher?

The Human Side of Mexico. — Charles Bernard Nordhoff is a Californian who, after his graduation from Harvard in 1909, was in "the sugar-cane business" near Vera Cruz. In 1911, when the long rule of President Diaz was ended by the revolutionists under Madero, he shared the fate of many other Americans who were driven out of Mexico. During the World War he enlisted as a French aviator and later was transferred to the American flying forces.

What and where are some of the chief states in the Republic of Mexico?

Lewis Spence: author of *The Civilization of Ancient Mexico*.

Córdoba: a manufacturing town about fifty miles west of Vera Cruz.

tortillas: pancakes made of Indian corn mashed and baked in an earthen pan.

coatis: raccoons.

Narciso: What is the story of Narcissus to which allusion is here made?

sarape: a narrow blanket worn by men.

boulevardier: a man of the boulevards, a dandy.

oscelot: an ocelot, an animal of the wild-cat family.

plaza: market-place.

compadre: companion, friend.

aguardiente: spirits.

huipil: an upper garment.

alguazil: constable.

vamos: go; *caballos*: horses; *pronto*: hurry.

No entiendo, señor: I don't understand, sir.

What device has the writer used in opening and closing his essay? Is its use here very effective?

Point out some good descriptive passages and try to determine the source of their charm.

What passage seems to you the most humorous in the essay?

Point out some instances of skilful transition from one topic to the next.

What are some instances of the effective use of contrast?

Make a list of the characteristics of the Mexicans here brought out.

What prejudices toward the Mexicans do many people in the United States entertain? Show how the author here meets some of these prejudices.

Is it true that "we are inclined to believe that difference from ourselves implies inferiority"?

Are there any instances where the Mexican attitude toward life seems to you wiser than ours?

With Army Ants "Somewhere" in the Jungle. — William Beebe, a graduate of Columbia University, has done notable service as Curator of Ornithology in the New York Zoölogical Gardens. During the war he was connected with the aviation service. Some of his most interesting and valuable work has been done at the Tropical Research Station at Kalacoon in British Guiana. He has contributed many interesting articles to the "Atlantic Monthly"; to one of these, "The Convict Trail," reference is made at the beginning of this essay.

Formica is the Latin for ant; what, then, is meant by *superformacine* and by *via formica*?

Study carefully the different ways in which our interest is gained and held in this essay.

(a) Through the subject matter: —

Judging by the title, should you expect the essay to be interesting?

Summarize the most interesting things you have here learned; the most incredible. What details are touched with humor?

How has the author arranged his subject matter so as to attract and hold the reader?

(b) Through the personality of the writer: —

Give several reasons why you would like to meet this author and talk with him. Has he a good command of his subject matter?

What passages best exemplify his enthusiasm for his work; his close and painstaking observation; his resourcefulness; his kindliness?

(c) Through his style: —

Considering the nature of his subject matter, should you say that the author uses many unfamiliar words?

What words have you here added to your vocabulary?

Adjectives and verbs are especially valuable in giving life to a description. Point out several instances where he has made effective use of these. Cite illustrations of his power in piling up words and phrases to make very clear his meaning.

What comparisons with human life add force and clearness to his descriptions?

Which Class? — In *Which Class?* Mary C. Robinson is depicting her work in the Bangor, Maine, High School. Elsewhere she has described herself thus: "You would recognize me as a teacher if you met me among the Himalayas; you would know that I am from Maine if you heard me speak ten words. The marks of my calling and the 'down east' accent are equally unmistakable."

Does any one paragraph express the central thought of this essay? If so, which? If not, can you express that thought in your own words?

Is it true that each class has marked personality? If so, do the classes differ as markedly as those here portrayed? Does a class have a different attitude toward each of its teachers? What are the chief factors determining that attitude? How far is the attitude of classes in a school shaped by the principal? by leaders in the student body? by forces in the community? Does the time of holding the recitation have much influence upon the spirit of the class? Are classes in Latin usually more interested in their work than are classes in English? Is there usually any difference in their attitude toward their work of college-preparatory and non-college-preparatory students?

What do you learn here of the writer herself? Is she deeply interested in high-school pupils? What passages show a keen understanding of them? Has she a keen sense of humor? Do you fancy her an inspiring teacher? Should you say that the writer has probably understated her influence upon her pupils; or that she has heightened some of the contrasts in her pictures of her various classes?

What Do Boys Know? — Alfred G. Rolfe is the Head Master of the Hill School, a well-known academy for boys at Pottstown, Pennsylvania.

What percentage of the quotations and of the references here made to books can you identify without aid?

What, in your opinion, are the chief values of such "information tests"? What are their chief weaknesses?

Collect the questions here given from the Hill School tests and rank them as to their fairness and their value. What percentage of them can you answer without aid?

Should you say that boys have a wider range of general information than do girls?

Are there any statements here made with which you would disagree? If so, defend your answer.

What qualities do you discover in the writer which are helpful in his work as Head Master of an important secondary school?

The Contributors' Club

The remaining essays in this volume are taken from that section of the "Atlantic Monthly" known as the "Contributors'

Club." Here the reader will find, pleasantly mirrored, countless personal reflections on the varied phases of life as we live it externally and introspectively day by day. Naturally it is the somewhat less familiar and more recessed conduits that these informal essayists find it most interesting to explore.

Days Out

"Man does not live . . .": See *Matthew* IV, 4, and *Luke* XII, 25.

What is the chief idea the writer wishes to emphasize, and where is it stated most clearly? Is she right in her contention? Do most people hold the same view?

What do you here learn about the writer's likes and dislikes?

How many times is the title (either in the singular or the plural) repeated? Effect?

Select a passage in which the chief interest lies in the idea expressed; one in which it lies in the manner in which the idea is expressed; one which conveys well the charm of the writer's personality.

Give at least two reasons why the opening paragraphs form an excellent beginning. Why do the last two sentences form an excellent ending?

Rain

Was this essay written by a man, or by a woman?

Which details show especially keen and true observation of nature? Can you suggest other thoughts about rain which the writer might fittingly have discussed in this essay?

Name several other subjects suitable for similar brief nature essays. Outline and write an essay on one of these subjects.

Words that Sing to Your Pocketbook

Explain any unusual words or references you find in this essay.

To what famous writer does the advertisement "He walked with Kings" refer?

Find illustrations of the author's skill in coining names for merchants and their merchandise.

What are some words that you especially like or dislike?

Express in a single sentence the central thought of this brief essay.

Explain the meaning of the sentence, "You do not sell a man an auger, you sell him the hole."

What does the author mean by saying that advertising should use the language of poetry?

Can you find in some current magazines some advertisements that exemplify the author's theory of advertising and some that disregard it? Which do you consider the better advertisements?

Can you name any qualities of a good advertisement that are not brought out here?

A Sketch from Life

How many paragraphs are used in developing the idea expressed in the first sentence?

Point out at least three different purposes served by the repetition of "Henry's" pet phrase.

What are "Henry's" admirable qualities? What is his most reprehensible trait? What is the author's attitude toward him?

Write a short character sketch picturing some odd person, clearly but kindly.

VERSE

Macarius the Monk. — John Boyle O'Reilly was born in Ireland and as a young man narrowly escaped death as a political offender. Finally he reached America and in Boston lived a busy life as an editor and author.

Devise a title that will suggest the central thought of these verses. Where in the poem is its theme most clearly expressed?

Select two or three words to characterize the style and movement of these stanzas. Show how the style and movement are in keeping with the nature of the thought here expressed.

What is meant by "run-over" or "overflow" verse? Find illustrations of its use here. Why is it a valuable poetic device?

The Fool's Prayer. — Edward Rowland Sill (1841-1887) was a graduate of Yale and for several years Professor of English Literature in the University of California. He was a man of keen sensibilities and of fine insight.

Point out several notable uses of contrast in this poem.

What phrase is here used as a refrain? Show how it is effective.

What is the writer here exposing, and for what is he pleading?

Can you cite any instances, either from history or from literature, where men have suffered or caused suffering through their blunders and mistakes? Do we oftener suffer and cause suffering through these errors than through our deliberate sins?

The Last Watch. — Bliss Carman is a Canadian by birth; he now lives at New Canaan, Connecticut. He ranks as one of our foremost contemporary American poets.

By whom is the poem supposedly spoken? What would be lost by putting it in the third person?

What details bring out most clearly the poet's knowledge of the sea and his love for it? What is the speaker's attitude toward the sea?

A line of verse repeated with a slight variation is called a *repetend*. What repetition and what repetend are here used? Purpose?

What is the metrical form of the poem? Is it well chosen?

In Memory of John Greenleaf Whittier. — Oliver Wendell Holmes goes down in literary history primarily as the author of the famous series of essays, "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table." All students know something of his personality and his notable accomplishments as professor of medicine, essayist, poet, novelist, and cultured gentleman of the old New England school.

In what sense does Holmes conceive of Whittier as still living?

Who among the other literary men and women of New England were earnest in the opposition to slavery?

To what religious society did Whittier belong? Do any lines of this poem refer to this allegiance?

Comment on the rhythm of the poem and its appropriateness to the theme.

Harmonies. — M. A. DeWolfe Howe, who is a member of the editorial staff of the Atlantic Monthly Press, is the author of many poems and biographies. He is at present writing the memoirs of the Harvard men killed in the war.

In what way may life be regarded as a musical instrument? What instrument do you suppose the poet had in mind?

What is suggested by the symbolism of keeping this instrument in tune?

Rephrase the idea of the notes "straying in alien sequences."

What does the mention of slaves and kings imply? Do the words suggest that the playing is by these two groups only?

In what different ways has the poem been given a notable unity of tone and structure?

The Sea-Shell. — George Edward Woodberry, whose home is in Beverly, Massachusetts, is one of the most distinguished of contemporary scholars. His original writings are in themselves a significant accomplishment, but he is perhaps better known for his skilled editorial craftsmanship and for the almost innumerable critical articles with which he has delighted and instructed students of literature.

Discuss the spirit of the first two stanzas. In what is it essentially of the "romantic" school? Interpret the poetic mood here dominant.

The last stanza is the interpretation of the first two. Condense its thought into a brief sentence.

Discuss the imagery throughout the poem. Study the poetic imagination as it here expresses itself, considering emotional tone, beauty of language, universality of appeal, mystic interpretation of life.

Vistas of Labor. — Richard Burton is Professor of English Literature in the University of Minnesota. As editor, essayist, and poet he has done much excellent work.

What is the writer's purpose in this series of poems? Which makes the strongest personal appeal to you?

Name some other occupations that cost dearly in human life.

Whom does the author blame for the existence of the conditions here portrayed?

Explain the reference to "Suffer little children."

What effective use of contrast is made in each of these poems?

What is the metrical form here used? How does the author secure variety in the movement of the verse?

Point out some examples of his power to catch a picture in a phrase. Cite several well-chosen descriptive adjectives.

Saturday Night. — James Oppenheim was born in St. Paul, Minnesota. He is another of our authors who has been drawn into that numerous company of busy writers in New York City.

Why is the title here chosen an especially apt one?

From what evidence in the poem might we infer that the scene is in New York City?

What features of the city life are here emphasized? What purpose has guided the author in selecting these details?

State in a single sentence the central thoughts of the poem. What lines express these most clearly? Do you believe that these ideas are true?

Compare this presentation of city life, the manner of treating it and the emotions aroused, with that in Miss Wyatt's "November in the City."

The Trumpet-Call. — Alfred Noyes deservedly holds a high place among the present-day English poets. He was educated at Oxford and now fills a professorship of Modern English Poetry at Princeton. The power and charm of his poetry may best be caught by repeatedly reading it aloud.

What are the heights the poet would have us win? Which lines state most clearly the theme of the poem? Which lines make a distinctly Christian appeal? which make a Puritan appeal? Would the poem gain or would it lose if it were directed against some specific evil? Name some great leaders who have sounded or are sounding such a call.

What are several of the sources of life, and strength, and movement in this poem?

Indicate the different ways in which the poem has been given a marked unity. What is the effect of the frequent use of verbs in the imperative?

Which stanza should you characterize as the most vigorous? the most beautiful?

The Hotel. — Miss Harriet Monroe of Chicago is well known as a writer and as the editor of the magazine "Poetry." This selection, "The Hotel," is generally regarded as one of the best examples of present-day "free verse" or *vers libre*.

What other poems in vers libre can you name? What great American poet made frequent use of this form? What ordinary devices of poetry are here disregarded? What arguments can you offer in favor of the use of this form and what against its use?

What resemblances in structure mark the beginnings of practically all the different divisions? Do you note any differences in the rate of movement throughout these verses?

What other impressions of the hotel, besides those of wealth and luxury, are emphasized? Which of the details introduced seem to you especially vivid and true to life? Comment on the use here made of adjectives, their number, their arrangement, their appropriateness.

What, should you say, was the author's chief purpose in writing these verses? Has she any other purpose? Study carefully the arrangement of details in these verses. Point out the steps leading to the climax of the poem.

A Japanese Wood-Carving. — Miss Amy Lowell was born in Brookline, Massachusetts, where she still lives. Though she is an ardent champion, both in theory and practise, of vers libre, she has written some excellent verse in the older, established forms.

What is the author's chief purpose in this poem, to present vivid pictures, or to teach some lesson?

What are the three chief pictures here presented? Which details of the sea scene are actually represented in the carving, and which are simply suggested? Which details of such a scene can be presented better by the carver than by the poet? which can be suggested better by the poet?

What is the verse form here used? Should you judge that it is better fitted to the author's purpose than some rimerd form would be?

Indicate some excellent examples of alliteration. What is the value of this device in poetry?

Point out several well-chosen words and phrases. Defend your choice.

Do You Remember? — Margaret Prescott Montague, who lives at White Sulphur Springs, West Virginia, has written some

excellent verse, though she is perhaps more widely known through her short stories.

What other poets have sung of slumber-time? How do their treatments of the theme differ from that here given?

What phrase is here used as a refrain? What other purpose does it serve in the poem?

How is a skilful appeal here made to our various senses?

Point out some well-chosen adjectives.

In Memoriam — Leo: A Yellow Cat. — Margaret Sherwood, Professor of English Literature at Wellesley College, is one of the most valued of "Atlantic" contributors. Her war novel, "The Worn Door-Step," has been widely read both in England and in the United States, and her essays are consistently thoughtful and charming.

Give the classical legend necessary to an understanding of these lines.

What different qualities contribute to the excellence of the poem?

Study the "poetic imagination" as it is revealed here.

November in the City. — As might be inferred from her poem, Edith Wyatt lives in Chicago. She has written excellent prose and verse.

Point out the details which depict most vividly a rainy November night in the city. Which details best bring out the thronging life and busy energy of the city? Be sure you catch clearly each of the pictures here presented: *e.g.*, what is meant by such lines as,

"Blue-buoyed all the shepherd whistles bay"?

What attitude, unusual in poetry, toward city weather and city life does the author here present? Do you agree with her? Can you suggest other phases or scenes of city life which offer subjects as good as this for verse?

Show how the thought in each of the first three divisions of the poem is related to that in the one succeeding.

Why is the movement of the verse admirably fitted to the mood and thought of the poem?

What are some of the characteristics of an effective ending of a poem? Which of these do you here discover?

Panama Hymn. — Wendell Phillips Stafford is an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia and a professor in the George Washington University. He has published several volumes of verse.

Select two or three words to express the spirit of this hymn.

Make a list of the qualities, both of thought and of style, that should mark a good hymn. Which of these characterize this hymn?

Which do you consider the best stanza of this hymn? Defend your choice.

Justify the repetition of the opening stanza at the close of the hymn. Is this repetition an exact one?

Yellow Warblers. — Katharine Lee Bates, Professor of English in Wellesley College, is widely known as a writer of verse and of fiction and as a skilful editor. Her "America the Beautiful" has gained acceptance as one of our great national songs.

Describe the stanza form here employed. Is it a usual one? Is it well chosen?

How many different phrases are here used for designating the "yellow warblers"? Which do you regard as the most beautiful of these?

Point out some artistically pleasing uses of alliteration.

Comment on the appropriateness of the closing stanza.

At Night. — Laura Spencer Portor, one of the editorial staff of the "Woman's Home Companion," has written many "Atlantic" articles. Not long ago the Atlantic Monthly Press published a volume of her personal essays, "Adventures in Indigence."

Readers familiar with the poetry of Francis Thompson will be interested in recalling his poem "Little Jesus" and comparing it with this. Is the similarity more in style or in theme?

Comment on the appropriateness of meter and theme as here employed.

Only a Matter of Time. — Christopher Morley, a famous Rhodes Scholar, is on the editorial staff of the New York "Evening Post." He is one of our most successful "columnists."

Study carefully the image which the poet employs and decide upon its effectiveness. Do you find it easy to think of "this afternoon" as being a boulder in the stream of Time? Try to construct a simile of an entirely different sort.

Study the use of vowels and consonants that are here introduced in such a way as to produce a liquid effect.

Take the sentence "It cannot be," and rephrase the poet's thought by supplying the proper antecedent for "it" and substituting a more specific idea for "cannot be."

Phrase the thought of the entire poem in a single sentence.

To N. S., Who Died in Battle. — Miss Edith Rickert is a promising young writer from Chicago. Her poem was sent to the "At-

lantic" by Dr. John M. Manly, Head of the English Department in Chicago University, who had seen it in manuscript and wished that its worth should be recognized.

"N. S." remains anonymous. The tribute here accorded the soldier who died in battle will be personally applied by each reader to some particular hero of the World War.

Comment on the contrast between the desirability of dying young and of dying old.

Discuss the thought, "Who would not die in battle?" in connection with that famous poem of Alan Seeger's, "I have a Rendezvous with Death."

Interpret the lines "And tossed the cup away."

Is the last sentiment in the poem necessarily true? Why or why not?

The Road Not Taken. — Robert Frost is a Californian by birth; but he has lived for many years in New England, some of whose rural folk he has pictured admirably in such remarkable books of verse as his "North of Boston" and "A Boy's Will."

Characterize the author's choice of words in this poem. Do you here discover any unusual or any especially well-chosen words?

Is the sentence structure simple or involved?

Show how the style here used is admirably in keeping with the thought expressed.

State in your own words the chief thought you have gained from these stanzas. Does it express any experience common in human life? Can you cite some illustrations from history or from literature where men made a choice between "two roads"?

The Letter. — O. W. Firkins, poet, essayist, critic, is Professor of English in the University of Minnesota.

What is the author's chief purpose in these verses?

Are the verse form and stanza form well chosen?

What is the justification for the enumeration of commonplace detail?

Can you name some other poems making an effective use of contrast?

Messmates. — Sir Henry Newbolt is an Englishman distinguished in letters. A number of his many volumes of poetry deal with the fleets and the ways of the sea.

One of the interesting effects of this poem lies in the movement of the verse. The varying swing of the lines is strongly suggestive of the ocean waves.

Name the two contrasting moods in stanza I. Which dominates?

What details in stanza II most effectively suggest the pathos of the situation?

What are the most impressive of the various sensory images?

Discuss whether the mood and the sensation of "Messmates" could be as effectively portrayed in prose.

Safe. — Olive Tilford Dargan, whose home is now in New York, has published several volumes of poems and plays.

Do you like the opening figure of speech in this poem? Why or why not?

Discuss any unusual use of adjectives, or any significant expression that you discover. Select the most poetic lines, and try to analyze their power.

Interpret the experience of the "I" who speaks in the poem. Apply the thought of the concluding stanza to universal experience.

Love in the Winds. — Richard Hovey (1864–1900) was born at Normal, Illinois, and educated at Dartmouth College. His name is usually associated with that of his friend and co-worker, Bliss Carman, in a series of "Songs from Vagabondia."

Is the title here used an especially well-chosen one?

What other qualities besides its virility give charm to this sonnet?

Comment on the movement of the verse.

Which is the most musical line in this sonnet? Which is the weakest?

Two Sonnets. — Wilfrid Wilson Gibson has a power of poetic expression that is notable among modern poets. He is ardent in the attempt to understand and interpret the lives of the working people, and his success in dramatizing the commonplace is a significant achievement.

Study the technique of the sonnet — the Petrarchian form, the rime scheme and the specific choice of rime words, the development and compactness of thought, the break between octave and sextet.

I. THE PAISLEY SHAWL

Consider the effectiveness of the opening line.

Read carefully the simile developed in the octave. Note the perfection in detail, the subtle suggestion of resemblances, that comes from the skilled use of adjective and phrase. This is an unusually complete and lovely image; study of it reveals a fine technique in the poet's art.

Contrast the octave and the sextet, as to effectiveness, beauty, and feeling.

Is there unity in this sonnet as a whole? Can you express the thought that underlies both pictures?

II. HANDS

How clear a picture do you see in these first eight lines? In what lies its charm? Study the color values. Picture the owners of the room.

The correspondence of thought with meter is here very marked; the octave and the sextet of a sonnet are often compared to the ebb and flow of the tide; this is here true both of the thought and the form, which are in perfect harmony.

The contrast between the moods of the divisions is obvious — first the setting, then the serious thought that it inspires. Discuss the latter in relation to social justice.

Comment upon last two lines. Do you think this is an artistic conclusion? Why unusually effective? What is your idea of the underlying thought of the poet in the line,

“Drums like dead fingers tapping at the pane”?

Would you find it easy to paraphrase this sonnet?

Solway Ford. — Wilfrid Wilson Gibson is one of the most deservedly well known of the young Georgian writers. His poems and poetic dramas have been published in several volumes, notably one entitled “Daily Bread.” The imagination and repressed emotion that Mr. Gibson brings to his treatment of everyday life reveal him as truly a poet.

What one adjective most adequately characterizes this poem?

Analyze the realistic effect of the second stanza.

Study the various epithets applied to the sea — the adjectives, the verbs, the descriptive phrases, and the figures of speech. What is your conclusion?

Notice the use of color in the second stanza. What can you say of the nine lines beginning with

“And silver salmon swimming in green night”?

Choose several lines or groups of lines that seem to you essentially poetical. Discover wherein lies their charm.

Study closely the lines —

“Among the dreamless legions of the drowned,
The calm of deeps unsounded on his face,”

Are these beautiful? Why? (“Because” is no reason at all.)

Go through the poem selecting phrases that show the originality and imaginative power of the poet.

How do you interpret the poem? Is the man, at the end of the poem, alive or dead? Justify your reply.

A Chant of Love for England. — Helen Gray Cone is Professor of English in Hunter College, New York City.

“A Chant of Love for England” is in answer to Ernest Lissauer’s

"Hassgesang gegen England," which may be found in Stevenson's "Home Book of Verse," both in the original German and in a translation by Barbara Henderson, entitled "A Chant of Hate against England."

During the World War German Zeppelins made repeated attempts to bomb that great centre of English life and tradition, St. Paul's Cathedral in London; Nelson is buried there. What was the "tragical glory of Gordon and Scott"? What incident is related concerning the death of Sidney? Why do Americans, too, share in the "glory of Hampden and Runnymede"?

What different qualities of style and thought are here united to make this one of the most spirited poems written by an American in the twentieth century?

Which makes the better theme for a song, love or hate? Justify your answer. Name some other great songs of love and praise.

The Two Porringers. — John Finley, formerly Commissioner of Education in New York State, is now editor of the New York "Times." He has published a number of educational works.

These verses, by employing an unusual symbolism, bring graphically before us the poet's desire to preserve his sense of gratitude and devotion to the heroic dead who have died for a sacred cause.

Does the symbol here employed convey a sense of horror and revulsion that makes you doubt its effectiveness? What can you say to justify its use?

Express in your own words the contrast between the soldier's environment and that which the poet might easily be tempted to seek and retain.

In what way might the non-combatant perform a service equal to the service of the soldier? What are the qualities in a man that would, either in civil or in military life, effect such a service?

Interpret the last sentence in the headnote — "The wish has new occasion."

A Nosegay of Spring Poets. — This group of poems is the only contribution that Leonard Hatch has made to the "Atlantic." He is perhaps better known for his work on "Governmental Industrial Arbitration."

In this "Nosegay of Spring Poets" Mr. Hatch has often caught well the style of the poet he is imitating. In some of these verses, such as those modeled after Stevenson, he has given a very realistic reproduction of the poet's style; in others, notably those ascribed to Browning and Whitman, he has touched his representation with parody and burlesque.

The verses attributed to Pope are written in that poet's favorite metrical form, the heroic couplet. They jingle with such phrases as "the ethereal plain," "enameled lawns," and "shady grots," which passed current among the city-loving writers of the age of Queen Anne. We

note, too, the frequent use of personification and of pompous phrases. Pope and his age did not write of the sun: they called it "the radiant orb of Heaven." In the last line of these verses the student will recognize a parody of a famous quotation from Pope.

No other English writer has shown such complete mastery of the intricately woven French forms of verse as has Austin Dobson. Though lacking something of the daintiness and charm of its models, this triolet exhibits a Dobson-like cleverness in devising rimes.

The Elizabethan lyric poets sang easily and melodiously of a playland of shepherds, charming with a profusion of beautiful flowers. They delighted in weaving into verse quaint, witty fancies in praise of fair ladies.

The "conceit" of Corinna and Cupid here developed is based on the lovely "Apelles' Song" by Lyly.

Kipling's verve and dash, his love of rapidly moving, somewhat jingling meters, his glorification of the present-day world of work, and his frequent sententiousness are all cleverly reproduced.

In developing his dramatic monologues, Browning frequently indicated by interjected or parenthetical phrases the nature and the reactions of the person addressed. Many of these monologues are given an unusual setting; they unfold their story slowly; they show Browning's love of grotesque and of compound words; and they bear a weight of allusions to Italian life. His sentences are often long and involved, and the thought is not always easy to apprehend.

Walt Whitman is generally known as the apostle of the free verse which is here admirably parodied. He was very prone to celebrate himself, especially his physical self. He was interested in the world of nature, but even more in the social world, especially as it is manifested in the toilers of the city with whom he frequently proclaimed his comradeship. Some of his critics say that he liked to swagger. He was fond of introducing into his verse long lists of details in what has been called the catalogue method. It will be evident why the content and style of his writings offer an inviting model for such writers as Mr. Hatch.

In his earlier verses Wordsworth adopted a style of ballad-like simplicity and drew his themes from lowly country life and from rural scenes. He was fond of philosophizing upon his interviews with children. The verses here given are obviously based upon Wordsworth's famous poem "We Are Seven"; the final phrase is a quotation from "She Dwelt Among the Untrodden Ways."

Poe-land is a region of midnight, of dark tarns and of funereal cypress trees; it is peopled with ghouls and ever haunted by the gnawing, writhing Conqueror Worm. Some of the words here used are distinctly Poesque, as is also the repetend introduced in the closing lines.

The verses here ascribed to Stevenson are so truly in the style of his "Child's Garden of Verse" that we might well believe them his, if we did not know who wrote them. The metrical form, the diction, especially the rimes, the details introduced, and the attitude toward life, are all very Stevensonian.

The Bells of Peace. — John Galsworthy is better known as a writer of moving social dramas than of poems, but in all the literary fields that he has entered he has found success.

Study the atmosphere of this poem. How is the mood of lingering sadness developed?

Select the most effective uses of contrast.

Notice the skillful transition at the end of the fifth stanza. What can you say of the line —

“They *were* at peace. Are they at peace again?”

Study Lowell’s “Happiness” in connection with this poem. Which is more successful in communicating feeling, and why?

“Stars in their Courses.” — Robert Bridges, since 1914 the editor of “Scribner’s Magazine,” is himself a poet whose literary wares other magazines are delighted to secure.

The title of this poem is taken from the Bible, Judges 5: 20. Rephrase the two contrasting ideas in stanza 1. What, does the poet say, may account for his failure to keep to the highway? What is the symbolism of the passage?

What is the philosophic deduction made from the incident of the falling star?

What do you regard as the chief merits of this poem? Can you mention any defects?

On a Subway Express. — Chester Firkins died in 1915. His brother, O. W. Firkins, shares the family love for poetry; his poem entitled “The Letter” is also included in this volume.

State in your own words the central thought of these verses. Do you believe this thought is a true one? Do you regard it as appropriate for treatment in verse? Is it as thoroughly appropriate as would be a theme drawn from external nature?

Which stanza is the most picturesque? Which is the most musical? Comment upon the author’s choice of words.

The Wind and the Stream. — William Cullen Bryant was a frequent contributor to the “Atlantic” in days gone by. He is one of the most popular of the early American poets.

In what is the humor of this poem — fantasy, burlesque, play on words, satire, parody, comic incident?

What effect has the repetition of the refrain at the end of each line, with varying adjectives?

Characterize the poem in regard to movement, mood, and manner.

What elements does this poem lack that are essential to great poetry?

About Tools. — It is comparatively seldom that poetry wins its way into the Contributors' Club, but these verses found there an eager welcome.

Of what poet do you instantly think as you read "About Tools"? Do these later verses rival his success?

Has the anonymous author caught the spirit and the child-like manner of the small boy supposed to be speaking? How do movement, phrase, and that elusive thing called "tone" contribute to the illusion?

Happiness. — James Russell Lowell's name is accorded an honored place in the annals of the "Atlantic Monthly," of which he was the first editor. His poems and essays are known wherever American literature is studied.

Analyze the succession of images applied to happiness. Are these all appropriate? Consistent? Read Shakespeare's sonnet, number 73,

"That time of year thou may'st in me behold,"

and discuss the similarity of image sequence.

State in a sentence the theme of the poem. Is this a personal or a universal thought?

Discuss the lines —

"Thou only showest us the core
And inmost meaning of No More."

What has this thought in it of philosophy? Consider stoicism and fatalism in relation to it.

Does the poet succeed in expressing sincere emotion? Does he communicate the mood that he seeks to portray to his readers? What do you think of the depth of his emotion? of its genuineness?

Prospice. — Robert Browning is a poet whom no one should be content to leave unread. Perhaps no English poet of the nineteenth century is so modern in his tendencies; certainly none has the understanding of men and women of all kinds that Browning never fails to show.

Prospice literally translated means "Look forward." The poem was written in the autumn following the death of the poet's wife. The love of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett Browning is as famous as that of the immortal Abélard and Héloïse; this poem written so soon after Browning's "black minute" enveloped him, is a defiance of death unsurpassed in all literature, perhaps in all life.

What is the meter of this poem? Is it effective, or would you prefer another?

Study the power and intensity of the opening lines.

What should you say is the emotional tone of the poem through "the reward of it all"? From there through "Of Pain, darkness, and cold"? Thence to the end?

Discuss the idea of immortality presented here. What does this reveal of the poet's life?

What lines impress you as most significant? Why?

Consider thoughtfully the line —

"For sudden the worst turns the best to the brave."

What do you think of the truth of this statement? Can you develop the idea by instances of its application?

